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LOUIS XVI.

*France, Frontispiece, vol. six.*

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# FRANCE

BY

M. GUIZOT

AND

MADAME GUIZOT DE WITT

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT BLACK

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER OF RECENT EVENTS
By MAYO W. HAZELTINE

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*ILLUSTRATED*

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VOL. VI

NEW YORK
PETER FENELON COLLIER
MDCCCXCVIII

# PREFACE.

Guizot's "The History of France told to my Grandchildren," stopped at 1789, at that momentous epoch when the destinies of our country underwent a transformation so profound as to merit for her the appellation of The New France. In relating the history of the past, my father never lost sight of that of the present, in the midst of which he rose to greatness. He was intimately connected with some of those who witnessed and played a first part in the Revolution; from his experience in government he had learned how to judge of men and events of which he had no personal knowledge. As he went on with his story he gradually substituted a personal tone and vivid recollections for the simple appreciation of historical facts. On entering into active life our children should be able to acquire a thorough knowledge, and form a clear judgment of the great shocks which have agitated our country for more than eighty years, and which continue to do so even now. My father had intended to devote a separate work to the new period of the life of our France; he regarded it as a necessary complement to the history of old France. His regular course was constantly elucidated and supplemented by his conversation. I have collected and preserved these instructions intended, in the first instance, for his family, but useful, I believe, for all. I venture to hope that others will find them as interesting and full of great lessons as they constantly were to us; and that these last lessons will not be without fruit for the new generation, to which, we trust, will be the honor of bringing to a final close the era of the French Revolution.

Guizot De Witt.

Paris, *March*, 1878.

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# THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

THE History of the French Revolution is still a field of battle which none can tread without emotion. With intervals of calm or torpor, our country has been agitated for fourscore years by a very tempest. Never in a shorter time has a people made such great political experiments; never has a nation been so precipitated from one adventure to another, always seeking but never finding repose. From 1789 to 1792, France, enthusiastic and inexperienced, dealt its reckless blows against the old Monarchy; and that Monarchy, with all its grandeur and with all its faults and abuses, fell to rise no more. In its place arose the Republic, linked with grand mistakes and creating an intoxication that developed into crime. Between 1792 and 1804, the Directory succeeded the Reign of Terror, the Consulate followed the Directory, and the Empire the Consulate. For a moment our country enjoyed order with glory; then from 1804 to 1814, success led to mad impulses and ungovernable ambition; the Empire terminated in a European coalition, a foreign invasion, and the restoration of the old Bourbon dynasty. But this was not enough; in 1814 and 1815 the adventure of the Hundred Days brought the foreigner to France, and more cruelly renewed our griefs. By the noble attempts to realize constitutional government under the two branches of the Royal House from 1815 to 1830, and from 1830 to 1848, the nation was led to believe that it had arrived at the goal of its hopes. A new Revolution plunged us into a new Republic, and thence into a new Empire; for the third time the Empire brought upon us war and invasion. We are now just recovering ourselves, and we look around us for historic truth in the past and for a path to follow in the future, with the noise of the combat still echoing in our ears, and surrounded by the battle-smoke which time has not yet completely dispersed.

We must, however, tell our children the History of the French Revolution; we must disentangle the evil from the good, the true from the false, and define the parts played by men and by circumstances. For it will devolve upon our children, under the hand of God, to bring this tragic history to a close, and find for our France, peace, order, and security in that liberty which she demands, and which during so many centuries, and through all the irregularities and inconsistencies of her long career, she has so persistently sought.

At the début of the States-General in 1789, our hearts were for the most part overflowing with hope, and the most clear-sighted had scarcely a presentiment of the abysses of agitation and sorrow that were opening before us. Ever since his accession to the throne, and in spite of the inconstant weakness of his character, King Louis XVI. had not ceased to desire and seek the good of his people. But it was his misfortune to become soon tired of his best servants; for Turgot and Malesherbes he had substituted M. Necker, and soon afterwards Calonne and Brienne. Yielding to public opinion, he recalled Necker; for the king was already sinking under the unexpected weight of events, which he had neither the knowledge nor the power to direct.

Authority had already passed into other hands; the representatives of the Third Estate, fortified by public opinion as well as by their numerical majority, in the States-General, had boldly adopted a new name, powerful from its natural significance, and by the importance which from the first attached to it. On the 17th of June, 1789, these representatives became the National Assembly, destroying at one blow the authority of the king, and of the two first orders in the States-General. Already the victory was irrevocably assured.

The short-sighted timidity of the king and his ministers contributed to this result. Twelve hundred deputies arrived from all parts of France, raised to power by the suffrages of their fellow-citizens, animated by new hopes and profound disquietudes, charged with the advocacy of many generous but badly digested ideas, with the presentation of many imprudent requests, and the abolition of many ancient and cruel wrongs. Two hundred and eighty-five nobles, three hundred and one delegates of the clergy, and six hundred and twenty-one representatives of the Third Estate crowded into the buildings of the *Menus Plaisirs* at Versailles. No regulation had been adopted for the verification of their powers; the ministers themselves had come to no decision in their own minds upon the important question, whether the three estates should deliberate separately or together. "It is not the opposition of the first two orders, but the exaggerated demands of the Commons that I fear," said Malouet to Necker and Montmorin before the elections. "But seeing how very decided and how very impetuous is the present direction of public feeling, if the king should happen to hesitate, and if the clergy and nobility should offer resistance, woe betide us! all is lost." The king did hesitate, the clergy and nobility refused to accede to the common verification of their powers, the ministers presented themselves before the representatives of the nation without any prepared plans, without any schemes of concession, weighed and measured beforehand, without any resolute and firm line of conduct decided upon; all was simply left to the course of events and excited passions, enthusiasm, and ardent hope on one hand, illustrious and irresolute timidity on the other. The Third Estate kept resolutely in the van: from the 12th of June it sat alone in the great hall of the States-General.

Invitations were addressed to the first two orders, but no reply was received. When the roll was called over, the Secretaries of the Third Estate cried in loud tones, "Gentlemen of the Clergy? No one appears! Gentlemen of the Nobility? No one appears!" Deliberation went on meanwhile in the assembly of the nobles, and in that of the clergy; the king sought to bring about a reconciliation, but his efforts proved abortive; by a great majority the nobles refused a common verification. On June 19th the clergy were still discussing; at last the voice of the curés carried it; they were favorable to the national movement. The clergy decided to accept the offers of the Third Estate, and a common verification of powers, but insisted on maintaining the distinction of orders. The nobility voted an address of protestation to the king.

Louis XVI. resolved upon meeting the deputies, and Necker prepared a royal speech. It was necessary to make considerable preparations in the hall of the States-General occupied by the Third Estate. When the deputies presented themselves on June 20th, they found some French guards posted before the gates of the building. They were informed that their sittings were suspended until the 22nd. There was soon a considerable agitation amongst the representatives, and the rumor spread that the king was maturing a project for the dissolution of the States-General. In vain had the Third Estate, proud of its name of National Assembly, boldly voted the collection of taxes during its session, and taken under its protection the interests of the creditors of the State. In their restlessness, several ardent deputies were disposed to disregard the order, and force their way into the Assembly Hall. The learned astronomer Bailly, lately elected president of the Assembly, succeeded in leading them away. By a spontaneous movement the deputies passed to the Tennis Court, which afforded ample space for their accommodation. Here, standing, with no other protection than a guard of two representatives placed at the door, the members of the Assembly crowded round their officials; the president sat on a bench.

The excitement grew more intense, perpetually kept alive by the crowd that surrounded the hall; voices became more agitated, the tone more impassioned, proposals more violent. "To Paris!" cried they, "the Assembly must go to Paris." The President could no longer make himself heard. M. Mounier, one of the wisest friends of liberty, recently all-powerful in the estates of Dauphiny, proposed a resolution supported by the Abbé Siéyes. "The National Assembly, considering that being called upon to settle the Constitution of the Kingdom, to bring about the regeneration of public order, and to maintain the true principles of the monarchy, nothing can hinder it from continuing its deliberations in whatever place it may be compelled to establish itself, and that in short wherever its members may be collected together, there is the National Assembly;

"Resolves, that all the members of this Assembly immediately take an oath never to separate, and to meet whenever circumstances may require it, until the Constitution of the Kingdom be firmly established on a solid basis, and that, the oath being taken, all and each of the members confirm by their signatures this unalterable resolution."

On hearing this read, the deputies cried "Vive le Roi." They crowded round the bench which served for a desk. Bailly and the secretaries were the first to take the oath, which was then repeated by every voice. Malouet essayed some loyal restrictions; Martin d'Auch added to his signature, the courageous word "Opposing." "I refuse," said he, "to take an engagement which has not the sanction of the king." It was attempted at first to dissuade him; but respect for liberty induced his colleagues to let his protest remain. What mattered a single dissentient voice, amongst the otherwise unanimous decision of the deputies. The oath of the Tennis Court confirmed the decision which claimed for the Third Estate the daring title of National Assembly. It was already a question of force against force.

The royal visit was put off for one day. The majority of the clergy were unwilling to wait any longer for the opportunity to declare their resolution. The Comte d'Artois caused the Tennis Court to be closed. The Church of St. Louis was opened to the deputies; on June 22nd the Third Estate attended there to meet the First Order. When the gates opened and a hundred and forty-nine ecclesiastics, the Archbishop of Vienne, Lefranc de Pompignan at their head, passed into the choir, a general emotion seized the Assembly, and this was speedily communicated to the crowd surrounding the church: all hearts seemed throbbing in unison. During this time the minority of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Paris, and the great majority of the nobility, were pressing the king to guard himself against the encroachments of the Third Estate, by publicly proclaiming his sovereign authority. Three times the projected royal speech written by Necker was modified. Tired out at last, the minister quitted Marly, where the council was held, and returned to Versailles. When the royal visit to the Assembly at length took place on June 23rd, Necker was not present.

The king entered. He was saluted only by the acclamations of the nobility and a portion of the clergy; the Third Estate remained gloomily silent. Through the impertinence or awkwardness of the grand master of the ceremonies, the deputies had been compelled to wait out in the rain for the opening of the doors, whilst the First Orders had already taken their places in the hall. Their ill-temper had increased, the galleries were empty.

Anxiety was depicted on every countenance. The king complained in the first place of the hindrances to the welfare of his people caused by these divisions. The chancellor held in his hand, *The Declaration concerning the present Session of the States-General;* it was for this every one was waiting. When it announced the intention of the king to maintain the separate deliberations, unless the Three Orders should themselves demand to be united, and then only upon questions of general interest,—when it declared the deliberation of the Third Estate null and unconstitutional, the discontent became so intense and so apparent, that the speech of the king, replete as it was with promises and important concessions, was of no avail in appeasing it. Louis XVI. spoke of his favors, and the nation demanded its rights; the privileges which the king wished to protect were precisely those against which public sentiment was stirred up. The military display, the unusual haughtiness of the language, the mandate issued to the Assembly to disperse forthwith, all irritated passions that were already inflamed. When the king went out, followed by the nobility and a portion of the clergy, the deputies of the Third Estate sat immovably in their places, and a large number of ecclesiastics followed their example. M. de Brézé, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, re-entered the hall. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have heard the orders of the king." Bailly hesitated, "I am about to ask for the orders of the Assembly," said he. Mirabeau stood up, always ardent to speak or act. "We have heard, sir, the intentions that have been suggested by the king," he cried, "but as for you, who have neither a place, nor a voice, nor a right to speak in this Assembly, it is not for you to repeat to us his address. Go and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and we will not depart unless driven out by bayonets." The exit of Brézé was saluted with unanimous applause. The Assembly declared it would unreservedly persist in the Resolution which the king had annulled. "You are to-day what you were yesterday," said the Abbé Siéyes: "let us deliberate." On the proposition of Mirabeau, the Assembly declared all its members inviolable.

When the deputies came forth they were greeted with acclamations by the crowd that had remained waiting outside the hall. Then the populace hastened to the house of the comptroller-general with cries of "Vive Necker! vive le tiers! à bas les aristocrates." Whilst courtiers were congratulating the queen on the king's speech, Necker was carried in triumph by the people. Louis XVI., roused by the resistance of the Third Estate as well as by the tumult which he heard out of doors, besought the minister to withdraw his resignation, and the latter consented. Relying upon the popularity he had won by his absence at the time of the royal visit to the Assembly, he encouraged his friends to moderation, and assured them of the good wishes of the king. Cries of joy resounded through the streets; the crowd, like the court, claimed the victory.

Certainly, the Third Estate had won the day. The royal visit, clumsily conceived and badly carried out, had only sealed the defeat of that royal authority which it was intended to uphold. On the morrow the majority of the clergy met with the Third Estate in ordinary sitting. In the chamber of the nobility Clermont-Tonnerre proposed to take the same course. Lally-Tolendal earnestly supported him. Noted from his earliest youth for the ardor with which he labored for the reinstatement of his father, he was gifted with a stirring and captivating eloquence, which led him to hope that he might be able to win over the hearts of his hearers. "They speak of the interests of the nobility, sirs," said the orator, "and what gentleman is capable of betraying those interests, or would not defend at the peril of his life the true and just interests of the nobility? But it is these same interests that I conjure you not to disown. Study them well! Remember that in the march of political revolutions there is a force of circumstances more powerful than that of men; and if the march be too rapid, the only means of retarding it is to give it our sanction. There was an epoch when it was necessary that slavery should be abolished, and it was done. There was another when it was necessary that the Third Estate should enter into the national assemblies, and that too was accomplished. Behold now an epoch when the progress of reason, the rights of humanity too long ignored, the respect that this imposing mass of twenty-four millions of men ought to inspire, are about to give to this same Third Estate that equality of influence, that just proportion of civil rights, which ought to belong to it. This Third Revolution has commenced, and nothing can hinder it. I firmly believe that it only remains for the nobility to be assigned a place of honor in it, and inscribe their names forever therein as the benefactors of the nation."

A tumult broke out in the Assembly. "You hear him!" cried D'Éprémesnil, still as fiery as formerly in the Parliament of Paris, "a Revolution has commenced, and in the very chamber of the nobility they dare to announce it to us, and to press us to join its ranks! No, gentlemen, our duty is to preserve the monarchy, which the factious wish to destroy!" The rumor circulated that the minority had resolved to unite with the Third Estate. Cazalès, young and eloquent, ardently devoted to his order, defied his colleagues to accomplish their design. The confusion became general, the Duc de Caylus placed his hand on his sword. Upon the morrow forty-five members of the chamber of the nobility, headed by the Duke of Orleans, presented themselves to the National Assembly. Two noblemen of Dauphiny, the Marquis de Blacons and the Count d'Agoult, had forestalled them, by submitting their powers to the common verification on the same day with the majority of the clergy.

Amongst the nobility and the clergy, confusion and perplexity now prevailed; the populace were terribly agitated; deputations came to congratulate the National Assembly. At the same time, the Archbishop of Paris was attacked in his carriage by a furious crowd, who made him promise to join the Third Estate. When he appeared at the Assembly it was only to deposit his resignation. Already Mirabeau was disquieted at the violence which he foresaw in the future. "Agitations and tumults," he exclaimed on June 27th, "only help the enemies of liberty. Let us calm the people, and save them from the excesses that would produce an intoxication of furious zeal." He even proposed an address to the king, for the purpose of reassuring the well-disposed.

The king meanwhile oscillated between the different parties, persuaded and agitated by all in turns. The court began to be frightened. At length Necker prevailed upon Louis XVI. personally to counsel the union of the three orders. The king himself gave this advice to the Duc de Luxembourg, who presided over the chamber of the nobility. The duke argued the point, with reference to the interests of the crown, "The nobles have nothing to lose from the union that your Majesty desires, they will be received in the National Assembly with enthusiasm. But have the consequences that may result from this union been pointed out to your Majesty? The power of the representatives of the nation is without limits, even the sovereign authority with which you are invested is as it were dumb in its presence. However produced, this power exists in all its fulness in the States-General, but the division into three chambers hinders their action and preserves your power. United, they will know no master; divided, they are your subjects. . . . . Your faithful nobility have at this moment the choice of going at your Majesty's invitation to share with their co-deputies the legislative power, or of dying in defence of the prerogatives of the throne. Their choice is not doubtful, they will die, and they ask no gratitude for it; it is their duty. But in dying they will save the independence of the crown, and render null and void the operations of the National

Assembly. For certainly that body cannot be considered as complete when a third of its members shall have been delivered to the fury of the populace and to the knives of assassins. I conjure your Majesty to reflect upon these considerations." The heart of the king, Louis XVI., reveals itself most completely in his reply. "Monsieur de Luxembourg," said he, "I have thoroughly considered; my mind is fully made up, whatever may be the sacrifice involved; I do not wish that a single man should perish for my quarrel. Say then to the order of the nobility, that I pray them to unite with the two others; if this is not enough, I enjoin it upon them as their king; I will it!"

Neither the sovereign nor the nobleman comprehended the duties imposed upon them by the budding Revolution. The king yielded to the torrent, instead of directing its impetuous waves. The French nobility as a whole failed to be inspired with the generous ardor which animated a few of its members, destined to become the first victims of the faults of the court, and the popular fury. The Duc de Liancourt had said in the chamber of the nobility, "To refuse the invitation of the king is to charge ourselves with an immense responsibility; to accede to it, is to do that of which honor will never be able to speak, even in a whisper." The king was obliged to insist afresh, and to procure the intervention of the Comte d'Artois, in order to obtain the assent of the nobility. Cazalès maintained that they ought to consider the interest of the monarchy before those of the monarch. "Gentlemen," cried the Duc de Luxembourg, "it is no longer a question of deliberating, it is a question of saving the king and the country. The person of the king is in danger, and which of us will dare to hesitate a single instant?" The minority of the clergy had not hesitated to concede to the royal invitations. On the 27th of June the three orders were found united in the Hall of the States-General, in an ordinary sitting of the National Assembly. "We come here," said the Duc de Luxembourg, "to show to the king a mark of respect, and to the nation a proof of patriotism."

There was a spice of ill-nature in these words: Bailly responded in a few impressive phrases. "The family is complete," said he. A certain number of the deputies wished to entrench themselves behind the commands they had received from their constituents. The trenchant logic of Siéyes soon disposed of this argument. "All those who feel themselves bound by their constituents' instructions will be regarded as absent," said he, "along with those who have refused to verify their powers in the General Assembly." Amongst their confused and often chimerical demands, all the instructions asked for a Constitution. The Assembly was pledged to provide a Constitution for France, and a committee was immediately formed to work at it. The people crowded in front of the palace, crying "Vive la Reine!" She appeared upon the balcony with the dauphin, disquieted and troubled to the very depths of her soul, and already involved by the fears and counsels of her friends in a fatal course of unavailing and imprudent violence. Whilst the crowd at Versailles was giving itself up to its transports of joy, numerous troops were advancing, for the purpose of maintaining by force the royal authority; and in Paris three hundred soldiers of the French guards, disobeying the order which confined them to their barracks, mingled with the popular rejoicings. Eleven of them, arrested and sent to the Abbaye, were rescued by a mob and brought back in triumph to the Palais Royal. The court had only the army to rely upon, and the army was already escaping from its control.

It was to the old Marshal de Broglie that had been committed the perilous task of occupying the environs of Paris and Versailles. Some thirty thousand men were assembled here, amongst whom were several foreign regiments. The agitation in Paris increased, and the favor accorded by the king to the rebel French guards had not sufficed to calm it. The electors of the Third Estate had constituted themselves into a permanent Assembly, of which the sittings took place at the Hôtel de Ville. The members of this assembly were nearly all moderate men and sought to neutralize the influence of the Palais Royal Club. An intrigue into which Mirabeau had been momentarily drawn, led to the duke of Orleans being named Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. Everywhere in France an imminent crisis was apparent; the nation was incensed against the secret councillors, whose influence over the king was so dreaded. In the eyes of most, however, one guarantee still remained. This was the presence of Necker, whose popularity had survived the possession of power. This guarantee was about to disappear. Several days before, the minister had offered his resignation to the king. "I hear what you say," the monarch replied, "but remain!" Mirabeau haughtily demanded that the armed force should be made to retire. "The national representation," said he, "is invested by more troops than an invasion of the enemy would perhaps encounter, and at least a thousand-fold more than we have been able to collect to fulfil our most sacred engagements, or to preserve our political influence, and that alliance with Holland, so precious, so dearly gained, and above all so shamefully lost." An address to the king, proposed by him, was voted by the Assembly. This was the last evidence of confidence and personal attachment which the king inspired: "We conjure you in the name of the country, in the name of your goodness and your glory, sire, to send back your soldiers to the posts from which your counsellors have withdrawn them; send back this artillery, intended for the protection of your frontiers; send back, above all, these foreign troops, these allies of the nation, that we pay to defend, and not to harass our hearths; your Majesty has no need of them. Why should a monarch adored by twenty-five millions of Frenchmen surround his throne with several thousand foreigners? Sire, in the midst of your children, be guarded by their love."

Louis XVI. responded to the address of the Assembly by proposing to transfer the States-General to Noyon or Soissons. "At Versailles, at the gate of Paris, the troops were necessary to maintain order and protect the deliberations of the States-General." Necker had not been consulted on the course to be adopted. The same day he received a letter from the king, ordering him to quit Paris and France; his departure was to be kept a secret. M. de Breteuil proposed to have Necker arrested. "I am sure he will keep his promise," the king replied. A great company were assembled at the house of the dismissed minister; they sat down to table without any one suspecting the anxiety of the master and mistress of the house. The pair left in a carriage as if for an ordinary drive; Madame de Staël only heard of the departure of her father from a letter written on the journey. On the road to Switzerland, the great financier apprised some merchants of Brussels charged with the purchase of corn, that he would be responsible with his personal property for the security promised, as he no longer had the honor to be the minister of the king.

The consternation caused in Paris and throughout France by the news of his departure redounds to the glory of Necker. Once already he had been able to enjoy this proud satisfaction. The year 1789 was a confused period of grievous disquietude;

a conflagration was imminent, and a spark was sufficient to make the flames burst forth. The foolish and blind counsellors of the court, who surrounded the queen and pressed heavily on the feeble will of the king, Louis XVI., supplied the needful incentive to the passions that lay smouldering. On Sunday, July 12th, in the middle of the day, whilst Necker was posting towards Geneva, tumult broke forth in Paris, and blood flowed in the streets. Camille Desmoulins, a young journalist, very prominent at the clubs, mounted upon a table at the door of the Café de Foy in the Palais Royal, holding a pistol in his hand. "The exile of Necker is the signal for a St. Bartholomew of patriots," he cried, "the foreign regiments are about to march upon us to cut our throats. To arms! Behold the rallying sign;" then, plucking a leaf from a tree, he placed it in his hat. All around the crowd followed his example. The theatres were closed. Busts of the duke of Orleans and Necker covered with crape were carried about the public places. The people coming back from the country thronged the streets, and were easily excited by the news that greeted their return. Presently the crowd was fleeing before the soldiers that the Prince de Lambesc was taking to the Tuileries by the Pont Tournant. An old man fell and was trampled under foot.

In the meantime, the troops were already closing in upon Versailles. "Give the most precise and most moderate orders," the Marshal de Broglie sent to the Baron de Besenval, "that the soldiers may be only protectors, and that they may, with the greatest care, avoid compromising themselves and engaging in any combat with the people, unless they see attempts at setting fire to buildings or committing any excesses that menace the security of citizens." The unfortunate charge at the Pont Tournant had uselessly irritated the populace. When the French guards, drawn into the national movement, went to attack a detachment of the Royal Germans, the soldiers did not retaliate, and the riotors found the Champs Elysées evacuated when they precipitated themselves into the Place Louis XV., to drive out the troops. The forces were cantoned in the Champ de Mars, where they remained immovable. Paris was given over, defenceless, to the vagabonds who are always drawn forth by revolutions from their dark retreats. The shops of the armorers, the Convent of St. Lazare, and the royal stores, were pillaged during the night.

Great was the excitement at Versailles; the National Assembly had decided that it would sit in permanence; every mouth was filled with the praises of Necker; a deputation was sent to the king, asking for the withdrawal of the troops and the formation of a citizen guard. Upon the proposition of De Virieu, a deputy of the nobility, the entire Assembly confirmed the decrees of the Third Estate of the 17th and 20th of June. "Our adhesion is unanimous," cried Mathieu de Montmorency. It was Clermont-Tonnerre who depicted in glowing colors the condition of the capital. "The troops," said he, "present themselves in two characters equally alarming; there are undisciplined Frenchmen subject to no control, and disciplined Frenchmen in the hand of despotism." Mounier conjured the Assembly to continue the discussion of the Constitution. "There will be a Constitution, or we shall cease to be!" cried the orator. Louis XVI. refused the general recommendation of the Assembly for the repression of the troubles in Paris. "I have already informed you of my intentions as regards the measures which the disorders in Paris have forced upon me," said he; "it is for me only to judge of their necessity, and I cannot in this matter make any change." The deputation used the term "National Assembly;" the king sharply interrupted, "Say the States-General." The gulf between the monarch and the deputies of the nation was widening. When the Archbishop of Vienne, exhausted with fatigue, besought the Assembly to nominate a Vice-President, La Fayette was appointed by the great majority of votes. He had just before procured a decision severely censuring the dismissal of the ministers, and throwing upon the present counsellors of the king all responsibility for the misfortunes which menaced the nation.

The signs of the coming storm had not been false ones. Popular hatred and fear had long since devoted the Bastille to the fury of insurrection. Several members had demanded its destruction. Paris dreaded the cannons of this fortress. Ever since the 13th of July, the cry "To the Bastille! To the Bastille!" was often heard amongst the crowd. The people besieged the Hôtel de Ville, demanding arms; Flesselles, the Mayor of Paris, frequently diverted them from their purpose, but the entreaties became more pressing, the exasperation more intense. The municipal authorities, in accord with the electors of the Third Estate, decided upon the formation of a citizen guard. This was organized in each district, but the popular agitation was more than a match for the defenders of order. The multitude rushed to the Invalides, where it was rumored a quantity of arms was stored. The governor, Sombreuil, wished to parley; he had sent a special messenger to Versailles. "He asks for time to make us lose ours!" cried a voice in the crowd. The iron gates were forced in, the doors of the cellars broken open, and amidst a scene of the most frightful tumult, the people became possessed of thirty thousand guns. The next move was to the Hôtel de Ville, where the same disorder was reigning. Every moment breathless messengers arrived with ominous tidings. "The troops are marching to attack the Faubourgs; Paris is about to be put to fire and sword; the cannons of the Bastille are about to open fire upon us."

In order to calm these fears the electors sent a deputation to Delaunay, Governor of the Bastille, promising that no attempt should be made against the fortress confided to his care, if he would withdraw the cannons, the sight of which disquieted the people. The tumult went on increasing in the streets, and the deputations were long in returning; the electors were getting uneasy, when at length the messengers reappeared; the governor had given his word not to fire upon Paris, unless forced to do it for his own defence. Congratulating themselves at this assurance, the electors at the Hôtel de Ville communicated it to the crowd that surrounded the place, when every heart trembled and every mouth uttered a cry as a cannon-shot resounded through the air—the cannon of the Bastille!

Delaunay has long been accused of having failed in his engagements, and of having broken his sworn truce; he paid with his life for this fatal error, and the cry of "treason" immediately arose from amongst the people. Historic documents have proved that he did not merit this reproach. Already a few bold men had succeeded in cutting the chains which held back the first drawbridge; the crowd rushed forward to the attack of the second bridge; the feeble garrison was collected—about thirty Swiss and eighty invalides. By chance, or by one of those instances of base treachery, of which we have more than one example, a gun was fired from amongst the crowd; the soldiers fired back; several men were wounded; the struggle had commenced, and the governor gave orders to fire the cannon.

The Bastille had resisted many attacks; it was provided with supplies; a vast crowd, badly armed, was surging in vain against its walls. The electors refused to command the attack, but authority had already escaped their hands, and Paris was given over without a guide to that revolutionary fever which has so often and so cruelly agitated it. No one commanded, and yet all marched forward, carried away by an ardor which by degrees infected and drew over a considerable number of soldiers. The officers of several regiments had forewarned Besenval that they could not answer for their men. Everywhere the French Guards mingled with the people, and two of their sub-officers conducted the movement. Élie and Hullin marched at the head of the furious crowd that was rushing forward to the attack on the Bastille. A few pieces of cannon, dragged along by hand, were brought into the first court; a note seized from a messenger half dead with fear revealed the orders of Besenval to the governor of the Bastille. "Hold out; succor will soon reach you." That succor did not arrive, and the progress of the assailants caused Delaunay to lose his head. He took a match to fire the powder-magazine; one of his lieutenants, named Béquart, held his arms by force. The electors sent successively two deputations to demand from the governor that the fortress should be given up to the citizen guard. Delaunay consented to capitulate, and wished to go out with the honors of war; the Swiss charged with the negotiation was received with peals of laughter. Élie promised life and safety to the garrison,—"On the word of an officer," said he. The gates were opened, and the multitude precipitated itself into the Bastille.

However, the chiefs of the insurgents were soon severely taught how narrow were the limits of their power. Élie and Hullin had directed the attack on the Bastille, they had pledged their word for its capitulation, and already in order to defend their prisoners they were fighting personally, hand to hand with the multitude. Arrived at the Place de Grève, the unfortunate governor, bare-headed, a mark for all the attacks of the populace, was snatched up in the athletic arms of Hullin. The latter, in order to conceal the governor's features, covered his face with a hat. He was himself overthrown and trodden under foot, and on recovering himself, saw the head of Delaunay carried on a pike. The major and lieutenant had been similarly massacred; the people were demanding, with loud cries, the blood of the prisoners who had been dragged to the Hôtel de Ville. Élie, carried in triumph on the shoulders of an intoxicated crowd, was indignant at seeing his victory thus soiled; he rejected the laurels that the French Guards offered him. "Let us make all these unfortunates swear to be faithful to the nation and to the city of Paris," cried he. The soldiers surrounded the prisoners and concealed them from the fury of the people.

The Mayor of Paris, Flesselles, could not be saved. He had long reckoned on the fickleness of popular passions; but he had seen the bleeding head of the governor of the Bastille. His courage was gone; he trembled without resistance when the furious crowd that had invaded the Hôtel de Ville, dragged him forth to be judged, as they said, at the Palais Royal. Scarcely was he in the street, when a pistol-shot stretched him dead upon the ground. His head was immediately cut off, like that of Delaunay.

A compact procession was formed; the hideous remains of the victims were carried in triumph upon pikes; a few hundred wretches followed along the streets, stopping at the crossways and in the squares, to make the air resound with their menacing cries. At the same time another procession, less horrible, paraded the French Guards, borne on the shoulders of porters in company with the unfortunate prisoners long detained in the cells of the Bastille and suddenly restored to liberty. Of these, two were imbecile, and no one knew whence they came; the others had been arrested for crimes against the common law. Upon their pathway flowers and ribbons were scattered. Silence alone saluted the heads of the ill-fated defenders of the Bastille.

The news of the disorders in Paris had reached Versailles, very confusedly, however, and like the far-off echo of a tumult. The National Assembly was gravely discussing the Constitution; one of its members arriving from Paris, announced the pillage of the Invalides and the menacing attitude of the people round the Bastille. Two electors coming from the Hôtel de Ville, presented themselves at the same time. They were charged to beg the Assembly to intervene in order to save the nation. Two deputations had already had an audience with the king; the second brought back this verbal reply: "You tear my heart again and again by your recital of the misfortunes of Paris; it is impossible for them to have been caused by the orders that have been given to the troops. You know the reply that I have given to your preceding deputation. I have nothing to add to it." Meanwhile news had arrived that the Bastille was taken, of which the king was still ignorant. The courts of the château were full of soldiers, drinking and singing; wine had been freely distributed; the officers were dining with Polignac, the intimate friend of the queen, and who was credited by public report with a most disastrous influence.

Louis XVI. went to bed and slept; they were still watching at the Assembly, and it was proposed to send to the king a third deputation. "Let them have to-night for council," said Clermont-Tonnerre, "it is necessary for kings to buy their experience like other people." Meanwhile the Duc de Liancourt made use of his official right of entrée to cause the king to be awakened, and informed him what had taken place in Paris. "Is it, then, a revolt?" cried the king, sitting up on his couch. "No, sire!" replied the duke. "It is a revolution!" When the deputation from the Assembly were setting forth on the morning of the 15th, in order to renew, before the king, their entreaty for the recall of the troops, the Duc de Liancourt announced that his Majesty was himself about to visit the Assembly. All acclamations were forbidden beforehand. "Silence is the lesson of kings," said the Bishop of Chartres. When, however, Louis XVI. appeared, attended only by his two brothers, every deputy rose to his feet, crying, "Vive le Roi!"

"I know that unjust prejudices have been instilled into you," said the king, "I know that some have dared to say that your persons are not in safety, that you have reason to be afraid. The truth is, I am at one with the nation; I have faith in you. I look for the safety of the State to the National Assembly; counting upon the love and the fidelity of the nation, I have given orders for the troops to withdraw from Paris and Versailles."

The acclamations recommenced; the king, like the deputies, was stirred with emotion. The entire assembly conducted him on foot to the palace, amidst cries of joy from the crowd. The queen showed herself with her children; she was astonished and happy at the evidences of public affection. A deputation from the Assembly set out immediately for Paris.

"It is difficult to enter into true liberty by such a gateway," exclaimed the Duc de la Rochefoucauld on hearing of the insurrection which had captured the Bastille. Public feeling was less firm and less far-seeing; joy was general amongst even moderate men. The Bastille was looked upon as a symbol and haunt of despotism; throughout Europe its fall was rejoiced over. The deputies partook of the public enthusiasm which their presence served to increase. "In coming on the part of the king to bring you words of peace," said La Fayette, "we hope, gentlemen, to restore to him also the peace of which his heart has need." A touching discourse from Lally-Tollendal was almost drowned in applause. They crowned him with flowers, and to show him to the people, took him to one of the windows. Thence, in the midst of his triumph, he looked upon the same place, where, twenty-three years before, the crowd had seen the head of his father fall, with a gag between its teeth.

The "Prévôt des Marchands" was no more; the electors resolved to nominate a "Maire de Paris." Bailly was chosen by acclamation for this function, but not feeling it to be his place, he desired to be excused, but the Archbishop of Paris kept upon his forehead the crown he rejected. La Fayette was chosen at the same time as commander of the Citizen Guard, which henceforth took the name of the National Guard. Along with the deputies and the electors the crowd pressed forward to hear the *Te Deum* sung in the cathedral. After being left for a few days to satisfy public curiosity, the demolition of the Bastille was ordained.

The public voice called upon Louis XVI. to come to Paris. The ministers gave in their resignations, and Necker was recalled. "If the king does not come soon," it was said in the crowd, "we must go and seek him at Versailles, demolish the palace, drive away the courtiers, and take care of our good king in Paris, in the midst of his children." The courtiers presently took for themselves the path of exile; their hopes recently so presumptuous, had been destroyed. The Comte d'Artois, the Princes of Condé and Conti resolved to quit France; the Duchesse de Polignac had preceded them at the entreaty of the queen herself. In passing through Bâle, she met Necker, to whom she was the first to bring the news of the events that had taken place. Returning to France, the minister snatched from death the Baron de Besenval, who on his flight from Paris had been arrested in a village in the environs. The journey of Necker was a continual ovation. The day was about to come, when he too would experience the doleful proofs of his powerlessness.

Meanwhile, Louis XVI. set out for Paris, after having heard mass and taken the sacrament, as if he was marching to his death. Monsieur had received from his brother a secret document appointing him lieutenant-general of the kingdom, in case of the liberty or life of the king being menaced. The confidence in the Assembly testified by Louis XVI., had left no opportunity to put an end to the league entered into in favor of the duke of Orleans; this prince proposed to pass into England. A numerous deputation from the Assembly, accompanied the monarch. The queen wept and prayed to God.

Bailly appeared before the king, holding in his hand the traditional keys. "I bring your Majesty the keys of your good city of Paris," said he with want of tact; "these were the words which had been spoken to Henry IV.; he reconquered his people, here the people have reconquered their king." Sorrowful contrast, which is more than once presented to our minds, between the resolute ability of Henry IV., and the blind feebleness of his descendants.

The crowd pressed along beside the path of the king, armed with various strange warlike instruments, guns and hatchets and pikes. Citizens, monks, women, cannon, were adorned with flowers. As the king set his foot upon the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, according to the usages of the freemasons who were numerously represented amongst those present, a vault of steel was suddenly formed above his head. It was under these crossed swords that the monarch entered the hall. The cries of "Vive le Roi!" were heard above everything. La Fayette, whose election he had just confirmed, handed him the cockade of the National Guard, blue and red, the colors of the city of Paris. A fortnight later, in adding to it a white line as a souvenir of the royal flag, La Fayette said to the militia he was commanding, "I bring you a cockade that will go round the world."

Great circumstances develop the natural qualities of men, but they cannot raise up in any gifts of which there is no germ present. Misfortune found Louis XVI. heroically patient in martyrdom, but no trial or necessity could render him eloquent or clever. Face to face with a crowd of Parisians, half won over by his presence, he could not address them or break through his natural timidity. Bailly repeated the assurances which the king uttered in a low voice; a single word escaped from the royal lips, "You can always count on my love." The cockade which he had attached to his hat appeared as an evidence of this promise. Louis XVI. drew himself with difficulty from the arms of the crowd who surrounded him, kissing his clothes and his hands: a market-woman embraced him round the neck. It was late when the king again reached Versailles, still agitated by various emotions. He wept as he threw himself into the arms of the queen. In the depths of his heart and notwithstanding his triumph, he felt humiliated and sorrowful. At his entry into

Paris a single cry had been heard in the ranks of the crowd, "Vive la Nation!" Only at the Hôtel de Ville, and when they had been assured of his intentions, the people had cried, "Vive le Roi!"

"You may consider the Revolution as accomplished," wrote Gouverneur Morris, formerly the clever negotiator, and now the minister-plenipotentiary of the United States. "The authority of the king and the nobility exists no longer; all power is concentrated in the hands of the National Assembly. I tremble, however, for the Constitution; all are imbued with those romantic theories of government of which in America we were happily cured before it was too late." The Assembly discussed the Declaration of the rights of man, whilst these horrible tragic scenes were staining with blood the soil of France and dishonoring the cause of liberty, and not even the eloquence of Lally-Tollendal could obtain from his colleagues a proclamation against disorder. "Liberty!" he cried, "it is I who defend it, and you who compromise it. Remember that it is fanatical zeal which above all things has been the cause of impiety; and mindful of that species of political priesthood with which we have been invested, let us keep ourselves from causing this holy liberty to be blasphemed, when we have been sent to establish its worship and proclaim its gospel. I have obeyed my conscience," said he, with noble enthusiasm, "and I wash my hands of the blood that will be shed."

A generous impulse sometimes animates assemblies; they are often chilled by indifference or by opposing prejudices. Popular violence or personal hatred making use of popular violence, resulted every day in horrible scenes before which authority remained powerless. Foulon, formerly Minister of Finance, had taken refuge in the environs of Paris, and set on foot a report of his death. He was hateful to the people by the exactions he had imposed, and still more for the cruel words attributed to him: "If the people are hungry, let them eat hay." Recognized in the house where he was hidden, he was dragged to Paris with violence. First conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, protected by Bailly and several electors, he was snatched from their hands by the multitude, who had invaded the hall. "Hang him! hang him!" shouted some in the crowd. As La Fayette, brought in haste by the noise of the tumult, sought to appease the popular fury, "What need is there of judgment for a man who has been judged for thirty years past?" was the reply. New waves of people continued to surround the hall. The table upon which they had placed the unfortunate Foulon was reversed; he was dragged upon it to the Place de Grêve, and notwithstanding his supplications the old man was hung up to a street lamp. His head was soon afterwards cut off and paraded through Paris.

Nearly at the same moment the son-in-law of Foulon, Berthier de Sauvigny, formerly intendant of Paris, had been arrested at Compiègne upon the false report of his capture having been decreed. Two electors were sent to seek him, in order to shield him from the fury of the people of Compiègne. An immense menacing crowd surrounded the cabriolet; already Berthier had many times prayed Etienne de la Rivière, who accompanied him, not to expose himself any longer on his account. At the cries of the populace, who ordered the intendant of Paris to uncover, La Rivière at the same moment took off his hat. On entering Paris the bleeding head of Foulon was displayed to his son-in-law, but it was so disfigured with dirt and blood that he did not recognize it. They arrived at the Hôtel de Ville; La Fayette had assembled there some of the National Guard with some of the French Guards, in order to conduct the prisoner to the Abbaye. The popular fury left no time for this. The unfortunate man was dragged into the garden, where he saw the cord with which they were preparing to hang him. "I know well how to escape execution," cried he, and he defended himself with so much courage that he fell dead under the blows of his assailants, who cut him in pieces. All authority had now departed; that of Bailly and the electors as well as that of La Fayette. The latter desired at one time to resign his appointment.

Even the most hideous victories have their intoxications; the just indignation which asserted itself in the Assembly was replied to by cowardly disturbances or violences more shameful still. Barnane, the friend and disciple of Mounier, involved from that time with men of a spirit less firm and an ambition less disinterested, exclaimed on hearing the news of the assassination of Foulon and of Berthier de Sauvigny, "Was this blood, then, so pure?" Mirabeau, twice repulsed in the advances he had made to the government, first through the intervention of Malouet, afterwards through the Comte de la Mack, had momentarily thrown his ardent ambition, his great wants and the might of his genius on to the platform of the Revolution. He aspired to govern this popular movement, of which he only too soon recognized all the perils, without having the opportunity to find a remedy for the evils he had fostered. "It is necessary to harden ourselves to individual misfortunes," he cried during the discussion; "one can only be a citizen at this price." The Assembly reserved to itself the judgment of crimes of high treason against the nation; the Constitution alone ought to institute the tribunal; a few idle words pledged the citizens to concord and peace.

Meanwhile, France was in flame. The contagion spread first to the cities. At Strasbourg an unforeseen riot delivered the city for thirty-six hours to all the excesses of an infuriated populace. At Caen a young officer of dragoons, Belzunce, was cut in pieces by the multitude. In the country the peasants rose, crying that ruffians were about to pillage their cottages and cut their throats, and armed themselves, excited in the first place by imaginary fears; then feeling their power and roused by the remembrances of long suffering, they pillaged and burnt the chateaux, often massacring their masters, and casting into the flames the parchments and title-deeds of property which had so often been invoked against them. They believed that they were thus delivering themselves from all exactions by their crimes. In some provinces, in Dauphiny, at Maçon, at Douai, honest men combined to defend themselves and punish the guilty. Nearly everywhere reigned disorder and affright. On the 8th of August, the Committee of Reports rendered an account of things to the Assembly in these terms: "Properties, of whatever nature they may be, are the prey of the most culpable ruffianism; on all sides the chateaux are burnt, the convents destroyed, the farms abandoned to pillage. The taxes, the seignorial revenues, all are lost. The laws are without force, the magistrates without authority, and justice is only a phantom, vainly to be sought for in the tribunals." The Ancient Régime was falling with a crash, and France was still waiting for her first Constitution.

It is to the honor of the minority of the nobility in the National Assembly that they themselves, with a generous enthusiasm, gave the death-blow to the privileges they enjoyed. The Duc d'Aguillon, son of the ancient minister, an assiduous member of the Breton Club, which already gave signs of future violences, had in the tribune of that body brought forward a proposition which he purposed laying before the National Assembly. "The exasperation of the rural population," said he, "proves their desire to escape from feudal rights; let us re-establish public order by taking means for their release from those rights." At the evening sitting of the Assembly on the 4th of August the Vicomte de Noailles did not leave the Duc d'Aguillon an opportunity to make his motion. The analogous proposition which he introduced was supported by his colleague. Both claimed from the justice of the Assembly the equal adjustment of taxation, and deposited a decree thus worded: "The National Assembly, considering that the feudal and seignorial rights are a species of onerous tribute, which destroys agriculture and desolates the fields, at the same time not being able to conceal from itself that these rights are a real property, and that all property is inviolable, determines that these rights shall be redeemable at the will of the debtors at thirty years' purchase, or at such other rate as in each province shall be judged more equitable by the National Assembly, and ordains that all these rights shall be exactly collected and maintained as in the past, until their complete redemption."

The feudal rights which the great lords themselves were thus about to sacrifice were of two kinds; the *favorable* rights, as lawyers term them, and the *unfavorable* or *odious.* The favorable rights were those resulting from ancient contracts, by which great proprietors, feudal lords, had ceded land to the peasants. The unfavorable rights were the remains of an abuse of power, the bitter survival of serfdom. The people of the rural districts were already, and upon a large scale, proprietors of the soil, in some cases as freeholders with no other connection with the lord of the manor than as being under his jurisdiction; in other cases by dues payable through an ancient agreement, which hindered them from either selling or dividing the property, but which subjected it to annual payments and fees on changing hands; in some provinces, Saintonge for example, these formed the greater part of the revenues of the lords. The most simple equity, primitive justice, in requiring the abolition of the remains of serfdom, required at the same time the redemption of the titles of an ancient and regularly constituted property.

The Assembly decided thus even in that first impulse of enthusiasm which prompted the proposition of Aguillon and Noailles. It was reserved for other times and the progress of the revolutionary spirit to confound all rights and properties in a general spoliation. The night of the 4th of August gave the death-blow to the feudal régime, but the destruction still bore the character of sacrifice. The pithy, unpremeditated speech of a Breton deputy, Le Guex de Kerengal, attired in his national costume, and who depicted in hateful colors the oppression that still weighed upon the rural populace, was successful in inflaming all imaginations and touching all hearts. The Marquis de Foucault undertook to refute the proposition of the Duc d'Aguillon; interrupted by murmurs, he broke forth against the nobility of the court, and against the pensions and honors they enjoyed. The Duc de Guiche and the Duc de Mortemart rose immediately declaring that the possessors of royal bounties were ready for all sacrifices, and would engage to renounce pensions obtained without service. Immediately and from all the benches new offers, personal or general, disinterested or theoretical, were made. The Vicomte de Beauharnais demanded equality of punishments and the admission of all citizens to public employ. The Bishop of Chartres (Lubersac) reminded the Assembly of the abuses of exclusive rights of hunting; the rural gentlemen at once cried out that they were ready to renounce these rights, provided that the State would undertake to watch over the public safety. The Bishop of Nancy asked that the sums produced by the redemption of feudal rights in ecclesiastical seignories should be devoted as alms. The Duc du Chatelet leaned towards his neighbors, and laughingly remarked, "Ah! they take away our rights of the chase; I am going to take away their tithes." He then proposed that tithes in kind should be converted into rents, redeemable at will. No opposition was offered by the bishops, and then the curés came forward to surrender their fees, but the Assembly with one accord refused this "widow's mite," upon the proposition of Duport, and even resolved to ameliorate the lot of the humble country priests. The Duc de Rochefoucauld demanded the abolition of slavery, another that of the venality of seignorial offices and jurisdictions. Country deputies surrendered the privileges of their provinces; town delegates did the same as regards their cities. The noble fever of sacrifice had infected every mind; the secretaries could scarcely keep pace with this outburst of passionate generosity. When the sitting was at length suspended, Lally-Tollendal urged the Assembly to ascribe to the monarch the acknowledgment that was his due. The title of Restorer of French Liberty was then voted by acclamation to Louis XVI., and a *Te Deum* was announced for the morrow. The delegates scarcely knew when they separated at two o'clock in the morning, upon what privileges they had laid their hands, what ancient rights they had abrogated, or what abuses they had destroyed. By its own votes the privileged class displayed the unreflecting and generous ardor of the national character. It was only at its reassembling, in the sitting of August 5th, that the National Assembly, by the reading of its official report, understood all that was involved in the sacrifices it had sanctioned.

I subjoin a complete statement, in order to point out how all that was wrong and condemnable in the old régime, perished entirely on the night of the 4th of August, by the hands of the nobility themselves, who on this occasion surrendered their ancient privileges as freely as they had formerly shed their blood on the battle-field.

The Assembly voted,—

The abolition of serfdom.

The power of redeeming seignorial rights.

The abolition of seignorial jurisdictions.

The suppression of exclusive rights of chase.

The redemption of tithes, of the right of keeping pigeons and rabbits.

Equality of taxation.

Admission of all citizens to civil and military employment.

The abolition of the right to sell offices.

The abrogation of all special privileges of cities and provinces.

The reform of wardenships.

The suppression of pensions obtained without just title.

It was an immense hecatomb; but these new rights, destructive of old ones, henceforth acknowledged in principle, presented great difficulties in their practical application. The question of the redemption of tithes at once raised grave objections. It was proposed to abolish tithes without redemption, under the pretext that the rights of the clergy in this respect did not arise from ancient concessions made by monarchs or private individuals on certain conditions of service, but from free gifts, and that they constituted a tax which the nation had the right to suppress, provided that it supplied in some other way the necessities of religion. The Abbé Sieyès pleaded earnestly for redemption, proving that tithes were a part of the price of lands many times bought and sold, and that it was not just to make a present of seventy millions of revenue to the proprietors at the expense of the clergy. "They want to be free and yet know not how to be just!" he exclaimed with an incisive eloquence unusual to him. Mirabeau on the contrary, spoke ardently against the redemption of tithes, arguing that it was the right and the duty of the state to make itself responsible for the maintenance of religion. The clergy saw that they must yield; some of the curés set the example by spontaneously renouncing their tithes; several bishops came forward to sign the same declaration. The Archbishop of Paris rose to speak:—"That the Gospel be preached," said he, "that Divine Worship be celebrated with decency and dignity, that the churches be provided with virtuous and zealous pastors, that the necessities of the poor be relieved,—these are the objects of our tithes, and the end and aim of our ministry and our vows. We have confidence in the National Assembly, and we do not doubt but that it will procure for us the means of worthily fulfilling objects so worthy of respect and so sacred." Cardinal Rochefoucauld supported the observations of the archbishop. The tithes were to be maintained until the Assembly should replace them by a necessary compensation; but the passions and desires of an aroused people are more powerful than decrees; everywhere tithes ceased to be paid.

It was the same with the forest rights, reserved by the National Assembly to the proprietors of the soil. France swarmed with poachers; lawlessness, loss of life and property, ravages in forests and among the crops, and the destruction of game signalized a new order of things, suddenly and without preparation taking the place of ancient privileges. Every day the edifice was tottering; where it was essential to destroy, the ancient foundations had been imprudently sapped without time being taken to establish new ones. Eighty years have passed away, and we are still working at the slow and sorrowful task of reconstruction.

The needs of the state became pressing. In the midst of disorder the financial situation, which had long been grave, threatened catastrophe. Two loans successively attempted by Necker had resulted in nothing, much to the naively expressed astonishment of the minister. He now proposed an extraordinary contribution of one fourth of income. Equally irritated and surprised, the Assembly vented its feeling in a dull murmur. Mirabeau asked permission to speak. He had often attacked Necker; the awkward stiffness of the Genevese never knew how to profit by the advances of the great orator, needy and vicious, sincere however in his patriotic restlessness, and more inclined to serve the monarchy than to attack it. The enemies of the minister now waited the word of command, but they waited in vain. The powerful genius of Mirabeau saw the situation clearly. He raised himself above the quarrels of party and the intrigues of the moment; he aspired to govern, and he did not wish to receive France, ruined, decayed, dishonored. He proposed a vote of confidence, granting Necker what he asked for; then as the Assembly still hesitated, uncertain as to the motive that dictated his conduct, embittered as regards the past, and suspicious of the future, he spoke a second time, giving full flow at once to his eloquence and his anger. "I no longer say to you as before, 'Will you be the first to give to the nations the spectacle of a people assembled to break public faith?' I no longer say, 'What claims have you to freedom, what means will you possess for maintaining it, if at the very first step you surpass in base crimes the most corrupt governments, and if the necessity of your assembling and of your watchful care is not the guarantee of your constitution?' But I say to you, you will be all dragged down in the universal ruin, and you yourselves are the most interested in the sacrifice which the government asks of you.

"Vote then this extraordinary subsidy, and may it be sufficient! Vote it, because if you have any vague and shadowy doubts about the means, you have none as to its necessity, and as to your powerlessness to find a substitute, at least for the present. Beware of asking for time; misfortune never grants it. Gentlemen, with regard to a ridiculous excitement in the Palais Royal, a laughable insurrection which never was of any importance except in the feeble imagination or perverse designs of a few men of bad faith, we, the other day, heard used the senseless words 'Catiline is at the gates of Rome! and yet you deliberate!' There was about us no Catiline, nor peril, nor faction, nor Rome! But to-day, bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is there, threatening to devour you and your property and your honor, and yet you deliberate!"

The decree was decided upon with acclamation. Fundamentally, Mirabeau had made up his mind: a strong political sense, daring and judicious, overcame in his mind all personal rancor; the questions discussed were now capital ones, and the state of the country entered each day into the deliberations of the Assembly. They discussed the powers of the king; all the reports which were presented admitted the necessity of the royal sanction in order to give force to laws. The Revolution moved forward; it had reached the point of granting the monarch only a suspensive veto, an absurd and necessarily powerless guarantee. The defenders of the legitimate authority of the monarch were illustrious, but few in number. Mirabeau put himself at their head; he had said recently, "When it becomes a question of the royal prerogative, that is to say, as I shall show at the proper time, of the most precious possession of the people, you will be able to judge whether I know its extent. I defy beforehand the most respectable of my colleagues to carry religious respect for it farther than I do. I believe the veto of the king so necessary," cried he, "that if he did not possess it, I would rather live in Constantinople than in France. Yes, I declare it, I know of nothing more to be dreaded than the sovereign aristocracy of six hundred persons, who being able to-morrow to declare themselves irremovable and the day after hereditary, will finish like aristocrats all over the world by usurping everything." Montesquieu had said before him, "If the executive power has no means of arresting the enterprise of the legislative body, the latter will become despotic; able to increase its own powers continually, it will finish by annihilating all other powers."

Theoretical passions and revolutionary instincts prevailed over philosophical or political reasons; the national pride resented any imitation of the English Constitution; the principle of two chambers, like the absolute veto of the monarch, was rejected; systematic agitators excited the popular anger. Thouret was named president of the Assembly, but dared not accept the post, so great was the popular mistrust in him; the day was approaching for the Revolution to escape from the hands that hitherto aspired to direct it. All the chiefs of the Constituent Assembly were soon about to become its victims.

Revolutionary plots and intrigues were aided by the imprudences of Royalist devotion; there was a great scarcity in France; everywhere trade was slack, money scarce; misery as well as disorder reigned in Paris; the people were in want of bread. Bailly used every endeavor to supply provisions, but they were always insufficient and precarious; the popular imagination was struck with the idea, which had been presented under every form, that if the king were at Paris, there would be no lack of bread. Indignation against the queen kept constantly increasing, people laid to her charge all the evils which they suffered. The resolute and prudent men who constituted in the Assembly the party of resistance, Mounier, Malouet, Lally-Tollendal, urged the king to transfer the seat of government to Soissons or Compiègne; Necker approved of this, and undertook to present the scheme to the council. The deputies waited for the result of the deliberation. "On his return," writes Malouet, "Necker told us with an air of consternation, that our proposition was rejected: the king would not leave Versailles. We insisted upon knowing the motive of the strange decision, but the ministers made no reply, the Bishop of Langres wished to go to the king himself; Necker becoming impatient said to him, 'If you wish, sir, to know everything, learn that a very painful duty is before us. The king is good, but cannot easily make up his mind. His Majesty is tired, and slept during the consultation. We were agreed as to the transference of the Assembly, but the king on awaking said, No, and retired; you may be assured that we are as much annoyed as you, and much more embarrassed.'"

Another transference of a hateful and tragical character was silently being prepared. A banquet of the body-guard in a hall of the palace, the military and loyal enthusiasm, imprudent songs, and still more imprudent sayings, the very natural sympathy of the king and queen with manifestations of a passionate devotion, the white cockade substituted for the tricolor, were surely enough to excite anger and uncertainty, all the more to be dreaded that they had no real foundation. The meeting of the body-guard took place on the 1st of October; on the 5th, a huge crowd of men and women, influenced by fury or by want, took the road for Versailles, being determined to bring back the king to Paris. Bailly was in the country, the king was hunting at Meudon. A public officer of Paris, called Maillard, marched at the head of the threatening procession; it advanced towards the Assembly Mounier was presiding, Mirabeau rushed to the side of his chair. "Sir," said he in a low voice, "forty thousand Parisians are marching upon us." "I know nothing of it," replied Mounier. "Paris, I tell you, is marching upon us. Hurry the work of the Assembly, and prorogue the meeting. Go to the palace, and give them this advice, saying, if you like, that it comes from me, that I agree to it." "I never hurry the deliberations, they are only too often hurried." "Paris is advancing." "So much the better, let them kill us all, every one, the state will be the gainer." A few hours afterwards, Mounier, compelled by the populace, himself conducted a deputation of women to the palace; they all wished to embrace Mirabeau.

Versailles was invaded; everywhere a hungry crowd was camped in the squares or gardens. The National Guard had just arrived, bringing their commandant at their head, and La Fayette strove in vain to restore order. The king had received kindly the women, who asked bread from him. Mounier was still waiting for the sanction of the constitutional articles, and of the rights which Louis XVI. had till then postponed. A consultation was held; the queen wished to take her husband to Rambouillet, refusing to be separated from him; he walked up and down the chamber. "A fugitive king, a fugitive king," he kept repeating. At last, at ten o'clock, Mounier returned to the Assembly; the deputies were no longer there, the hall was occupied by a crowd of women, and it was to them that he announced the royal sanction. "Will that be a good thing for us, M. le President?" they demanded; "will it bring bread to poor people?" Several of them said, "We have eaten nothing to-day." Mounier sent for bread to all the bakers' shops in Versailles.

At five o'clock in the morning, La Fayette, tired out, had thrown himself on a bed. "How could you sleep?" some one asked. "I had no fear," he replied, "the people had promised me to remain quiet:" the people awoke, throwing their promises to the wind. The struggle was already begun, one of the guards had fired from a window on a crowd who were breaking through a railing; he was killed, the doors smashed. Thieves had made a rush into the palace, eager for plunder; a few madmen hurried on before the others and reached the door of the queen's chamber. Two guards defended it. One of them named Miomandre, was knocked down. "Save the queen!" he cried. His comrades were entrenched behind a door. Marie Antoinette fled to the king's apartment. Cries were heard, "Open! open!" and as the wretched guards remained motionless, "Open," they repeated, "the French guards have not forgotten that at Fontenoy you saved their regiment." At the same moment the king partly opened the door of his room. "Do no harm to my guards," he said. The soldiers embraced each other.

La Fayette had brought his grenadiers to the palace; and on the way thither, saved the lives of several guards who were about to be massacred. The king had just consented to go to Paris. The news was already circulating among the populace, proud of their triumph; the presence of the National Guard had somewhat restored order. The queen appeared on the balcony, holding her son and daughter by the hand; La Fayette knelt before her, and kissed her hand with an air of respect: then he embraced one of the body-guard who waved the tricolor. Shouts of joy resounded through the square; the dauphin wept, he was hungry.

They were in their carriages; the king had begged the Assembly to meet in the palace. "It is not consistent with our dignity to sit there," Mirabeau said. Mounier turned towards him, a generous indignation depicted on his face. "It is consistent with our dignity to do our duty," he said. One hundred deputies accompanied the king to Paris; the Assembly decided that they were inseparable from the person of the monarch, and that they should follow him to his new residence. The general endeavored to hasten the departure of the mob. The heads of two of the guards, massacred on the previous evening, which some ragamuffins carried on the end of their pikes, were taken from them. The crowd of women followed the royal procession, constantly repeating, "We have got the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy!" Before entering the Tuileries, the king got out at the Hôtel de Ville. Already his people's prisoner, he was still humored by the traditional flatteries. "When an adored father is summoned by the wishes of an immense family, he must naturally prefer the place where his children are found in largest numbers," said Moreau de St. Méry, who presided at the electors' committee. Bailly repeated the words which the king had pronounced as he entered his capital, "It is always with pleasure and confidence that I find myself in the midst of the inhabitants of my good town of Paris." He had forgot two important words: "*With confidence*, sire," the queen prompted. "You mean it," cried the Mayor of Paris; "you are more successful than if I had told you myself." The children shuddered as they entered the palace of the Tuileries, so long uninhabited. "How ugly it is!" said the little dauphin. His mother closed his mouth. "Louis XIV. lived in it, my son," said she. The misfortunes and dangers that threatened Louis XVI. and his family were more dreadful than the perils of the Fronde, although Anne of Austria had twice rescued her son from the latter.

The die was already cast. Henceforth it was in the bosom of the capital, with its excitement and formidable threats, that the National Assembly was to deliberate, and the king to govern. Many of the deputies trembled for their lives, and believed that they were no longer in possession of their freedom of action. Mounier and Lally-Tollendal withdrew, first to the country, then abroad, too soon discouraged from the noble task which they had undertaken, and the burden of which they ought to have borne to the end. More than two hundred deputies followed their example, and asked for passports. The Assembly decided that they should be refused to every one who could not give proofs of urgent necessity.

The duke of Orleans was charged by the court with criminal designs, of which he was not absolutely innocent. La Fayette and Mirabeau were rivals in their influence over the prince, one endeavoring to frighten him into a decision to set out for England, the other retaining him as a tool which he might find convenient to make use of. Fear gained the day, and the Duke of Orleans set out. Mirabeau, on learning it, flew into a violent rage, "He is a coward," said he, "undeseaving of the pains we have bestowed upon him." Thereafter Mirabeau threw himself resolutely into the gulf which the Revolution was digging out around the monarchy; he saw or guessed the supreme danger; he was ambitious and aspired to rule; he was vicious, dissipated, and had need of money. He had the misfortune to ask some to support the cause which he had long fought against, but to which he rallied with sincerity from his good sense and judgment. "A man of my sort receives a hundred thousand crowns," said he, "but a hundred thousand crowns is not sufficient to find a man of my sort."

A statement of Mirabeau's on the dangers of the situation and the means of overcoming them was confided to Count de la Marck, who communicated it to Monsieur; the king was to go to Rouen to summon the troops there, and establish there the centre of government. The disorders which caused so much bloodshed in Paris had suggested to the Assembly the proposition of martial law. "I only know one single measure efficacious against the disorder," said Miaabeau, "namely, giving to the executive power, if we can, the power sufficient to support our decrees." The ambitious hopes of Mirabeau pervaded his frequently thoughtless language; he justly and cruelly bore the burden of a soiled reputation, and of a life spent in the most shocking irregularities; respectable people, some from timidity, others from jealously, feared his power. A counter-proposal was made against his project of admitting the ministers into the Assembly; Montlosier and Lanjuinais supported the attack. "I propose," cried Lanjuinais, "that a law be made forbidding the Deputies of the Assembly to accept of executive power during their membership, and for three years after, any place in the ministry, any office or reward, under penalty of being for five years deprived of their rights as active citizens."

Legislative assemblies have frequently voted for similar Acts, being seduced by the specious appearance of disinterestedness. Mirabeau read on the countenances of his colleagues the various passions which were about to dictate their decision; he rushed towards the tribune, a stronghold from which they could not shut him out. "I propose as amendment," said he, "that the exclusion from the ministry be limited to those members of the Assembly whom the proposer of the motion appears to dread, and I undertake to let you know who they are. There are only two persons, gentlemen, whom the motion can be aimed at, the others have given proofs enough of courage and public spirit to set the honorable deputy's mind at ease. Who are those two persons? You have already guessed; they are the author of the motion and myself. This, then, gentlemen, is the amendment which I lay before you: that the exclusion asked for should be limited to M. de Mirabeau, deputy for the communes of the seneschalship of Aix." The sarcasm protected Mirabeau's dignity, but did not turn aside the blow that threatened him. A decree of the Assembly forbade deputies from entering the ministry; the hope of the great orator was deceived, and France was deprived of the last chance of a strong government. His opinions were about to fail as his ambition of power had done; it was the punishment of Mirabeau that he could not extinguish the conflagration which he had assisted in spreading. "The monarchy is in danger rather because there is no government than because there is conspiracy," he wrote to one of his friends on the 3rd December, 1789; "if no pilot appears, the vessel will probably run aground; if, on the contrary, the force of circumstances compels to summon a man of intellect, and gives the courage necessary to overcome all the social considerations and the inferior jealousy which will never cease to resist, you have no conception how easy it is to set the public vessel afloat."

The contrary winds were more violent, and the conspiracies more serious than Mirabeau said. The Breton "club," under the direction of the self-constituted triumvirate of Barnave, Duport, and Alexander Lameth, had entered into communication with the clubs established all over France. It was from Paris that the watchwords took their origin, and that vast network of meetings, agitations, and passions unceasingly excited, urged on and kept up the revolutionary movement. The same organization was found in Paris. "The two Lameths," says La Fayette in his memoirs, "called it the Sabbath; it was an association of ten men who were devoted to them, and who every day received the order which they were each to give to ten men belonging to the various battalions in Paris, so that all the battalions and all the sections received at once the same proposal of riot, the same denunciation of the constituted authorities, the president of the department, the Mayor and the Commandant General."

The Breton club was afterwards to become the Jacobin club, and its first founders were destined to pay with their heads for the formidable institution, which, without foreseeing the results, they had created to use for their passions or personal ambitions. It is the misfortune and the danger of revolutionary times that only extreme parties govern. The most lofty intellects, men of the National Assembly who were courageously moderate, attempted in vain to strive against the violent acts of the Breton club. The club of the Impartials had published a declaration of principles, but it remained without influence: the king wished in vain to give it his sanction by solemnly taking the oath to defend the Constitution. "I should have many losses to reckon up," said Louis XVI., "if in the midst of the greatest interests of the State, I stopped at personal calculations, but I find a compensation which suffices me, a full and complete compensation, in the increase of the nation's happiness, and it is from the bottom of my heart that I express this sentiment. You who can in so many ways influence the public confidence, enlighten as to their real interests the people now led astray, this good people so dear to me, and whose love to me is a principal consolation in my troubles." Useless cheers and the administration of the civic oath throughout France were the only results of this demonstration, due to Necker's advice, and so bitter to the court party, that Viscount Mirabeau, a keen partisan of the ranks opposed to his brother, threw away his sword as he was leaving, and cried, "When a king breaks his sceptre, a faithful subject ought to break his sword!"

From concession to concession, without an earnest and resolute attempt to seize the helm again, the power daily escaped more and more from the weak hands of King Louis XVI., and France underwent a transformation before his eyes, without his having any part in that work which was so immense and yet so rapid, so theoretical and yet so efficacious, and which the repeated shocks of revolutions have never destroyed. Sieyès had for a long time meditated a new territorial division, destined to annihilate to their last trace all the ancient privileges of the provinces, and at the same time establish an absolute uniformity of administration. Eighty-three departments of nearly the same size were substituted for the ancient provincial denominations which were more deeply rooted than had been supposed by legislators, a race always ready to forget history and the power of the past. As a result of the provinces being broken up, the central authority must of necessity become more powerful, and the government more regular. The first effect was to render Paris all-powerful, and local resistance definitively impossible. The work of the national Assembly, though in many respects useful and reasonable, prepared the way for the Reign of Terror.

The centres of action and of power fell one after another. With the provinces there also perished the "Parliaments," a short time previously so bold, so often seditious, and yet active in the cause of just liberty, and many a time distinguishing themselves with renown in its service. In 1789, a large number of magistrates remained faithful to tradition, always powerful in their order: they were opposed to the new state of things. The Assembly decreed that the summer recess of the Parliaments should be prolonged till further orders, and that the judiciary functions should be fulfilled by the chambers appointed for the recess. "We have buried them alive," said Alexander Lameth as he left the Assembly.

Constituted bodies of long standing and for a long time powerful, do not allow themselves to be buried without protest. At the urgent request of the Keeper of the Seals, the chamber appointed for the recess of the Parliament of Paris agreed to register the decree, but at the same time drew up a secret protest, preserved by the President Rosambo, and intended by him to remain always in charge of the oldest councillor. Before the revolutionary tribunal, at the foot of the scaffold, those magistrates were soon to avow proudly their resistance; and when the president of the terrible cabinet asked of each individually how they should have acted if the protest had fallen into their hands, all replied as if they were expressing an opinion in their own assembly-room, "In the same manner." A similar equality governed their fate.

Always prompt in resistance, the chamber of the Parliament only made a provisional registration, and sent to the king its decision, which was at once annulled. The Parliament of Metz went further; it commenced a new session at the usual date, and protested publicly. The Parliament of Bretagne refused to register the decree, and its magistrates were summoned to the bar of the Assembly. Mirabeau impeached them in most eloquent terms. Parliaments no longer existed; they were replaced by judges appointed for six years by the electors of the district, without the power of carrying appeals beyond the court of a neighboring district. The only judicial power reserved for the sovereign was by means of commissaries who were granted him to sit at each tribunal. The great epoch of the French Magistrates of Parliaments was completed.

After the Parliaments had protested, succumbing with dignity to the tempest, the clergy were threatened, as to their independence, their property, their traditional authority. From the devotion of successive generations they had acquired immense wealth. In view of the financial difficulties of the State, Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, who was deeply involved in the revolutionary movement, proposed that the Assembly should take possession of part of the ecclesiastical property. "The clergy," he declared, "are not proprietors in the same sense as other proprietors." It was also a Bishop of Autun who, under Louis XIII., in an assembly of the clergy which had received Richelieu's sanction only with great difficulty, said, "There are some who show great delicacy in granting all that the king demands, as if they doubted whether all the property of the church did not belong to him, and whether, after leaving to the clergy enough to provide for food and a moderate maintenance, his Majesty could not take the surplus." This time it was in the name of the nation that they proposed to rob the clergy. Mirabeau boldly supported the argument, and on the 2nd November a decree was passed that "All the properties of the church are at the disposition of the nation, on condition of providing in a suitable manner for the expenses of worship, for the support of its ministers, and for the relief of the poor, under the superintendence, and according to the instructions of the ecclesiastical provinces. In the arrangements for assisting in the support of the ministers of religion, the stipend of every clergyman will be guaranteed at not less than twelve hundred livres, not including the parsonage."

The property of the clergy was valued at a hundred and fifty millions a year; a colossal power which they had often made bad use of, though without seriously coming short in their works of charity and mercy. After some hesitation, which for a time kept up the churchmen's hope of gaining their cause, the Assembly decreed upon a project of creating four hundred millions of paper-money, repayable by an equitable sale of property of the clergy. The Archbishop of Aix had proposed in the name of his order to furnish the same sum as a loan; but the offer was rejected, as well as the principle. "Decide the question of property," said Mirabeau, "and all the consequences will follow of their own accord."

This was the first step in a dangerous road, where justice and right are easily mistaken. The properties of emigrants were soon to be added to the important resources supplied to the state by the properties of the clergy. The gates of the convents had been opened, their revenues were confiscated, suitable pensions having been granted to the monks and nuns. Nevertheless the faith and piety of a certain number of deputies began to feel uneasy: a Carthusian, Guerle, made a proposal to declare that the Catholic religion remained the religion of the nation, and that its worship alone should be authorized. A great uproar ensued: liberty of conscience was for the future an accepted fact. Liberty of worship was supported by numerous partisans: already the unsold property of the Protestants exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had been restored to them, and the rights of French citizens guaranteed without reservation to their descendants. The duke of Rochefoucauld moved a declaration in the following terms: "The National Assembly, considering that it does not and cannot exercise any power over religious consciences and opinions, that the majesty of religion and the profound respect due to it do not allow of its becoming a subject of deliberation; considering that the attachment of the National Assembly to the Catholic form of worship cannot be doubted at a time when that form of worship alone is about to be placed by the Assembly in the first class of public expenses, decrees that it neither can nor ought to deliberate upon the proposed motion." Éprémesnil, with his usual violence, shouted, "When the Jews were crucifying Jesus Christ, they said to Him, Hail! King of the Jews." The most eloquent speakers of the right, the Abbé Maury, Montlosier, Cazalès, did not succeed in making themselves heard. A deputy of Cambrésis recalled the promise of Louis XIV. before Cambrai, when he said, "I shall never permit the Protestant worship in this place." Mirabeau rushed to the tribune. "Recollect," said he, "that here, from the place where I speak, I see the window of the palace in which some factious men, combining temporal interests with the most sacred interests of religion, caused to be fired by the hand of a weak king of the French, the fatal musket which gave the signal for St. Bartholomew." For a moment, silence and alarm restrained the cheers; when they broke forth, the triumph of the cause supported by Mirabeau was certain.

A few days afterwards, Rœderer challenged Mirabeau as to the truth of the statement in his speech, saying that from the tribune he could not perceive the Louvre. Mirabeau looked at him for a moment without replying. "I half suspect you are right," said he at last; "but at that moment I saw it."

So many important measures, adopted independently of the royal will and submitted formally for the royal sanction, daily diminished the authority of Louis XVI., already so precarious. Advice from every quarter came to him, prudent or heedless, useful or dangerous; and some people did not confine themselves to advice. The Marquis of Favras, a clever and daring adventurer, had been accused of conspiring to kill Bailly and La Fayette, as well as to carry off the king; his trial was prolonged. Monsieur was suspected of having shared in the conspiracy without the king's knowledge, and felt himself compelled to go before the Paris commune to justify himself, which was done in a speech revised by Mirabeau. Favras was condemned, and died without revealing the names of his accomplices. It was said that Talon, Lieutenant of the Châtelet prison, had forced from him the promise to carry his secret to the tomb.

Two men were rivals in influencing the mind of the king, La Fayette and Mirabeau. The latter was regarded by the queen with a feeling of confidence mixed with fear, but she obstinately distrusted the Commandant of the National Guard. The friendly advances of Count de la Marck to the great orator were made by her consent; and the negotiation was already well advanced when Mirabeau, with the view of binding himself to the king's service, wrote him as follows:—"I promise to the king loyalty, zeal, activity, energy and a courage which is probably quite unsuspected; I promise him everything in short, except success, which never depends wholly on one person, and which a very rash and very culpable presumption alone could guarantee during the terrible malady now mining the state, and threatening its head. He would be a very singular man who should be indifferent or unfaithful to the glory of saving both. I am not that man."

Mirabeau was not always so modest. "Madame," said he to the queen as he kissed her hand at St. Cloud, "the monarchy is saved."

No advice, however bold or wise, can reanimate a power which has become inert. The king seldom saw Mirabeau, having towards him that feeling of suspicion which is readily inspired by a man paid for his services. Mirabeau's opinions were frequently useless; those of La Fayette, who was personally better liked by the king, were scarcely more efficacious. "The circumstances are too dangerous," said the general, "for the well-being of the state and the king to depend upon half-parties and half-confidences. If your Majesty finds elsewhere other principles and other views which appear preferable, you ought to follow them; but if it is in relation to me that your Majesty wishes to act, it ought to be without reserve. In order to serve usefully the interests of liberty, the nation, and the king, I have need of confidence at every moment." The king promised it in vain. His natural indecision and the weakness of his character had never left him the courage of confidence; and his misfortunes increased the difficulty every day.

In his real heart, and in spite of the relations which had been established between Mirabeau and the threatened monarchy, and which tended to bind them together, the great orator remained isolated in the Assembly, free in his movements, and leaning to the right or the left according as his popularity and his success demanded. In April, 1790, the Abbé Maury moved that advantage should be taken of the electoral assemblies, summoned on the occasion of the election of the different departmental councils, in order to elect a new Assembly, because that of which he was a member was to be found fault with as being unjustly constituted in the National Convention. Mirabeau rose and said, "Some ask, when did the deputies of the people become a National Convention? I answer, on that day when, finding the entrance to their place of meeting surrounded by soldiers, they went to meet together in the first place where they could assemble, in order to swear that they should die sooner than betray and abandon the rights of the nation. Our powers, whatever they were, on that day became changed in their nature. You all remember the saying of that great man of antiquity who had neglected the legal forms to save his country. When summoned by a factious tribune to say if he had kept the law, he replied, I swear that I have saved the country. Gentlemen, I swear that you have saved France."

France was not yet saved, and Mirabeau was sensible of it. In May, he defended against Barnave the sovereign's imprescriptible right of proposing and sanctioning the decrees of peace and war. The revolutionary violence had reached its crisis. An abusive pamphlet was sold at the doors of the Assembly. "Gentlemen," said Mirabeau, "a few days ago they wished to carry me in triumph; now they cry in the streets, 'The great treason of Count Mirabeau.' I had no need of this lesson to know that there is but a short distance from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock." As he entered, he had remarked to his friends, "They will carry me out of this place triumphant or torn in pieces."

Mirabeau's good sense and pride of race both revolted when, on the 19th of June, 1790, a childish imitation of the violent measure of the 4th of August, 1789, forcibly suppressed all the titles and distinctions of nobility. "You have turned Europe topsy-turvy during four days with your name of Riquetti," said he bluntly to the journalists who had applied the new statute literally; "but there is something more difficult to tear from men's hearts," he added, "and that is the influence of recollections. Let every man be equal before the law; let all monopolies disappear, especially those which are moral: what remains is only the displacement of vanity."

Great excitement prevailed in many parts of the kingdom. The sale of clerical property had caused much irritation in the southern departments; and the priests being blamed for having fomented it, there was some fighting and bloodshed. At Marseilles, Montpellier, and Valence, the risings were somewhat revolutionary, while at Nîmes and Montauban the struggle had more of a religious character. The army experienced the reaction of the general emotion, the discipline being frequently violent: committees of under-officers and soldiers were formed in many of the regiments, and on the Assembly ordering their dissolution, the garrison of Nancy refused to obey. Two soldiers who were punished by a council of war were rescued by their comrades, and led through the town in triumph. The money-box of the regiment at Chateau-Vieux was carried off, and M. de Bouillé, then in command at Metz, received orders to repress the sedition. After a very distinguished career in the American war, Bouillé, who was opposed to the revolution, had remained in France at the king's personal and urgent request. He had taken the oath to defend the Constitution, and had said, "I shall be faithful to it so long as I remain on French ground." Nor did his vigor and resolution fail him in face of the military insurrection. He sent an order to the regiment of Chateau-Vieux to evacuate Nancy: the regiment refused. "If two hours after the return of the deputation the garrison persists in its revolt," said the general, "I shall enter Nancy with my army, and every man found armed will be killed on the spot. Soldiers, brave Frenchmen," he added, turning towards the troops and National Guards that were standing around, "are not those your intentions?" Bouillé found himself compelled to perform his threat; and they fought for three hours in the streets of Nancy before the rebellion was put down. The self-devotion of a young officer of the king's regiment, M. de Silles, had for a moment stopped the firing of the rebels; he rushed before the mouth of a cannon just as they were about to apply the match. When at last the shot went off, he was pierced by four balls.

A measure was then being discussed which was destined to envenom all parties, and involve even the religious conscience in political struggles. In revising the territorial divisions and trusting all judicial appointments to election, the Assembly had to lay hands on the ecclesiastical organization. The bishoprics and even the common benefices were divided very unequally both in extent and revenue. But now the new administration was to set this right; the bishops and curés were to be elected by the nation, as was done in the primitive Church. This part of the scheme was due to a Jansenist named Camus, a man sincerely pious, and a keen partisan of the liberal party. When it was proposed to place a declaration of the rights of man at the head of the Constitution, Camus insisted that his duties should also be set forth.

The theory of election was very attractive to philosophical legislators. Without affecting the fundamental dogmas of the Church, the decree on "The Civil Constitution of the Clergy" completely upset its administrative organization, both by circumscribing the spiritual authority and by making the priests henceforward dependent on popular favor. A large number of bishops were opposed to it: the Archbishops of Aix and Bordeaux had tried to make conciliatory advances; and the king on his side had written to Pope Pius VI., asking him to confirm by his authority, provisionally at least, five decrees of the Assembly which were already invested with the royal sanction. The pope was prudent and moderate, and delayed for four months replying to the "Declaration of Principles" which the French bishops had addressed to him. When at last he spoke, in March, 1791, several new decrees had aggravated the changes at first proposed. More particularly, in the uncertainty in which the Church was still left by the pope's silence, the Assembly obliged the ecclesiastics to speak their minds openly, by insisting that they should take the civic oath. The 4th January, 1791, was the latest limit granted to the bishops for obeying the law. The discussion was keen; the Bishop of Clermont protested in defence of the Church's privileges. "Human laws," said he, "can only rule objects which are purely political; the Church is the organ or mouthpiece of the Son of God; let her speak and each of us will listen to her voice with respect."

It was this very submission to a foreign, independent, and sovereign power which deeply wounded the pride of the National Assembly. It had wished, in principle, to regulate the questions of temporal administration and organization in the Church; but had been gradually brought to a struggle with the spiritual authority, behind which were entrenched the ecclesiastics despoiled of the property, irritated, uneasy for the religious faith which they believed to be threatened, as well as for their authority, which they felt to be compromised. The struggle, long silent, at last broke out. "Take care," the Abbé Maury had said, "it is dangerous to make martyrs, to persecute men who are conscientious, who are disposed to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but also to render unto God the things that are God's; and who are ready to prove by their death, if need be, that if they have been unable to conciliate your good-will, they can compel your esteem."

The king had long deferred his sanction, waiting for the result of his negotiations at Rome. When at last he gave way, being sustained by secret hopes, the Bishop of Clermont proposed as a qualified form of oath for the clergy the following: —"I swear to be faithful to the nation, the law, and the king; and to maintain to the utmost of my power all that concerns political order, the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and adopted by the king, excepting formally those matters that essentially depend upon the spiritual authority." The genuine spirit of liberty had not yet pervaded men's consciences. The oath, pure and simple, was insisted upon with loud cries.

This was voluntarily and surely to provoke resistance. A certain number of the ecclesiastics who were members of the Assembly had already taken the oath: the opinion of those who remained silent was already known. The Bishop of Agen, who was first called upon by name, said, "I do not regret my station, nor my fortune, but I should regret your good opinion, which I wish to deserve;" and refused the oath. "I am seventy years of age," said the Bishop of Poitiers, "thirty-five of which I have spent as bishop, doing what good I could. Weighed down with years and infirmities, I shall not dishonor my age; I will not take the oath, I shall await my fate with patience." "You are driving the bishops from their palaces," cried Montlosier, "they will retire to the cottages of the poor whom they supported: you deprive them of their cross of gold, they will carry one of wood. 'Twas a wooden cross that saved the world."

Mirabeau had eagerly supported the decree, insisting on the clergy taking the oath, without sharing in the discussion on the "Civil Constitution." But that false thirst for popularity had not changed his firmness and integrity of judgment, when, on the 27th of January, he wrote, "And now there is a new sore, the most venomous of all, which is about to add another to the many cancers which are eating, corroding, and breaking up the body politic. We have made ourselves a king in effigy, without power, and a legislative body which administers, instructs, judges, recompenses, punishes, does everything except what it ought to do. At present, we are arranging religious schism and political schism together. We have not enough of resistance, and therefore provoke as much as we want; of danger, and therefore call forth the worst of all; of embarrassment, therefore we stir up the most inextricable. That is sufficient to cause a universal catastrophe, unless the Assembly quickly agrees to be ruled by the anarchists."

Anarchy was beginning; and the civil constitution of the clergy, the imprudent work of philosophical passions and theoretical science, was about to become one of its most persistent and dangerous elements. It contained germs of oppression and persecution, for it had taken no account of consciences or their scruples, reasonable or exaggerated. It entered into a domain and opened up a career, both beyond its sphere; and was sure to be opposed by the noblest souls, and resisted by the most sincere. The bishops had not discerned the signs of the times, they had shown themselves too much attached to their wealth and their traditional grandeurs; they had not understood what influence and authority would be assured to them by a striking act of disinterestedness and by the persistent display of a spirit of conciliation. They could gain immortal honor in the poverty which was imposed upon them, in danger, in exile, on the scaffold; they thus reanimated religious faith in many souls; and it was, perhaps, the supreme blunder of the National Assembly that thus it enlisted against itself and against the principles which it was supporting, the consciences of ignorant but sincere masses, incapable of discerning between men's guilty errors and the great cause which they believed they were serving.

For the last time, a superficial and somewhat theatrical union had just united all in the same sentiment of patriotic joy. In various parts of France, the National Guards were associated and banded together by voluntary federations or societies, celebrating fêtes in a becoming and frequently touching manner. At Lyons, forty thousand men met in this way. A desire having been often expressed that on one particular day the members of these societies in all the departments should be called to meet in Paris, the 14th July, anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, had been chosen for the general fête. The multitude were to assemble on the Champ de Mars; and as the preparations were still incomplete, the population of Paris turned out in a mass to assist; men and women, people of fashion and laborers, all put their hands to the work, with gayety and laughter. When the members arrived they were everywhere received in private houses. Even torrents of rain could not check the impetuosity of the public joy; and scarcely had the different members laid down their arms when they commenced to dance. A board showed the site above which the Bastille lately towered; and on it was fixed the notice "Dancing here." Before the altar, the Bishop of Autun celebrated mass, three hundred priests surrounding him, as the king went up the steps. "I, King of the French, swear," said he, "to use the power delegated to me by the constitutional act of the State in maintaining the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by me." The entire multitude uttered the same cry: "I swear it." On her balcony, the queen, with her son in her arms, showed him to the people, just as the sun's rays were again shining through the clouds. The shouts were universal; for after so much painful unrest, and with an unknown and gloomy future before them, all hearts took pleasure in feeling themselves for the moment united by honorable and generous emotions.

The causes of disagreement became more and more numerous. The ministers, constantly accused of conspiracies, without power in the Assembly, and without support from the king, had retired. Necker had been the first to resign; he set out for Switzerland, and was twice stopped on his journey by municipal officers, who were keen political opponents of this minister, so recently the object of popular adoration. Honorable, bold, skilful in matters within his own range, drawn on by his vanity and by a mistake of public opinion to believe himself able for anything, Necker painfully and sadly succumbed under a burden which he was not able even to raise. Coppet was to be his home, where his daughter constantly surrounded him with the most tender affection and with an excessive admiration, and to the last piously nourished the paternal illusions.

Montmorin alone had remained at his post. He was still on a good understanding with Mirabeau, whose reconciliation with the court he had assisted. The great orator saw his power increase every day; he had been chosen president of the Jacobin club, thus maintaining his influence over the revolution; and on the 29th January, 1791, got himself appointed speaker in the Assembly. What he mainly strove for was to obtain a revision of the Constitution, which he considered dangerous for the monarchy and for the regular government of the country. He wished for assistance from the king, whom he suspected of projects different from his own; he addressed himself to Malouet, whose attempts as leader of the "Impartials" had just a second time failed, and communicated to him his plans for the safety of the state. The dissolution of the Assembly, the first steps towards the revision must soon take place. "I read the statement," says Malouet: "it pleased me much, without exceeding my expectation. It was certainly there that the attempt must be made; but the demoralization of a great people, the insubordination of the troops, the influence of vile wretches among that multitude of popular societies, the division of our Assembly, the obstinacy of a few, the timidity of many, the corruption of several, all that inspired me with alarm. I said so to Mirabeau during our conference, which lasted from ten in the evening till two in the morning. Mirabeau was harassed: he already had the germ of the disease which caused his death. His eyes inflamed and bloodshot were almost starting out of his head: he was frightful, but never have I seen him show more energy, more eloquence. 'It is no longer time,' said he to me, 'to reckon up objections; if you find any to my proposal, make a better, but do it quickly, for we cannot live long. If we wait, we shall perish either by death or violence. The more you insist on the existing evil, the more urgent is the reparation. Do you dispute my power? Name a man who, with the same will, is in a better position to act. All the healthy part of the people is with me, and even a section of the lowest orders. Let them suspect me, let them accuse me of being sold to the court, it matters little to me! No one will believe that I have sold my country's liberty, that I am preparing chains for it. I shall say to them, yes, I shall say to them: You have seen me in your ranks struggling against tyranny, that is what I still fight against; but legal authority, constitutional monarchy, the tutelary authority of the monarch, these I have always reserved to myself the right and authority of defending.'

"'Mark well,' he added, 'that I am the only man in that patriotic horde who can speak so without becoming a turncoat. I have never adopted their wild ideas, nor their metaphysics, nor their useless crimes.'

"His voice resounding as if he were in the tribune, his animated gestures, and the abundance and justice of his ideas electrified me. 'You better than any one,' I said, 'can undo the harm you have done.' 'No,' replied he, raising his head, 'I have done no harm voluntarily; I have submitted to the yoke of circumstances in which I was placed against my will. The chief harm which has been done is the work of all, excepting the crimes with which a few are chargeable. You moderates, who were not sufficiently so to appreciate me, you ministers who have not made a step that is not a fault, and you, foolish Assembly, who don't know what you say nor what you do,—it is these that have caused the harm.'"

At the bottom of his soul and in his inner conscience, Mirabeau felt bitterly the secret cause of his weakness. "I pay very dearly," said he, "for the faults of my youth; poor France, they make you pay for them also. Oh! if I had brought to the Revolution a reputation like that of Malesher bes! What a future my country would be sure to enjoy through me! What glory would accrue!"

He struggled nevertheless with untiring energy. Emigration continued, gradually draining France of her strength, and depriving her of her natural leaders who were making ready to become her enemies. At Turin around the Count d'Artois, and in Germany around the Prince of Condé, the political tendencies were of a mixed kind. There were intrigues, and preparations were made for armed resistance. The king had already been obliged to forbid an attack which was being prepared at Lyons, the very town mentioned in Mirabeau's project suitable for a royal residence and seat of government. The opposition of the clergy had disturbed many consciences: the priests who had refused the oath, being deprived of their charges without being as yet much troubled about it, had opened private chapels, but the Parisian population were hostile to them. In attending public worship there was a certain amount of danger; and women took fright. The king's aunts, daughters of Louis XV., determined to set out for Rome, and were stopped on the way by the municipality of Arnay-le-Duc. On the question being brought before the Assembly, Menou said, "Europe will be much astonished when she hears that a great Assembly has taken several days to decide whether two old women should hear mass at Rome or Paris." "Is there a law preventing the ladies from travelling?" asked Mirabeau. "There is one," cried Gourdon, "which I quote—the safety of the people." "The safety of the people," replied Mirabeau, "demands especially that the laws should be observed." It was in the name of the same principles of justice and liberty that Mirabeau opposed the law against emigrants which was clamored for loudly by the populace. The committee appointed to draw it up announced that it was inapplicable and contrary to the Constitution; but the left violently insisted upon it. "I shall oppose factious men of every kind who would make an attack on the principles of the monarchy," said the great orator at the time when the discussion began, "whatever be the system, and in whatever part of France they may present themselves." He eagerly opposed placing the question in "the order of the day." "I declare," said he, "that I shall hold myself freed from every oath of fidelity towards those who would have the infamy of naming a dictatorial commission. The popularity which has been my ambition and which I have the honor to enjoy like any other, is not a feeble reed. It is into the ground that I wish its roots to sink deep, on the immovable bases of reason and liberty. If you make a law against emigration I swear never to obey it." Then, on the tumult continuing, he turned towards the small group around the Lameths and Barnave. "Silence, with your thirty voices!" he shouted in a tone of authority; "I have all my life been attacking tyranny, and I shall attack it wherever it settles down. If you wish it, I also vote for an adjournment," he said at last, "but on condition that a decree is passed that in the interim there shall be no sedition!"

There were frequent seditions. Recently the tower of Vincennes had again been attacked by the populace; and whilst La Fayette went to the Faubourg St. Antoine to disperse the mob, a number of men of family who had met in the Tuileries to protect the king were maltreated and disarmed by the National Guard. The duties of the general thus placed between the court and the people became every day more difficult. "The king obeys him, but he hates him," wrote Gouverneur Morris to Washington; "he obeys him because he fears him; it is he that appoints the ministers. We make our ministers just as formerly we used to send servants to keep our places in the theatre, said Mirabeau the other day. The general reckons on the gratitude of those whom he has trained, but he is greatly deceived."

It was as to this influence over the people and the law, more apparent than real, that Mirabeau was in rivalry for a whole year with La Fayette. The immense superiority of his political genius and the increasing authority of his word were at last gaining the day, when the disease resulting from his previous excesses, and which for a long time had been threatening him, triumphed over his will as well as his physical strength. He had spoken five times during a discussion on mines, which was of great importance personally to M. de la Marck. "You have gained your cause; as for me, I am a dead man," said he to his friend as they left the Assembly.

In fact the disease was hourly gaining strength. Consternation was all over Paris. The Rue Chaussée d'Antin, where Mirabeau lived, was filled with an immense crowd, silent and sad. The street had been barred by the populace, lest the noise of vehicles should annoy the invalid. Liberals and royalists crowded round his door; all hoped in him; all had received strength and assistance from him. The king and the

Jacobin Club were constantly sending to know how he was; bulletins of his health had to be printed. He was in frightful pain, and every remedy proved useless. "You are a great physician, my dear Cabanis," said he; "but there is a greater than you,—the author of the wind which overthrows, of the water which penetrates and fertilizes everything, of the fire which vivifies or decomposes everything."

Talleyrand, formerly his friend, but who had recently quarrelled with him, came to see him. Mirabeau handed to him a speech which he had just written on the right of making one's own will, a question then being discussed in the Assembly. "It will be rather a joke," said he, "to hear a speech against wills by a man who no longer exists and who has made his own." La Marck undertook to dispose of his legacies. Mirabeau was still struggling against death, which was slowly gaining the mastery over the splendid ruins of his physical strength; but death triumphed. On the evening before his death the shot of a cannon sounded in the distance: "Are they already beginning the funeral ceremonies of Achilles?" said he as he opened his heavy eyes. At day-break he said to Cabanis, "My dear fellow, I shall die to-day. When a man has reached this point there remains only one thing to do, viz., to have himself perfumed, crowned with flowers, and surrounded with music, so that he may enter with pleasure upon the sleep which has no waking." Not long previously Mirabeau had spoken against Petion in defence of the words "By the Grace of God," which it had been customary to place at the head of legal forms; urging that it was a homage paid to the Divinity, and that it was a homage due by all the peoples of the world. Practically, however, and in his real heart, it was as a heathen that he was about to die. He died sad, sad for not having accomplished his great designs, and for leaving unachieved a work necessary to the national safety, and which he felt that he alone was capable of. "I carry off with me," said he, "in my heart the lament for the monarchy, and its ruins are now to become the prey of the factious."

He died on the 2nd April, 1791, aged forty-one years. The grief with which the Assembly received the news of his death was shared by the whole of France. Unprecedented honors were paid to him; the Assembly and all the corporate bodies attended his funeral; and his body was deposited in the Pantheon, lately called the church of St. Geneviève, on whose front were inscribed the words,—

AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE.

It was the misfortune and just punishment of Mirabeau that he had accomplished the evil which he wished to do, and had succumbed after starting on a new and different path. In face of the good which he had projected, the terrible past stood up before him condemning him irrevocably to public distrust. He had drawn men on to revolution, being himself hurried on by irritated passions, by shameful wants, and by an unappeased ambition. He had abused his magnificent gift of eloquence to excite and to restrain, to terrify or to dazzle those who heard him. His vices had often perverted his judgment by perverting his conscience, by throwing into the balance personal interests without greatness. When his good sense and genius, assisted by the bitter experience of the stormy times which he had just passed, had opened his eyes to the gulf towards which he had pushed the monarchy and with it the monarch of France, he made a powerful attempt to stop the fatal course of events, to seize again and raise up the power which he had assisted in breaking. His repentance was sincere, but often mixed with relapses and new attractions towards a noisy and unhealthy popularity. Already the terrible sentence of the eternal God was sounding in his ears It was too late, too late for the man about to die, too late for the country which no longer had the power of avoiding the sufferings and dangers of the revolutionary storm. It is certainly a distinguished favor to be able, like Mirabeau, to acknowledge one's mistakes; Providence rarely grants men the honor and consolation of making reparation.

The great orator's place in the Assembly remained vacant. "Mirabeau is not there," said the Abbé Maury, "I shall be allowed to speak." His place in the councils at court also remained vacant. Already the king, with the incurable mistrust of undecided minds, had committed the fault of conducting or adopting several contrary intrigues, unbosoming himself in turns to La Fayette, to Mirabeau, to Bouillé, but keeping something back from all, and cherishing projects of which he told them nothing. Breteuil wished the king to leave Paris, and from a place of strength proclaim his laws to France; the emperor and the King of Spain could then give him assistance. Calonne, who was leader in the intrigues of the little court of the Count d'Artois, had sounded the foreign courts; it was arranged that an army of a hundred thousand men should appear on the French frontiers, ready for invasion, so that the nation should have no other resource except the royal mediation; the partisans of the monarchy would rise in every part, and thus the counter-revolution would be accomplished. Durfort was entrusted with the communication of this scheme to the king and queen. "Assure my brother and sister," said the Emperor, "that the powers are to take part in their affairs, not by simple words, but by actions." At the same time, Louis XVI. was to undertake to make no effort to recover his liberty.

The king was of a different opinion. He felt a repugnance against addressing himself to strangers. He had a horror of civil war, and still reckoned on the affection of his people in the provinces, when he could freely address himself to them. The queen had no liking for the Count d'Artois, and was suspicious of the influence and insolence of the emigrants. She urged the king to adhere to Breteuil's project. It had been communicated to Bouillé, and he had accepted it, not without regret. He preferred that the Emperor should advance his troops in the name of the German princes, who held lands in Alsace, and had been deprived of their rights as lords of the manor by the decree of the 4th August; because this movement would have sufficed to support his own and give him an opportunity of protecting the king. All these intrigues had been bound together while Mirabeau lived, and he had suspicions of them. They were unknown to La Fayette, who was naturally credulous from a mixture of vanity and generous confidence. He had had the bitter disappointment of seeing his authority absolutely ignored by the National Guard. On the 18th April, the king wished to set out for St. Cloud, where he was to spend a few days, and keep Lent in quiet: at that time his chaplains were priests who had not taken the civic oath. The mob were against the departure of Louis XVI., and Bailly and La Fayette took every precaution in vain. On the previous evening the Cordeliers' club, with Danton as their leader, had fixed on the walls a denunciation of "the highest public functionary," for showing an example of revolt against the laws which he had sworn to maintain. After spending an hour and a half in his carriage, exposed to abusive language of the mob, the king returned to the Tuileries. He laid a complaint before the Assembly; La Fayette gave in his resignation. A few days afterwards he resumed his functions: the king yielded, and giving up the idea of St. Cloud, attended mass in the parish church. But so many annoyances produced the result of making him decide, and he wrote to Bouillé that he would set out for Montmédy on the 20th of June.

The departure was fatally delayed by one day. The preparations, kept very secret, had been clumsily managed. The carriage was of enormous size and loaded with luggage, and detachments of troops placed on the road were sure to attract attention. Even the departure was badly arranged; the queen left the palace on foot, lost her way, and kept waiting her companions in flight, who had arrived at the appointed place under the guard of Fersen, a Swedish gentleman, chivalrously devoted to Marie Antoinette. The king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, the dauphin, and the princess, with Mme. de Tourzel, governess of the royal children, were all in the same coach. The passports were made out in the name of Baron Korf, the king passing as a valet-de-chambre. The first part of the journey was finished without difficulty. "All goes well! François," said the queen, gayly, to Valory, one of the bodyguards who acted as her courier; "if we were to have been stopped, it would have taken place already." Already several people on the road thought they recognized the king. "We passed through the large town of Châlons-sur-Marne," wrote the young princess in her simple narrative; "there we were quite recognized. Many people praised God at seeing the king, and made vows for his escape." It was five o'clock. Choiseul, commander of the first detachment at four league from Châlons, pushed on towards Montmédy. At St. Menehould the king was recognized; and when the dragoons wished to follow the carriage, the people cut the horses' girths. The son of the postmaster, Drouet, an ardent revolutionist, had jumped on horseback and gone on before the king.

At midnight the lumbering carriage reached Varennes; there were no horses ready. Drouet had roused the authorities and some of the inhabitants; and the alarm bell was rung. The soldiers of the detachment were drunk. The son of Bouillé, who was in attendance on the king, rode off at full speed to inform his father. The passports were brought to the public officer of the commune, called Sausse, a poor little timid shop-keeper, alarmed at the responsibility which had fallen to his lot. He begged the king to go into his house. "There is a rumor abroad," said he, "that we have the good fortune to possess our king within our walls; whilst the municipal council are deliberating, your Majesty might be exposed to insult." As Louis XVI. was entering the grocer's shop, some armed men who were guarding the door told the king in a rude manner that they recognized him. "If you recognize him," said Marie Antoinette, sharply, "speak to him with the respect which is his due."

The municipal officers presented themselves to ask the orders of the king, who had now renounced all disguise. "Get the horses put to my carriages as soon as possible," said he to Sausse, "that I may start for Montmédy." They delayed, however, under various pretexts. Towards day-break Choiseul and his hussars arrived at Varennes; he proposed that the king should mount on horseback and force his way through the crowd. "If I were alone, I should try it," said Louis XVI.; "I cannot do it to-day; M. de Bouillé will soon be here. They don't refuse to let me set out from here; I am waiting for daylight."

The king waited and began to lose courage. The bridge of Varennes was barricaded; the crowd in the streets was growing larger. The municipal authorities had sent to Paris to ask the orders of the National Assembly. Madame Sausse replied to the queen's urgent entreaties, "You are thinking of the king, I am thinking of M. Sausse; each is for her own husband." "To Paris, to Paris!" shouted the people under the windows. "Tell M. de Bouillé that I am a prisoner," said Louis XVI. to Captain Deslon, who commanded a detachment on the route, and was alone with the king; "I suspect that he cannot do anything for me, but I ask him to do what he can." Two of La Fayette's aides-de-camp had just arrived.

They had set out from Paris on the 21st, at ten o'clock in the morning. The report of the king's flight had spread everywhere, and people were confused and sad. La Fayette, who bitterly felt that he had been deceived, at once gave orders to arrest the royal family. "You are well convinced that that is necessary to save France from a civil war?" he had first asked Bailly. When the Assembly met, the president, Beauharnais, announced that the king and his family had been removed during the night by enemies of the commonwealth. A decree for pursuit was immediately passed, and the executive power simply entrusted to the ministers. The Assembly declared its present session to be permanent; order was strictly preserved. Montmorin being besieged in his hotel, and the Duke of Aumont threatened by an excited mob, their safety was guaranteed; and crowds in the faubourgs were dispersed. La Fayette, who was at first charged with connivance, was defended by Barnave. "Since the beginning of the revolution," said he, "M. de La Fayette has shown the intentions and conduct of a good citizen; he deserves and has gained our confidence, and it is of importance that he should keep it. Force is needed in Paris, but tranquillity is also needed; force is needed, but it ought to be under your control." In spite of the violent attacks of the clubs, the importance of the situation impressed the minds of all. A circular was sent to the affiliated societies throughout France, containing the words—"All divisions are forgot, all patriots are united: the National Assembly is our guide; the Constitution is our rallying cry."

"Gentlemen," said the president of the Assembly, when the first decrees had been passed, "since nobody has anything further to propose with regard to present circumstances, you will probably be of opinion that we should proceed to the order of the day." The discussion began upon current affairs, and though interrupted from time to time by new incidents, was uniformly serious in tone, and pervaded by an imposing dignity. On the 22nd, at ten in the evening, they learned that the king had been arrested at Varennes.

Bouillé had not arrived, and his troops still delayed to begin marching, when Romeuf, La Fayette's aide-de-camp, handed to the king the decree of the Assembly. It quoted an act which forbade any public functionary removing himself more than twenty leagues from his post. "I never sanctioned that," said the king disdainfully, throwing the paper on the bed where the dauphin slept. The queen snatched it up, exclaiming that she would not allow the bed of her children to be soiled. Romeuf looked at her and said, "Madame, do you wish that some one else than I should witness your anger?" The queen blushed, and recovered a command of herself which she retained to the last. News was now received of the detachments posted by Bouillé, and he himself was expected from hour to hour; but the coarse violence of the populace was constantly increasing, and should the troops arrive, a conflict was inevitable. Louis XVI. determined to take the road back to Paris. When the general, out of breath after a hurried ride, found himself at last in sight of Varennes barricaded, he was told that the king had set out more than an hour ago. Disheartened, he took the road for Stenay, and the same evening passed the frontier.

Three members of the Assembly had been appointed to follow the king and bring him back to Paris. Latour-Maubourg was General La Fayette's friend; Pétion and Barnave were members of the Left. On meeting the fugitives between Epernay and Dormans, these two took places in the royal carriage, and Pétion, a man of rude, insolent bearing, impudently took advantage of his situation to show a want of even the slightest respect or consideration. Barnave, who was young, full of pity, disturbed by the recollections of the evil excesses into which he had formerly been drawn, evinced a respect full of sympathy, with a depth of sentiment that left permanent traces in his mind. Everywhere the crowd covered the highway, becoming enormous at Paris when, on the evening of the 23rd of June, the sad procession went down the boulevards as far as the Tuileries. The National Guards, who kept the way, held their arms reversed, and none of the on-lookers uncovered the head. All marks of respect had disappeared with the flight of the king; it was known that he had but a small place in the government of his country. His incapacity was severely judged. The esteem due to an honorable and virtuous man, on whose head were to be poured out all the chastisements of absolute power, was smothered by the revolutionary passion. A notice had been put up in the streets—"Whoever cheers the king will be flogged; whoever insults him will be hanged." Silence reigned over the crowd. At the entrance to the Tuileries, some madmen made a sudden attack on the body-guard, who were with difficulty torn from their hands. The queen found at the door of her carriage Noailles and Aiguillon, resolved to protect her at the risk of their lives. She was the last to enter the palace, between a double hedge of National Guards. The doors of the Tuileries closed behind her, from that moment becoming the doors of a prison. That same morning the Assembly had by a decree declared that the king's powers were suspended. A guard was placed around the palace; when the king wished to go out for a walk in the gardens, the soldiers crossed their bayonets before him. The National Assembly was now reigning alone.

During this agony of the monarchy, several hands were stretched out to save it, even amongst those who had striven to bring it down. Lameth, Barnave, and Duport gave the court good advice; and it was Barnave who drew up the king's reply to the committee appointed by the Assembly to put questions to him and the queen. "I never wished to leave France," said Louis XVI., "my journey had neither been planned with foreign powers nor with the emigrants. I have made no protestation except the letter which I addressed to the Assembly on the day of my departure. I had convinced myself that public opinion in the provinces was favorable to the Constitution, and did not hesitate to sacrifice my personal interests to the national happiness." "Nothing in nature could have prevented me from following the king," said Marie Antoinette; "I have given sufficient proofs for ten years that I would never leave him. If he had had the wish to leave the kingdom, all my power should have been used to prevent him."

In the National Assembly, the Right felt themselves beaten; and had recourse to the dangerous method of abstention. "Only one motive," said they in their declaration, "can compel us to sit with men who have raised an informal republic on the ruins of the monarchy: we cannot abandon the interests of the king's person and of the royal family, but we shall cease for the future to take part in any deliberation of the Assembly which has not these sacred interests as its object." One of those who signed this fatal resolution, the Marquis of Ferrières, enlightened and honorable, says in his interesting memoirs, "Those who drew up the declaration thought more of the desire of injuring the Constitutionals whom they hated than of the benefit they might secure for the king and the royal family. The great lords, the higher clergy, the 'Parliaments,' the capitalists, had no wish for the Constitution, whatever advantages it might bring. They wanted the old régime complete: and overlooking the formal and secret intentions of the Constitutionals, which they knew would bring peace, but with peace the Constitution, they preferred to run the risk of their own overthrow, provided that there remained to them the hope of the old régime."

Thus, all were working to overthrow the monarchy, friends and enemies, heedless or fanatical, mad or blind, abstract ideas and absurd theories, evil passions and the revolutionary fury. In vain did Sieyés say in a letter addressed to the *Moniteur*, "It is not from fondness for old customs nor any superstitious feeling that I prefer the monarchy. I prefer it because it has been proved to me that there is more liberty for the citizen under a monarchy than a republic." Barnave also said in the Assembly, "You have rendered all men equal before the law, you have consecrated civil and political liberty, you have gained back for the State what the sovereignty of the people has been deprived of. One step more would be a fatal and guilty act; one step more in the line of liberty would be the destruction of royalty, in the line of equality the destruction of property. If any wished for further destruction when all that ought to be destroyed no longer exists, if any believed that all was not yet done for equality when the equality of all men is assured, where could they find an aristocracy to annihilate, if it is not that of property? To wish for more, is to wish to begin to cease being free and to become guilty." The descent was more rapid than was believed by those whose hands had first urged the chariot in its career. The unchained passions were more violent than they had foreseen: the faults bore their fruits. The first authors of the revolution surveyed, as Mirabeau did, their work with bitter mental disquiet, without being able to apply any remedy, without being able to arrest in its course the torrent which had burst its bounds.

The king had not been considered in the prosecution commenced against those who had plotted the escape, being protected by his inviolability, proclaimed by the Constitution. The clubs were preparing a petition against the decree which maintained the royal prerogative; on the 17th of July it was to be placed on the altar of the country in the Champ de Mars. An immense crowd had collected there in expectation, when two men were found concealed under the erection, and being suspected of sinister intentions their throats were cut. The petition being long in arriving, because the revolutionary leaders had not succeeded in coming to an agreement, several agents of the Cordeliers' club drew up on the spot an incendiary statement, which was carried round amongst the dense crowd till about six thousand persons had signed. The tumult kept increasing; some spoke of marching to the National Assembly: one man fired at General La Fayette. Then the Mayor of Paris arrived with a detachment of cavalry, preceded by the red flag, the emblem of martial law; the shouts and yells were redoubled, and stones were hurled at the soldiers. Bailly could not succeed in making the legal notices be heard. A discharge of blank cartridge having failed to disperse the rioters, La Fayette ordered the soldiers to fire. Several men fell, and a charge of cavalry swept the crowd away. The National Assembly made a formal admission of all that had been done.

For a short interval order seemed re-established, and legal authority replaced. The revolutionary leaders had disappeared: Danton was in the country; Marat kept in concealment; Robespierre dared not even go home to his own house. The power of the Jacobins was shaken; the "Moderates" had left them, to establish a new club in the ancient convent of the Feuillants, with Duport and the Lameths as their chiefs. The two revolutionary societies were already rivals in influencing all the clubs of France.

They were now preparing the final revision of the Constitution. From the immense mass of decrees issued by the Assembly, a few were to be chosen and ranked as fundamental articles; and under this pretext prudent men hoped to introduce into the Constitution some more important modifications. Mirabeau had boldly foreseen the necessity of this, an arm which he counted upon to make use of. His powerful hands were needed to the work, which proved indecisive and feeble. Barnave alone, in the zeal of his repentance, attempted to unite with Malouet in order to bring on an important discussion; but the expedient failed and the Constitution was voted. One article only was added to it, authorizing the revision of the points which had been attacked by three successive legislatures. Robespierre made a furious attack upon this latitude being left for the future. "They should be satisfied," said he, "with all the changes which they have obtained from us; let them at least leave us sure of the ruins of our first decrees. If they can again attack our Constitution after she has been twice changed, what is there left us to do? Resume our chains or our arms."

The last article of the Constitution bore the impress of the eighteenth century. "The National Assembly entrusts the present Constitution to the fidelity of the legislative body, of the king and judges, to the vigilance of the fathers of families, to wives and mothers, to the affection of young citizens, to the courage of all Frenchmen."

The Constitution was presented for the royal sanction. Montlosier, rising in the name of those on the Right had said, "In a deliberation which attacks the royal authority, we ask that our abstention from debate be recorded." Malouet had reminded the Assembly of something in the past: "On the 9th July, 1789," said he, "you said to the king, 'Sire, you summon us to work in concert with your Majesty in settling the Constitution of the kingdom: the National Assembly promises to fulfil your wishes.' I ask if, when you to-day submit to the king the alternative of acceptance or refusal, you can say that you are making the Constitution in concert with him?"

Malouet's mouth was closed by the noisy murmurs of the Left; but in their real hearts many of the deputies were vaguely conscious of a sentiment analogous to that which he had put in words. They were alarmed at the advance made in ten years: and it was under the most respectful forms that the National Assembly laid the Constitutional Act before King Louis XVI. The monarch was to be begged to give orders suitable for his guard and for the dignity of his person. His captivity should cease the moment he yielded to the wishes of Frenchmen by adopting the Constitution; and he was to be asked to name a day on which he should solemnly declare, in presence of the nation, his acceptance of the constitutional royalty and take the oath to fulfil its functions.

Words and formulæ are not without power, yet they cannot profoundly modify situations. The Constitution of 1791 was a protest against absolute power, and against the evils which had long weighed France down. It had beforehand rendered impossible the government which it wished to found on the narrow and precarious basis of an executive power without real authority, and of an Assembly without control and without curb. Disorder was already breaking out in all parts of the kingdom. The license of the press and the clubs knew no limit. The Assembly's timid and hesitating decrees were not sufficient to restrain those excesses. The most terrible of all tyrannies began to be established at the very moment when the nation, happy and proud, was hailing the great victories which she believed gained forever in the cause of liberty.

The royal sanction had not yet been pronounced. The emigrants, whose number had been exaggerated by Monsieur on the very day when the king set out for Varennes, used their utmost influence with Louis XVI. to obtain his refusal, in name of the indefeasible rights of the crown, the nobility, and the clergy, whose protector he ought to be. He was promised the assistance of foreign sovereigns; and a letter of the princes to that effect was spread abroad throughout Europe, thus aggravating the king's position at home. A conference took place at Pilnitz between the Emperor and the King of Prussia: the Count d'Artois attended without being invited; and Calonne was constantly intriguing. The Emperor Leopold showed moderation and good sense, having no desire to make war: the king of Prussia showed more eagerness. The conflict of contrary influences gave an evasive and vague character to the declaration of the two sovereigns. "His Majesty the

Emperor and his Majesty the King of Prussia, having heard the representations of Monsieur and of the Count d'Artois, declare conjointly that they regard the present situation of his Majesty the King of France as the object of an interest common to all the sovereigns of Europe. They hope that that interest cannot fail to be recognized by the powers who are appealed to for assistance, and that in consequence they will not refuse to employ, conjointly with their Majesties, the most efficacious means, relatively to their power, of enabling the King of France to establish, in the most perfect liberty, the bases of a monarchical government, equally suitable to the rights of sovereigns and to the well-being of the French: then and in that case, their Majesties have decided to act at once, and by mutual agreement, with the forces necessary to obtain the intended and common object. Meanwhile, they will give their troops the proper orders that they may be in a state of readiness."

I wished, in giving this document, to show clearly the weakness of the support offered to Louis XVI., and the repugnance which foreign sovereigns then felt in meddling with our affairs. The hour of personal terror and of the dreadful contagion had not yet come. Secretly, the Emreror advised Louis XVI. to accept the Constitution.

The same opinion reached the king from the most different quarters. Malouet advised him to accept, at the same time making restrictions and asking modifications. Barnave, Duport, and the Lameths were strongly in favor of sanction pure and simple. At last the king came to a decision. "Being informed of the adhesion of the great majority of the people to the Constitution," said he in his message to the National Assembly, "I now announce that I have relinquished any claim to assist in that work; and that when I, responsible to the nation alone, thus abandon that claim, no one else has the right to feel aggrieved. I should come short of truth if I said that I have seen, in the measures of execution and administration, all the energy needed to enforce action and preserve unity throughout the whole of a vast empire: but since opinions are, in the present day, divided on these matters, I consent to leave experience as the only judge. When I shall have loyally put in operation all the means placed at my disposal, no reproach can be laid to my charge, and the nation, whose interest alone ought to serve as a guide, will express itself by the means reserved to it by the Constitution."

In thus speaking, Louis XVI. was sincere. Painfully resigned to the weakening of the royal power which he had received from his ancestors, he harbored no secret thought of a counter-revolution or of reaction towards the past. He remained sad and distrustful towards men and towards the new institutions. His distrust caused a belief in his duplicity; and the constant efforts of the princes and emigrants to secure his assistance in their cause, which they declared was his, precipitated his fall. Amongst those who, on the 14th of September, 1791, followed the king in swearing fidelity and obedience to the Constitution, some were not more confident than Louis XVI., and none had a more honorable determination to keep his oath.

"There was now only one great mistake lett us to make, and we did not fail to make it," says Malouet in his memoirs. The Assembly had completed its work: it was about to make room for a new Assembly, entrusted with new duties and a new task, and conceived the fatal idea of forbidding all its members to enter it. The men whom the country knew, esteemed, and honored had nearly all been chosen in the general election of 1789. In the two years just expired, burdened with so much experience and so many bitter disappointments, those who could learn had learnt much; whatever may have been their illusions or their ignorance, they alone had the power of directing public opinion. They of their own accord laid down their arms, from weariness, from an ill-timed disinterestedness, or from the conviction that the wishes of the nation called for new men. On the 30th September, 1791, the president, Thouret, deputy for Rouen, solemnly pronounced these words before all his colleagues: "The National Assembly hereby declares that its mission is completed, and that at this moment its sittings end."

I said that the history of the French Revolution resembled a battle-field; but nowhere was the conflict more confused than before the Constituent Assembly and the work which it accomplished. The Convention often excites our alarm; we cannot refuse it a sad admiration when it marches to the defence of the nation, through every danger and every injustice, without regard to the rights which it violates in presence of the country's danger. It always fills us with indignation and rage when it profanes with blood-stained hands the name and glorious duties of liberty. With reference to the Constituent Assembly, we experience sentiments mixed with respect and pity. It did great things, even when it did them badly; the benefits which it left behind have survived the ephemeral arrangements of a Constitution already marked with the seal of death. It gave France equality before the law, national representation, and that government of the country by the country which has become the watchword of every free people. It destroyed the abuses of the past; it often displayed, even in that difficult undertaking, a spirit of equity which does it honor, which its successors knew not, and which it would be unjust to forget. It wished for what was right; it succeeded to a great extent. Nevertheless we are sometimes confounded before the extent of the ruins with which it strewed the ground, and ask ourselves if it was necessary, or even useful, to make such a rupture with past history and propose replacing the experience of ages with theories. France had not asked, she did not wish for, the destruction of every ancient institution: she had not desired to lower the monarchy, still less to destroy it, as is shown by the "baillifs" official reports. The work had carried the workers beyond their own intention. The wisest and most prudent began to go back, but for them all, as for the most illustrious man amongst them, it was too late. They had levelled all the embankments, and the Revolution could no longer be held in by their feeble hands. "Deep calleth unto deep," say the Holy Scriptures, and when the Assembly quitted the helm which she had bravely kept at the beginning of the storm, the ungovernable ocean carried away the ship with it.

## CHAPTER II.

### LOUIS XVI. AND THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLIES.

### THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY (1791—92).

On the 30th of September, 1791, King Louis XVI. solemnly took leave of the Constituent Assembly; and on the 1st of October he hailed the advent of the Legislative Assembly. It was from the windows of the Temple that he was to see it replaced by the Convention.

Chosen during the last days of the Constituent Assembly, and deprived of all the men who had added to the renown of the Revolution, the Legislative Assembly had already made a step towards lowering the moral, intellectual, and social level. Out of the seven hundred and forty-five members composing it, there were more than four hundred barristers and a large number of journalists; they all arrived, eager to make a reputation for the first time, anxiously in haste to put their hands to the work of revolution, to speak or to write, to gain that intoxicating popularity of which they had tasted the first fruits in their provinces—most of them ignorant and inexperienced, but confident and presumptuous. The deputies of the Gironde, round whom were soon grouped a pretty large number of representatives, were the type and leaders of the new Assembly. Without yet knowing it, they were marching towards the republic; they dreamt of it as strong and glorious, they wished it to be specially their own, with the most rigid equality and admitting of no superiority but that of eloquence and talent. Vergniaud, a young and brilliant barrister from Bordeaux, already promised himself all the triumphs of Mirabeau. Brissot hoped to be consoled for the literary failures he had experienced; Condorcet looked for the logical satisfaction of a mind which was habitually false in spite of its extent. Neither the one nor the other troubled themselves about the means they were to employ, nor the paths they were to follow. All power of resistance was destroyed; the executive was without authority; the armies were dispersed on the frontiers; even the National Guard no longer obeyed La Fayette, but was commanded by the heads of the "Legions of Paris" in turns. La Fayette had retired to his château at Chavaniac in Auvergne.

Nowhere did the moral disorder and disregard of authority break out with more horror than in the South of France. Several scenes of bloodshed had alarmed most of the towns; and in the Comtat-Venaissin the strife of parties was complicated by special local circumstances. After a partial insurrection, the Constituent Assembly had decreed its annexation to France; and the peculiar privileges which this little territory held from the popes had disappeared under the general levelling. This caused some regret; and, as the factions were jealous of each other, the Legislative Assembly had scarcely met when the struggle began. It was kept up with fury by the French revolutionists against the part of the population who were in favor of the papal rule. The natural violence of the passionate men of the south led to horrible bloodshed, the responsibility of which was thrown by each party upon the other. Avignon was governed for several days by a publican, called "Jourdan the Headsman," formerly a muleteer, who happened to be in Paris at the taking of the Bastille, and used to boast that he had cut off Delaunay's head. This was the first act of the "massacres of September." When the murdering wretches were summoned before the Legislative Assembly, they were acquitted:—19th March, 1792.

So much disorder and bloodshed remaining unpunished in a remote corner of the kingdom had excited a feeling of great alarm, and causes of disquiet became more numerous every day. The conflict between the king and the Assembly had already broken out. The last acts of the previous Assembly had shown clemency towards the emigrants, and the general amnesty asked by the king when giving his sanction to the Constitution had been extended to include them; but the animosity still continued, being stirred up and constantly fed by the escape day after day of the most distinguished families, and aggravated by the violence of those who had already emigrated, by their military preparations and by their intemperate language. A law against them was proposed. Monsieur was ordered to return to France under penalty of forfeiting his right to the regency. All emigrants were regarded as conspirators; those who should not have returned to France before the 1st January, 1792, were declared liable to capital punishment, and their revenues were confiscated.

Louis XVI. wished for the return of the emigrants. He felt the great loss of strength caused by emigration, and had sincerely tried to stop it; but his efforts were as powerless with the royalists as with the revolutionary assemblies. Nineteen hundred officers had already crossed the frontiers. The king sanctioned the decree which recalled his brother, but was horrified at the threats addressed to the other emigrants, and from their injustice and oppression refused to approve of them. "The king will consider," was his reply to the Assembly, thus using for the first time the right of suspensive *veto* which had been granted him by the Constitution. He at the same time addressed a proclamation to the emigrants and two private letters to his brothers. All remained without effect. "The king is not free," said the princes; whilst the other emigrants of position rallied round the Prince of Condé, who was at Coblentz eagerly pushing forward warlike preparations.

The French revolutionists also wished for war. "If the peace lasts for six months," wrote Brissot, "it will strengthen a despotic sceptre in the hands of Louis XVI., or a usurper's sceptre in the hands of the Duke of Orleans. War alone, war soon, can give us the republic; we shall always be opposed by the Constitution, and it is only by war that the Constitution can fall. It is the only means of unveiling the king's faithlessness. We have need of being betrayed; we have only one fear, viz., that we shall not be betrayed. Treason would be fatal to the traitors and useful to the people."

The king's refusal to sanction the decree against the emigrants was actively made use of against him as a proof of that treason which they wished for; and there was soon an additional cause of separation. Hitherto, the priests who refused to take the civic oath had not been violently disturbed; though deprived of their functions, they had a small salary, and in particular continued to perform freely their ministerial duties. They were accused, not without some reason, of having used this liberty to stir up the faithful against the Constitution; and, with the report of commissioners sent to the Vendée to serve as a pretext, a decree was passed by the Assembly in November, 1791, insisting upon the oath from all priests. Those who refused were deprived of their salaries, and forbidden all private exercise of worship; they could be shifted from one place to another, or even imprisoned for one or two years, if it was proved that their influence tended to excite civil war.

It is a special characteristic of popular tyranny to transform suspected persons into criminals, and informers into virtuous men.

The conscience of Louis XVI. revolted against this monstrous abuse of power; he protested as a Royal man and resisted as a king. "As for this," said he, "they will sooner deprive me of life than compel me to sanction it." The Directory of the department, which was composed of the most distinguished members of the Constituent Assembly, addressed to the king a petition against the decree. "The National Assembly refuses to all who would not take the civic oath the free profession of their worship," said the petition; "but that liberty no one can be deprived of; it is forever consecrated in the Declaration of Rights."

The king had not yet announced his resolution to the Assembly. He had some intention of preparing men's minds by a resolute attitude with regard to the emigrants. The Minister of War, Narbonne, young, amiable, an ardent liberal, was closely allied with Madame de Staël and popular amongst the deputies; he had advised Louis XVI. to promote the general wishes by himself intimating to the electors of Treves and Mayence his great displeasure at the sight of numerous bodies of emigrants disposed along the frontier. A violent discussion burst forth in the Assembly. The Girondin Isnard, more keenly republican than most of his friends, went so far as to threaten: "Speak to the ministers, to the king, to Europe, in terms befitting the representatives of France," he exclaimed; "tell the ministers that hitherto you have not been very satisfied with their conduct, and that by responsibility you mean death. Tell Europe that you will respect the Constitutions of all the empires, but that if they provoke a war of kings against France, you will provoke a war of peoples against the kings." The decree of the Assembly, thus full of menace for foreign princes, was brought to the king by a deputation headed by Vaublanc. "Sire," said he, "if the French who were driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had gathered together in arms on our frontiers and had been protected by the German princes, we ask you what course of conduct Louis XIV. would have adopted? Would he have allowed those gatherings? What he would have done for his authority, may your Majesty do for the Constitution!"

Louis XVI. had already acted and the electors had received his message. The Minister of War asked for powers to collect a hundred and fifty thousand men on the Rhine; and set out to inspect the fortified places. Luckner and Rochambeau had just been raised to the dignity of marshals; and La Fayette was recalled from Auvergne, and placed at the head of an army. "If it is the destiny of France," said the king in his message to the Assembly, "to fight with her children and allies, I shall make known to Europe the justice of our cause. The French people will maintain it with their courage, and the nation will see that I have no other interests than hers, and that I shall always regard the maintenance of her dignity and safety as the most essential of my duties."

For an instant, the changeable affections of the people seemed again directed to the king. "The other day at the Italian Theatre," wrote Gouverneur Morris, "the pit began crying, Long live the king! Long live the queen! Long live the royal family! Sire, long live your Majesty! And on some republican calling, Long live the nation, they immediately made him hold his tongue, This was in the reply to the decree of the Assembly which, as you know, has proscribed those titles." The official visits on New Year's day had also been suppressed. The king was hurt by these mean insults, and the courtiers avenged them by their insolence. The gulf was constantly deepening.

Discord reigned in the ministry, which was composed of heterogeneous elements. Bertrand de Molleville, the Minister of Marine, a crafty and treacherous opponent of the national movement, was jealous of Narbonne's popularity, and prejudiced the king against him. But in neglecting his minister at war, Louis XVI. was obliged to sacrifice the whole cabinet; the minister of foreign affairs, Lessart, was charged by the Assembly. The king turned to the Girondins, because he believed they were less hostile to his cause than the rest of his enemies. The leaders of the party, all members of the Assembly, could not themselves seize the power. They chose for home affairs Roland, a man of pompous virtue, narrow and weak-minded, guided by his wife, who was handsome, determined, eager, and passionately devoted to the Revolution. General Dumouriez was chosen minister of foreign affairs; he ruled the war department, and was promised the command of an army. Long associated in diplomacy with Count Broglie, a skilful soldier, and especially distinguished during the seven years war, he was fifty-three years old when Europe first heard his name.

The Emperor Leopold had now been succeeded by his nephew and heir Francis II., a young man governed by his foreign minister, Cobentzel. An awkwardly-expressed statement of the latter, inspired by the emigrants, inflamed the anger of the Assembly. The republicans demanded war, and Louis XVI. felt himself compelled to proclaim it. He perceived all the danger of it and the overwhelming burden of possible successes or reverses; and it was despondently and in an altered voice that he declared to the Assembly, on the 20th April, 1792, that after his last ultimatum, France found herself in a state of war with the Empire. "After endeavoring in every way to maintain peace," he added, "I come to-day according to the terms of the Constitution, to lay before the National Assembly a proposal of war against the King of Bohemia and Hungary."

Thus began a war which was not to be extinguished for twenty-three years. The outset was disastrous, proving that the military system was rotten. Scarcely had the troops entered Belgium, under the orders of Biron, when they were seized with a panic, and two regiments of dragoons turned back shouting, "We are betrayed!" At the same moment, influenced by some similar alarm, the soldiers and people of Lille massacred General Theobald Dillon. La Fayette, then on his way with some of his forces to support the invading army, was obliged to stop. The minister of war wrote to the Assembly asking for a law guaranteeing generals against being massacred by their soldiers in revolt or by lawless civilians. Such a law would have been powerless in face of the existing articles which were constantly appearing in incendiary newspapers. Marat had just written in the *Ami du Peuple*, "More than six months ago I predicted that your generals would betray the nation, that they would deliver up the frontiers. My hope is that the nation will open her eyes and that she will feel that the first thing which she has to do, is to massacre her generals."

Far from maintaining the discipline which was everywhere threatened, the Assembly had just struck it a most deadly blow. Several Swiss soldiers of the regiment of Châteauvieux, formerly condemned by their military tribunals for the part they had taken in the insurrection at Nancy, had completed their term of punishment in the hulks at Brest. Pardon had been asked and obtained for them. A day of rejoicing was appointed for these martyrs of liberty, and when they arrived in Paris, the entire population went to meet them. They were admitted to the Assembly, who decreed them the honor of a seat in front of the bust of young Silles, who had been killed at the mouth of a cannon, and beside the deputy, Gouvion, whose brother, one of the National Guards, was killed at Nancy. "I cannot stay here to see murderers honored," said Gouvion as he set out to join the army. A few weeks later he was killed. The soldiers shuddered with indignation and passion, and for the moment Dumouriez found himself at the head of power, his colleagues having exhausted the king's patience. Roland insisted on reading in full council a private letter which he had addressed to the monarch, full of the most severe remonstrances. Without order and without having taken advice, Servan, the minister of war, proposed in the Assembly to pass a decree that on the occasion of the national holiday on the 14th July, a camp of "federates" of twenty thousand men should be established at the gate of Paris. The king refused to sanction the decree, as in the case of the new measure which condemned the priests who had not taken the oath to change their residence; and dismissed his ministers. Dumouriez, whom he retained, and on whom "the Impartials" founded some hope, advised him to accept the decrees. For a short time the king seemed about to yield; then he drew back, and the general resigned and set out for the army. "All that I desire," said he, "is that a cannon-ball should unite all opinions so far as I am concerned."

The anger of the Girondins was keen, and their irritation excited the fury of the populace. It was in vain that La Fayette made a noble effort to restore the public opinion: his eloquent and sensible letter of the 16th June remained, inevitably, without effect. He wrote to the Assembly, "It is necessary that the royal power should be intact, for it is guaranteed by the Constitution; that it should be independent, for this independence is one of the main-springs of our liberty; that the king should be reverenced, for he is invested with the national majesty; that he should choose a ministry that does not bear the yoke of any faction; that if conspirators exist, they should only perish by the sword of the law. In a word, it is necessary that the reign of the clubs, annihilated by you, should give place to the reign of law, their disorganizing maxims to the true principles of liberty, their mad fury to the calm courage of a nation which knows its rights and defends them." In reply, the Girondins appealed to the most fatal instincts of the populace, making an alliance with the Commune of Paris.

The Constitution of 1791 had deprived the executive power of all authority over municipal administration. The Commune of Paris was composed of the Mayor and sixteen chosen administrators, of the municipal council of thirty-two members, and of the council of notables, numbering ninety-six. The authority of the Mayor was unimportant, as a majority decided everything. For several months, Pétion had replaced Bailly, Manuel was procureur-general, Danton substitute, and Santerre the brewer commandant of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Riot was always brooding, ready to burst forth in most of the forty-eight sections; and the watch-word of the clubs was circulated everywhere. In all that there lay hid a formidable and constantly increasing power. The political bias suggested the fatal idea of bringing violent pressure to bear upon both the Assembly and the king. The elements were all ready and only waited for a shock. A small meeting was held at Santerre's house and passed a resolution that a petition should be presented to the king, and a tree of liberty planted in the Tuileries.

The Council General was informed that the petitioners were to be armed.

Riot had raised its mask and was now in open action. The Council General passed to the order of the day when the application for authorization was presented by the petitioners. The municipal council and the Directory received information from the Mayor, but only after delay. The Directory gave orders that every measure should be taken to prevent crowds assembling and to maintain public order. On the minister of the interior communicating this decision to the Assembly, Vergniaud objected to its being read. "It is contrary to the laws," said he, "that the Assembly should interfere in matters of police." Pétion proposed that petitioners should be accompanied by the National Guard. The field was left open for the rioters.

It was the 20th of June, anniversary of the oath taken in the Hall of the Tennis Court. The Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau were in movement at day-break, at first undecided, being alarmed by the order of the Directory which was placarded everywhere. The leaders went about in groups, encouraging and advising. At mid-day, Rœderer, the procureur-general syndic of the department of Paris, came to inform the Assembly that the measures adopted by the administration had proved of no avail; a crowd of armed men was advancing towards the Tuileries to ask admission into the Assembly Hall. The population of Paris were in terror; and no opposition had anywhere been made to the advance of the insurrection.

Vergniaud rose. "The Assembly has already more than once received armed petitioners," said he; "the abuse exists. How could we refuse the same favor to those who are to-day presenting themselves? If they wish to carry an address to the king, and any danger is feared on his account, let sixty members be appointed to stand around him. With a just inquietude as to the future, the Parisians wish to prove that in spite of intrigues contrived against liberty, they are always ready in her defence." Ramond wished to reply, an honorable and resolute member of the small group on the Right. "Make haste," they shouted, "there are eight thousand men waiting there." "If eight thousand men are waiting," said he, "twenty-four millions of French are also waiting for me." He was still speaking, when a noisy movement in the hall was caused by the entry of the advanced body of the petitioners. The Assembly voted their entry.

It began, confused, strange, mixed with women and children.

At the head marched the "Tables of the Law," bearing in large letters, the Declaration of Rights, olive-branches, spears, workmen armed with various weapons, guns, bayonets, iron bars fastened to sticks. The order of the procession was directed by Santerre and the Marquis of Ste. Huruge, a man of good family who had lost caste by his scandalous life, and was already distinguished on the 5th and 6th of October. By Pétion's order several battalions of the National Guard joined with the people. Flags waved over their heads with the words "The Constitution or Death." Several torn pairs of breeches held aloft on spears caused shouts of admiration. "Long live the Sans-culottes!" One man displayed a calf's heart which he had taken from a butcher's stall, with the motto "an aristocrat's heart." A murmur of horror passed through the benches of the Assembly; and the man disappeared with his hideous flag to take it to the Tuileries to show to the king.

By this time the crowd had invaded the garden of the Tuileries. Two municipal officers came to ask that the gates be opened, and the king spoke to them himself, recommending that the crowd should pass along the terrace. They at once invaded every space round the palace, and the Place du Carrousel, which was then intersected by several narrow streets. The royal entrance was guarded; and the procession, on leaving the riding-hall, where the Assembly sat, poured along the Terrasse des Feuillants. "What! you haven't yet got in?" cried Santerre; "why that's the only thing we are here for." The door opened at the order of the municipal officers: no guard or servant was seen within; no appearance of defence or protection for the royal persons. The crowd rushed headlong into the palace.

The king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, the royal children, the old Marshal de Mouchy, with several ministers and a few officers, had assembled in the king's apartment. They heard the uproar and shouts coming nearer. Abusive language also reached their ears, but nobody made any proposal or offered advice. One of the captains of the National Guard, Aclocque, an honorable and faithful man, knocked at the door, and on its being opened said to the king, that for his safety it was indispensable to show himself to the people. "Very well," said Louis XVI. Madame Elizabeth went to her brother's side, but the queen was kept back, being always hated by the populace.

The principal rooms were already invaded; just as the king entered his private room, the door resounded under several furious blows. "Open!" said the king. A general of the National Guard said, as he leant towards him, "Don't be afraid, sire." The king took his hand and placed it over his heart. "See if it beats more quickly than usual," he replied.

The crowd rushed into the private room. The king had withdrawn into the embrasure of a window and stood on a chair with the grenadiers ranged before him. Madame Elizabeth had been pushed back by the crowding, some mistaking her for the queen, and shouting, "There's the Austrian woman." When those who knew her were about to protest, she said eagerly, "Don't say anything to undeceive them." Aclocque still kept bravely beside the king. "Citizens," said he to the foremost, "recognize your king; respect him, as the law commands you. We shall all perish rather than permit the slightest harm to reach him." A shout, but a solitary one, of "long live the king," was raised by the Chevalier Canolle. Abuse and threats were the response from all parts.

Legendre the butcher came forward, a man who for ten years was one of the leaders acknowledged by the revolutionary populace. After making a sign to impose silence, "Sir," said he, "listen to us. It is your business to listen to us. You are a traitor; you have always deceived us, you are still deceiving us. Take care: the measure is full; the people are tired of being your plaything."

He read the petition, full of threats, insolence, and abuse. Shouts were redoubled, "Down with the *Veto!* Give us back the patriotic ministers!"

The king had never moved, nor was his face changed. "I shall do what the Constitution commands me to do," replied he coldly.

The grenadiers were scarcely able to restrain the irritated crowd and at the same time defend the king. The municipal officers sent by Pétion protested in vain; one of them had been held up on his comrades' shoulders to be better heard, but his voice was smothered by the shouts. Isnard and Vergniaud had just arrived, hoping everything from their influence over the multitude which they had set loose, but their efforts remained powerless. One man armed with a staff surmounted with a red Phrygian cap, was displaying it at the open window as a standard. The king held out his hand, and, on their passing the cap to him, placed it on his head. For the first time the crowd shouted, "Long live the king!"

Pétion entered at this moment, loudly cheered by the multitude. "Sire," said he to Louis XVI., "I have just learnt the situation in which you are placed." "Really?" said the king; "that is very strange, considering it has lasted for two hours." The Mayor of Paris strove in vain to make himself heard. A young man after forcing a way through the crowd said, "Sire, in the name of a hundred thousand men who surround me, I ask you to sanction the decrees and recall the patriotic ministers; if not you shall perish." The king looked him in the face calmly. "You disregard the law," said he; "listen to the magistrates of the people."

The municipal officers were eagerly urging the Mayor: "Be careful," they said, "your conduct will be judged after the event." Pétion hesitated, driven about between contrary fears, and timidly drawn on by the popular movement. "You would not wish," said he at last, "that your magistrates were unjustly accused. You have acted like free men: withdraw." The king had given orders to open all the apartments. While passing through the state bed-chamber, the crowd perceived the queen and her children who had taken refuge in the king's room:—the queen's own room had been burst open and pillaged. They at once rushed headlong into the room; a triple rank of National Guards protecting the princesses. Santerre went up to them and took off the little dauphin's head a red cap just put on him by the crowd and which was smothering him. A market-woman stood before a table, which was placed as a feeble rampart between the queen and the people, and blurted out a torrent of abusive language. "What have I done to you?" said Mary Antoinette with emotion; "they have deceived you about me. I am the wife of your king and the mother of your dauphin. I am French as well as you. I was happy when you loved me." The people of Paris are quickly susceptible of lively emotion: the woman burst into tears. "She is drunk!" said Santerre, and told them to take her away.

When at last the royal family were able to meet together in a remote room, it was eight o'clock. The forcible invasion of the palace had lasted five hours. Pétion had gone to give an account of his conduct to the Assembly. "Some were doubtful of my zeal," said he, "and I think they were right. The king has been more just; he understands the French better; he knows that his person has always been respected. Several citizens entered the king's apartments, and are no doubt blamable; but they have insulted nobody. The king has no complaint to make of the citizens who have defiled before him." The municipality of Paris received the thanks of the Assembly.

Two deputations of the Assembly had been successively sent to the king," commissioned to watch over his safety and that of his family." The queen herself pointed out to the Jacobin Merlin de Thionvill the marks of violence imprinted everywhere, and the frightful ravages caused in the palace. "Think of the danger which threatened the king," said she: and when tears came into the deputy's eyes, "Ah! you weep," said she, "you pity the king and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he has always wished to render happy." "Yes, madame," said the republican, drawing himself up, "I lament the misfortunes of the wife and the mother of a family, but not the king or queen. I hate kings and queens."

It was a new sentiment this hatred then beginning to burn in men's hearts. Louis XVI., incapable of provoking it, was about to endure the whole weight of it. Vergniaud was already making violent attacks upon him with sinister threats. "O king," said he, "you have feigned a love for the laws in order to obtain the power which would serve you in braving them; to love the Constitution, in order not to be precipitated from the throne; the nation, in order to make sure of the success of your perfidies. Do you think to deceive us with hypocritical protestations? No, no; man whom the generosity of the French has not been able to move; man insensible to everything but the love of power, you will not reap the fruit of your perjury, you have done nothing for that Constitution which you have basely violated, for this people whom you have like a coward betrayed."

War was declared between the monarchy and the Revolution. Without yet using the word Republic, and in spite of the passions and ambitions which divided their party, the members of the Left in the Assembly, as well as the leaders of the clubs, were advancing with rapid steps toward the complete destruction of the Constitutional régime. The Girondins on one side, and Danton and his friends on the other, carried away by their illusions or their hopes, in the name of their theories or in the name of the people, were demolishing together all that was still left standing. Robespierre alone was impenetrable, wrapped in a cloak of trivial reserve and haughtily-cold virtue, which had gained for him the name of the "Incorruptible." When they spoke to him of the dethronement of Louis XVI. he replied, "I prefer the king given me by birth and the Constitution to all those that can be proposed to me."

Marat lived apart, working under-ground, hideous, repulsive, and frightful, without a fixed object, without taking any side: in a path of his own, that of blood; in the service of one single passion, the destruction of all superiority. He horrified even those who made use of him.

The outrage done to the royal dignity on the 20th of June, the courage and presence of mind which the king displayed, had excited much real agitation throughout France. Louis XVI. felt himself sustained by a sympathy which he had frequently lacked, when, on the 21st, Pétion returned in the evening, to announce that a new insurrection had been suppressed by the efforts of the municipality. The king was about to reply to the mayor's boasting, but Pétion interrupted him. "Hold your tongue!" exclaimed the king, angrily. Then, as Pétion was going to make some reply, "Do your duty; you have to answer for the tranquillity of Paris. Good-bye."

The same strong feeling of indignation and sympathy had attracted La Fayette to Paris, where he arrived on the morning of the 28th, at once presenting himself to the Assembly, who authorized him to appear at the bar. Nothing had been able to destroy the general's illusions as to the popularity and influence which he still preserved. He came, he said, in the name of his troops, to serve as their mouth-piece in the National Assembly. "The soldiers are asking themselves if it is really the cause of liberty and of the Constitution which they are defending. I beg of the National Assembly to give orders that the instigators of the crimes and violences committed in the Tuileries on the 20th of June should be prosecuted and punished as guilty of treason; to destroy the faction which attacks the sovereignty, and whose public discussions leave no room for doubt as to the atrocious projects of the men who are directing them. I beg of the Assembly in my own name and that of all honorable people in the kingdom, to take efficacious measures to make the Constitutioned authorities respected, especially your own and that of the king, and to give the army the assurance that the Constitution will receive no hurt from within whilst brave Frenchmen are freely spending their blood in defence of the frontiers."

An uproar followed these words of the general. Guadet asked if the Minister of War had granted La Fayette leave of absence, and by what right he had abandoned the defence of the territory to come to give lessons to the Assembly. A eulogium of the general by Ramon was interrupted by clamor and confusion; yet a majority of a hundred votes decreed to La Fayette the "honors of the sitting," a useless form lavishly granted to parties of all shades of opinion. When La Fayette proposed to the king to accompany him at the review on the morrow, in order to address the National Guard, the queen, who could not overcome her distrust, sent a message to Pétion to countermand the orders for the review. The general again set out for the army, thus once more baffled in his honorable but useless efforts to serve the king by preserving the favor of the people, bitterly dejected and disquieted as to the fate of the crown and the country.

A few days afterwards La Fayette was accused before the Assembly, and it was with great difficulty that his enemies let go the chance of vengeance on which they counted. To the charge of having wished to induce his colleague, Marshal Luckner, to march upon Paris, La Fayette replied very shortly, "That is not true," and the marshal on his part wrote, "Such a proposition has never been made to me." The accusers were obliged to suppress their real meaning. "The real crime of La Fayette," said Jean de Bry, "is having wished to oppose a haughty minority whom he calls 'honorable people,' to the majority of the nation. He has therefore rendered himself chargeable with having fomented a civil war;" and Brissot exclaimed, "Either the decree of accusation against La Fayette or your own ignominy; either the decree or the degradation of the Constitution; either the decree or you will raise a throne to La Fayette on the ruins of the Constitution."

The vote was taken by sitting and rising; and on the president declaring, after casting a rapid glance round the room, that there was no ground of accusation against the general, the members of the Left furiously demanded the scrutiny and "nominal appeal." The accusation was rejected by four hundred and six votes against two hundred and twenty-four. Merlin de Thionville angrily threw away the torn papers which he held in his hand, exclaiming, "Let the people resume their powers, we are not to be their saviours." Several of the deputies who had voted for La Fayette were roughly treated by the populace.

The king's friends now saw no resource left for him but flight. La Fayette had conceived a project which he sent to the court, but the queen opposed it with her usual bitter antipathy to him. "It was unendurable," said she, "to owe one's life a second time to him." La Fayette's aide-de-camp still urged the merits of the plan. "We are very grateful," replied Marie Antoinette, "for the solicitude of your general, but a better thing for us would be imprisonment for two months in a tower." Madame de Staël, then in Paris as Swedish ambassadress, had contrived a mode of escape, and for a moment Montmorin persuaded Louis XVI. to try his fortune; but a few hours afterwards the king abandoned all intentions of flight. Wearied by his misfortunes, and determined to suffer everything rather than risk civil war, Louis had retained most painful recollection of the humiliations on the journey to Varennes. Besides, if he had not directly invited the assistance of the foreign powers, their armies were nevertheless advancing, both the king of Prussia's and the Emperor's. At heart, the queen was really delighted at this, and secret hope lurked in the king's breast; "No," said he, "I shall not leave Paris."

In Paris, people already began to speak openly of the king's dethronement, when a manifesto signed at Coblentz by the Duke of Brunswick, the general-in-chief of the allied armies, came to inflame the passions already let loose. The national pride was hurt, as well as the revolutionary sentiment, by the lofty tone and insolent threats of the foreign general. He already treated France as a conquered country, and addressed himself to the inhabitants of Paris as a conquered people quite at his mercy. An ungovernable insurrection was the reply to the insults of the foreigners. The king felt the blow, and had tried to parry it by sending to the allied princes a political writer, Mallet du Pan, a clever and faithful man, in order to let them understand the state of France. The sovereigns had trusted to the opinions of the emigrants. But all the royal protestations remained powerless to cancel the effect of the manifesto.

The Assembly had already solemnly pronounced the country to be in a state of danger, and numerous enlistments were increasing the ranks of the army; but the revolutionary leaders thought less of the frontier than of home affairs. They strove against the crown with more obstinacy than they displayed against the enemy. One day, by one of those strong emotions which Frenchmen are ever subject to, all the members of the Assembly embraced each other, touched by the exhortations to mutual agreement made by Lamourette, the constitutional

Bishop of Lyons. The Left threw themselves into the arms of the Right, Jaucourt and Merlin de Thionville, Boissy d'Anglas and Chabot. That sudden emotion, however, quickly vanished and their real sentiments again appeared. Pétion, who had been suspended from his functions by the Directory of the department after the events of the 20th June, had been re-appointed mayor by the Assembly: all the rejoicings were reserved for the 14th July, on the anniversary of the Federation. The royal family were in terror for the life of their royal head: the queen got a padded silk waistcoat made, which Madame Campan her first lady of the bedchamber, carried for several days under her gown before the king could find an opportunity of trying it on.

It was also from one of the powers of State, by a decision of the Assembly, that the Girondins hoped to gain the success of their schemes and the triumph of their ambitions. "The country is in danger," exclaimed Brissot; "who paralyzes our strength? One man alone, the very one whom the Constitution calls its head. You are told to prosecute the intriguers and plotters; my advice is, strike the court of the Tuileries, and they will all disappear. Is the king guilty? We must say so without reserve. If the fault has been committed, you have not the right to defer the punishment. You proclaim that the country is in danger, I ask you to discuss seriously whether the danger is due to the king."

On the 3rd of August, the municipality of Paris threw off all modesty; it laid before the Assembly, by the hands of the Mayor, the first act of accusation of a constituted body against the king's person. "The head of the executive power," said the general council of the "Notables," "is the first link in the chain of counter-revolution, and appears to be a party to the plots of Pilnitz. His name is in daily strife with that of the nation; his name is a signal of discord between the people and their magistrates, between the soldiers and their generals. As a last indulgence, we should have wished to be able to ask the suspension of Louis XVI. so long as the country remains in danger, but the Constitution forbids it. Louis XVI. is constantly appealing to the Constitution; we appeal to it in our turn, and ask his dethronement."

The "Sections" of Paris spoke in the same tone, but were more threatening with regard to the Assembly. "We ask you to declare at once that there is room for accusation against Louis XVI.," said the deputation of the Faubourg St. Antoine;

"We still leave you the honor of saving the country, but if you refuse to do it, it will be necessary that we save ourselves."

Their actions corresponded to their words, and the revolutionary army was being organized. Whilst protesting in the name of the law against the violence of the Faubourgs, the Assembly really assisted their designs and prepared their triumphs. Several regiments had been sent to the frontiers and those left in Paris were already disorganized. The French Guards had been formed into a body of gendarmes; and of three Swiss battalions appointed to guard the palace, two had been ordered to join the army, and only one remained at the Tuileries. In the National Guard, none except the battalion of Filles St. Thomas, and part of the battalion of Saints Pères, were seriously resolved to defend the king. A certain number of men of family, loyally abandoning the desire to follow their friends who had emigrated, collected in Paris round the threatened king, as a devoted body-guard, but without order, organization and leaders. The people called them the "dagger-chevaliers."

By the side of that handful of resolute men whose strength was carefully and gradually reduced, the great body of the National Guard were opposed to the king, being suspicious of his sincerity. The populace, worked upon by their leaders, indulged daily more and more in wild excitement, only waiting for a signal to accomplish the ruin of the monarchy. Nor was there any lack of allies. Louis XVI. had in vain opposed the project of forming a camp of "confederates," and the anniversary of the 14th of July, brought to Paris from the provinces a large number of National Guards, men of ardent revolutionary opinions, chosen by their respective clubs. After the holiday, many had not gone back to their departments, and the streets were still crowded with "confederates." That, however, was not the worst; a young Marseillean, Barbaroux, handsome and amiable, but animated by the violent passions which mark the men of his district, had been commissioned to watch over the interests in Paris of the revolutionary faction which already ruled the south, and proposed to summon a battalion from Marseilles. It was eagerly waited for by those who were contriving the projected insurrection.

The arrival of the Marseillais was signalized by a fatal engagement with some of the Petits-Pères National Guards. Both parties appealed to the Assembly; and at the same time the section of the Four Nations, were represented by a band of excited delegates. "Our brothers, our sons are poisoned in the military hospitals!" they shouted. "It is not complaints we utter, but shrieks of anguish. Ah! if we had not shown so much patience, if we had exterminated them to the very last, the revolution would have been achieved, and the country would not have been in danger. We wait for you to give us vengeance." A few fragments of glass had been found mixed with the soldiers' bread in the Soissons camp, because the military bakehouse was in an old church with broken windows. Such was the explanation given by Carnot, the great organizer of the armies, who was already laboring to prepare the national defence. The vengeance demanded by the members of the section fell entirely upon the unfortunate Louis XVI.

The insurrection had passed from the hands of the Girondins. They at first wished for it, as on the 20th of June, in the hope of alarming the king, and bringing him over to them. At one time they had replied to the advances which were made by the ministers; and Guadet made a proposal to the king. "You can still save both the country and your crown," said he; "let the name of your ministers, let the sight of the men who surround you, invite the public confidence. The nation will doubtless be able to defend you, and preserve its liberty; but she asks of you to form one with her in defending the Constitution and the throne."

It was the constant misfortune of the Girondins, and the deep-seated cause of their weakness, that they perpetually oscillated between generous instincts and dangerous and useless political calculations. Sometimes attracted towards the monarchy which they had not deliberately proposed to destroy, sometimes deceived by their conceited ambition or their thirst for popularity, they lent themselves to actions and alliances which they afterwards despised and regretted. They hesitated, alarmed at the extreme excitement which seized Paris, and threatened to baffle all their projects. The Insurrection-committee, as they were openly called, had no hesitation. On the 10th of August, Rœderer informed the Assembly that the tocsin was to be rung in the evening, and that the populace would march to the Tuileries. Pétion was asked whether the public tranquillity would be preserved? "I cannot say," he replied, "nobody under the present circumstances could reasonably give an answer; there is no measure whatever which could be guaranteed as efficacious."

Like his friends the Girondins, Pétion always hesitated on the edge of the gulf towards which he had pushed the state. He sent for Chabot, formerly a monk, Bazire and Merlin de Thionville, who had intimate relations with Danton, and were also mixed up with the obscure leaders of the populace, to meet him in the offices of the Assembly. "You villain!" said he to Chabot, "you went yesterday to tell the Jacobins that you would get the tocsin sounded. Brissot and his friends promise to have the fall of the monarchy declared; we must have no rising, let us wait for the Assembly's decision." "Your friends are intriguers," said Chabot, "they also promised to pass the decree against La Fayette. The Assembly cannot save the people; they do not wish it. I tell you the tocsin will be sounded to-night in the Faubourgs." Pétion's vanity was hurt; "If you have influence in the Faubourgs," said he, "I have some in the town, and I shall arrest you." Chabot with a laugh replied, "It is you that shall be arrested."

On being sent for by the king, Pétion tried to give him confidence. The commandant of the National Guard for that day, a veteran named Mandat, a trustworthy and brave man, but hostile to the court, complained that the municipality had not supplied him with the powder he had asked for. "You neglected some formality," said Pétion. Yet two days previously, the Marseillais had been provided with five thousand ball-cartridges; while the commandant had not even been authorized to order the general call to arms. Pétion walked up and down the garden with Rœderer, conscious of being a prisoner, and kept as a hostage. His friends in the Assembly sent to make inquiries; but before letting him go, at the king's express wish, the National Guards of the Filles St. Thomas forced from the Mayor an order to repress the insurrection by force. The tocsin began to sound; Mandat ordered the drums to beat to arms.

Nevertheless at the violent instigation of the club of the Cordeliers, presided over by Danton, a new municipality had just been installed in the Hôtel de Ville, after being noisily elected by the commissioners of the "sections." Twice already had they sent an order to Mandat to appear before them. He hesitated, having made preparation for resistance, till Rœderer advised him to obey. As he passed, the cannons which he had put to guard the bridges, were removed.

Rœderer was of opinion that the royal family should retire within the Assembly's precincts. "Sir," said the queen, "there is some power still: it is time to know who is to gain the mastery, the king, the Constitution, or a faction." "Then, Madame," said the Procureur of the Commune of Paris, "it is time to make preparations for resistance."

The defenders were few in number. During the day, the king had informed his friends, secretly dispersed in the town, that the danger was not imminent, and that he had no need of them. However, a hundred gentlemen flocked together at the first alarm; they were almost without arms. Since the *rappel* commenced to beat, the cannoneers of the National Guard, whose duty it was to defend the approaches of the Château, continued to repel the new arrivals; the servants snatched from the hearths the shovels and tongs. There was laughter in preparing for the combat; the irrepressible French gayety triumphed over all fears. They still doubted if there would be an attack.

The gentlemen had just arrived in the king's apartment, led by the Marshal de Mailly. "Sire," said the old man, on his knee, "here are your faithful nobles, eager to replace your Majesty on the throne of your ancestors." During this time, General Lachesnaye, who commanded the National Guard in the absence of Mandat, murmured and growled against the allies imposed upon him. "So many people hinder the service," said he, "and it disheartens our men." The queen wished herself to present her friends to the National Guards. "I answer for all those who are here," said she. "They will march in front, behind, in the ranks, as you will; they are ready for all that is necessary, we are sure of them." Then raising her voice to address the National Guards: "These gentlemen come to take their place by your side; they will obey orders, and show you how to die for your king," words which were received with deathlike silence.

Queen Marie Antoinette had not learned how to speak to her people, and the gentlemen who wished to defend her knew no better than herself. "Come, gentlemen of the National Guard," cried one of them, "now is the moment to have courage." "You shall see if we are wanting in courage," replied an officer, "but it will not be by your side." The companies withdrew, leaving the gentlemen alone with the Swiss, who had no artillery.

The king, pale and with undressed hair, wished to review his defenders; he had slept upon a sofa, and appeared still drowsy. He went through the ranks, hat in hand, without a word, without a gesture, without animation in look or face, otherwise without fear, and with an expression of calm courage. The faithful battalions cried "Long live the king!" but in the garden were heard the cries of "Long live the Nation, long live Pétion!" and sometimes even, "Down with the Veto!" The men of the Croix-Rouge had broken their ranks, and barred the passage of the king. With difficulty he re-entered the palace. The queen, uneasy and troubled, said, weeping, "This review has done more harm than good, all is lost." The administrators of the department left with Rœderer to inform the Assembly of the position of affairs.

There were few present in the Assembly, which had not been convoked, the deputies arriving slowly at the sound of the alarm bells. The most reassuring reports succeeded each other during the first part of the night; it was six o'clock in the morning when they learned that blood had began to flow. Of the royalists who sought to penetrate into the palace to defend the king, several had been arrested. A journalist named Suleau had been pointed out by Théroigne de Méricourt, who, young and beautiful, dissolute and impudent, was passionately engaged in the revolutionary movement; the unhappy man was massacred, and other prisoners met the same fate. When Rœderer and the administrators returned to the king, the bleeding heads were being paraded in the streets. The Assembly was deliberating.

A gunner stopped the Procureur of Paris. "Sir," said he, "are we forced to fire upon our brothers?" "Only fire on those who fire on you," replied Rœderer; "those are not your brothers." Already the gunner had extinguished his fuse. The Marseillais, assembled at the Cordeliers since nightfall, arrived at the gates of the palace, accompanied by several detachments from the faubourgs. Evidently there was no counting on the resistance of the gendarmes or of the mass of the National Guards. Rœderer again pressed the king to leave the Tuileries. "There is not five minutes to lose, Sire," said he, "there is no safety for your Majesty but in the National Assembly. The gunners are not willing, they cannot be relied on. they will not fire, the assault will begin immediately."

The queen continued to resist; she had a horror of recoiling before the populace. "Madame," said Rœderer, "you expose the lives of the king and your children." Louis XVI. looked round him. "I have not seen many people on the Carrousel," said he. "The faubourgs are coming down, Sire, the crowd is enormous, and they bring cannons along with them." "We have muskets," replied Marie Antoinette.

Rœderer stepped towards the king, "Time is pressing, Sire, we will not again beseech you, we will not again advise you, but we ask from the king permission to take him away."

The king arose. "Let us go," said he; then stopping, "And these gentlemen, who came here to defend us, what will become of them?" "Sire," said Rœderer, "they are not in uniform, by leaving their swords they will easily pass through the crowd without being recognized. The administrators alone will follow the king, any other escort besides the National Guard will be dangerous." The ministers had joined the procession. The queen begged for Madame de Tourzel. They were already at the foot of the great steps. The king looked about him, and saw the ranks of the National Guards which formed on his passage. "You answer for the king's life, sir," said the queen sharply, to Rœderer. "On my own, Madame." Louis XVI., repeated sorrowfully, "I have not seen many people on the Carrousel."

The garden was still free; the Dauphin kicked before him the leaves dried by the summer sun. "The leaves fall very early this year," said Louis XVI., as if moved by a melancholy feeling. Before quitting the Tuileries for the last time, Madame Elizabeth called the queen to a window to gaze on the rising sun, the sky appeared to them of a blood red.

As they approached the riding-school, the president of the department having gone before to inform the Assembly, a deputation waited for the king at the foot of the terrace of the Feuillants. The crowd, close, curious, menacing, pressed into the passage. The little Dauphin could not proceed, and a sapper of the National Guard, already noticed in the riots, took the child in his arms, when the queen cried out with affright; but the man dividing before her the surging crowd of people, placed the child on the desk of the Assembly, at the same moment that the king and queen entered the hall, pursued by the invectives of the populace. The ranks of the guards who protected the Assembly closed around them.

The king was seated by the side of Vergniaud, who presided. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have come here to prevent a great crime; I think that I cannot be safer than in the midst of you." "Your Majesty may count on the firmness of the National Assembly," replied the president; "it has sworn to die in defence of the constituted authorities." Chabot protested that the presence of the king might hinder the liberty of discussion. The railings of the box where the reporters of the *Logographe* usually sat having been torn down, Louis XVI. and his family took possession of it, ready to take refuge among the deputies in case the hall should be invaded. Several of their devoted servants had rejoined them and crowded the narrow gallery. Amid the distant sound of a great tumult, the Assembly listened to the report of Rœderer upon the events of the night.

It was eight o'clock, and already the Girondins triumphed, for the king having quitted the palace the insurrection necessarily reached its goal; danger had thrown Louis XVI. into their arms. They were deceived. Danton said to his confederates, "This is not a civic promenade like the 20th of June." The throng of people became every moment more numerous and more menacing; the first door of the palace was burst open and the troops which defended it fell back into the building. At the moment of the king's departure, the Swiss were at the windows, and the Marseillais turned against the palace the cannon abandoned in the courts. "Give up the post to us," cried they to the defenders, who found themselves without leaders. Mandat did not reappear. Scarcely had he presented himself at the Hôtel de Ville when they demanded by what authority he had beaten the *rappel.* Pétion had given him no written instructions, and he could not justify himself. On a sign from the president of the Sections, he was dragged into the court, butchered, and his bleeding head paraded in the street on the point of a pike. Pétion was ordered not to leave his house; the insurrection owed him this favor to cover his responsibility.

The populace filled the royal court, and attacked a barricade hastily constructed at the foot of the great staircase: the Swiss and the National Guards did not fire, the barrier was carried, and the palace abandoned to the insurgents. The crowd of defenders mixed with the crowd of assailants encumbered the vast halls. Suddenly a musket-shot echoed from the interior or from the exterior, from the Swiss or from their enemies, no one ever knew; other shots followed, and this time it was the Swiss who fired. Several among them fraternized with the people, and the furious multitude cried, "Their kisses are still warm on our cheek, and they wish to butcher us." However, they fled and the Swiss continued to fire. They formed in good order, and descending the staircase seized the cannons defended by the Marseillais, and pointing them anew against the assailants, commenced to fire.

The sound reached the Assembly as the municipal officers came to announce the danger which the Tuileries and its defenders ran. A deputation was directed to calm the people, by taking persons and property under its protection, but the crowd, wild with anger and terror, remained deaf to every voice. The courage of the Swiss appeared crowned with success; the officers presented their orders to the insurgents, who summoned them to surrender. It had been said, "It is your duty to resist force by force." The last word of the old Marshal de Mailly had been, "Do not let yourselves be forced." The Emperor Napoleon, then an artillery officer and eyewitness of the combat, wrote in his Memoirs, "In ten minutes the Marsellais were driven as far as the Rue l'Échelle, and only came back when the Swiss retreated by order of the king."

In truth, Louis XVI. remained faithful to his horror of bloodshed. At the moment when the first cannon-shot was heard, the queen, equally susceptible to hope as to despair, leaned towards M. d'Hervilly; "Well," said she, "have we not done well in not quitting Paris?" The faithful servant shook his head. "I wish," said he, "that your Majesty may be able to ask me the same question in six months." At the same time the king exclaimed, "I forbade them to fire," and he gave to M. d'Hervilly the order to cause the firing to cease. The brave officer obeyed at the peril of his life: the Swiss no longer fired, but the musketry fire continued against them while they fell back upon the Assembly, according to the desire of the king. A great number of their men scattered through the palace could not be warned, and they were the first victims of the popular fury. The bands of the Faubourg St. Antoine, commanded by Westermann and the Pole Lazonski, joined the Marseillais. Everywhere shots echoed, everywhere blood flowed. Several of the king's servants succeeded in escaping. The queen's women, trembling with fright, were gathered in a room; the sight of massacre had not yet stifled all sentiments of honor and compassion. "Mercy for the women," cried several voices; "Do not dishonor the nation." Examples of humanity were rare; the palace was abandoned like its defenders. The popular anger and frenzy destroyed all signs of fallen grandeur; all the splendor of monarchy perished with its power; it was not pillage, it was devastation. The same fury pursued the gentlemen who had lately come to defend their sovereign; as they fled through the streets, they were everywhere massacred. A band of scoundrels attacked the hôtel of Clermont-Tonnerre, in the Rue de Sèvres. He had been, since the opening of the constituent Assembly, one of the liberal chiefs of the minority of the nobles; constantly faithful to the same cause, in spite of the cruel deceptions it had undergone, he had never shared the favors of the court: blind vengeance directed the malefactors against him. He was dragged into the street, assassinated, and his body outraged: when his disfigured corpse was taken back to his wife, she was scarcely able to recognize it.

Meanwhile the Swiss reached the Assembly, pursued by the fury of the insurrection, which threatened the majesty of the representatives of the nation. Already the bullets had broken through the windows and struck the ceiling. The frightened spectators knew not from whence the attack came. "We are stormed," cried the commander of the post, and all who occupied the galleries rushed into the hall. "We will perish with you," cried they. The entire Assembly rose with the universal shout, "Long live the nation! long live liberty!"

The Swiss entered, covered with blood and dust, the officers sword in hand. The king ordered them to lay down their arms. "I do not wish such brave men as you to perish," said he, and he gave them an order written with his hand. The Swiss were shut up in the church of the Feuillants: it was with great difficulty that their lives were saved.

A deputation from the Commune of Paris presented itself at the bar, arrogantly confident of its power, and of the right which the insurrection had conferred on it; nearly all the authorities had been overthrown. The Assembly still remained, and the insurrection accepted its authority even while defying it. Danton, who marched at the head of the deputation, said, "The people who send us to you have instructed us to declare that they believe you always worthy of their confidence, but that they recognize no other judge of the extraordinary measures to which necessity has forced them to resort but the assembled French people, their sovereign and yours."

The old French monarchy ceased to exist when the third estate proudly arrogated to itself the name of *National Assembly.* Constitutional royalty, badly organized, and too heavy for the feeble hands of Louis XVI., foundered woefully in the midst of an insurrection passively accepted by the only regular power that the nation still preserved. The Assembly had made no effort against sedition; it addressed not a single reproach to the seditious. A little while ago, on hearing of the scenes which a few steps away embrued the Tuileries with blood, at the sight of an unfortunate Swiss covered with blood who had been brought to the bar for safety, Vergniaud had exclaimed, "What cannibals!" Now, as president of the Assembly, he replied to the arrogant summons of Danton, "The Assembly approves what has been done; it recommends order and peace." The first thing demanded was the liberty of Pétion.

The triumphant insurrection commanded, and the Assembly obeyed. A Commission was hastily formed in which the Girondins predominated. Vergniaud gave up the presidential chair to Guadet. He was drawing up the decree which would give the force of law to the victory of the insurgents, and returned with the draft in his hand:—

"The National Assembly, considering that the dangers of the country have reached their height, and that the most sacred duty of the legislative body is to employ every means to save it; that it is impossible to find efficacious means so long as the source of evil is not dried up; considering that these evils arise principally from the distrust inspired by the conduct of the chief of the executive power in a war undertaken in his name against the Constitution and national independence; that this distrust has provoked, in several parts of the empire a wish for the revocation of the authority confided to Louis XVI.; considering further that the legislative body ought not and has no wish to enlarge its authority by any usurpation; that in the extraordinary circumstances in which it has been placed by events unprovided for by all the laws, it cannot reconcile what it owes to its unshakable fidelity to the Constitution with its firm resolution to bury itself under the ruins of the temple of liberty rather than let it perish; that in appealing to the sovereignty of the people and taking at the same time the necessary precautions that this recourse shall not be rendered illusory by treason,—decrees as follows:—

"Article I.—The French people is invited to form a National Convention.

"Article II.—The chief of the executive power is provisionally suspended from his functions until the National Convention has pronounced upon the measures that it believes it ought to adopt to secure the sovereignty of the people, and the reign of liberty and equality."

The Assembly sank under the same force which demolished the monarchy; it declared itself powerless, and remitted to other hands the care of reconstructing the social edifice at which it had levelled a mortal blow. As the last legacy of its fatal authority, it left to France the germ of universal suffrage. The Constituent Assembly exacted from the electors a direct contribution equivalent to three days of work. The Legislative Assembly decreed that every French citizen of the age of twenty-five years, domiciled for a year, and living on the fruits of his labor, should for the future be called to vote in the primary assemblies. Two hundred and eighty-four deputies only replied to the call by name; the storm had already dispersed the pilots, powerless to lay it.

The king, always attentive, witnessed, impassible and powerless, the definitive ruin of that authority which he had seen undermined little by little during three years. Leaning towards Coustard, deputy for Nantes, "What you are doing is scarcely constitutional," said he simply and with a disinterested tone. "Sire, it is the only means to save your life," replied Coustard. Incessantly did furious petitioners defile before the Assembly, vomiting invectives against the king in his presence, demanding his immediate deposition, and already speaking of chastisement. "For a long time the people have demanded from you the deposition of the executive power," cried one of the delegates, "and yet you have not pronounced it. Know that the Tuileries is on fire, and that we shall not arrest it until after the vengeance of the people is satisfied." Every other minute also, the king and his family heard of the death of their most faithful friends, massacred in their cause. Those who surrounded them went out, and reappeared no more. Carl, the commander of the gendarmerie, had gone to carry an order of the king, who turned round to await the answer; but the tumult and cries at the door of the Assembly told him the fate of the unhappy man. For the first time the queen's courage appeared to give way; she hid her face in her hands.

The Tuileries was no longer habitable, and a decree of the Assembly appointed the Luxembourg as the residence of the prisoner king. The triumphant insurrection enclosed the palace and the Assembly in its circle of iron and flame. It was decided that "the king and his family shall reside within the precincts of the legislative body until tranquillity shall be re-established in Paris." Shut up since the previous day in a narrow box, almost without food, without movement, without air, the royal children yielded to fatigue, the dauphin sleeping in his mother's arms. It was into the little unfurnished and dirty cells of the Feuillants, that King Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette were at last led at three o'clock in the morning, thus escaping from indifferent or malevolent looks. Before retiring they heard the names of the new ministers proclaimed; Roland, Clavières, and Servan had triumphantly secured their portfolios. Danton was minister of justice; the learned Monge at the marine; Lebrun, minister of foreign affairs. Always indomitable, the queen turned towards Sainte Croix, saying, "I hope that you do not consider yourself any the less minister of foreign affairs." And as the fallen keeper of the seals again signed the decree for the suspension of the royal power: "The duke of Brunswick will nevertheless be here on the 23rd,' muttered she. The mind of Louis XVI. was less troubled by illusions: "Perhaps they may avenge me," replied he with sadness, "but they will not save me."

Danton believed that he still had power to decide between royalty and the revolution: "It is I who will save the king or who will kill him," said he. Only just carried to the ministry "by a cannon-ball," he took the king and the Assembly under his protection. "The French nation is about to enter into its rights," said he, after taking the oath; "at all times, and above all for special crimes, where the action of justice commences, popular vengeance ought to cease. Before the Assembly I pledge myself to protect the men who are in its precincts. I will march at their head; I am responsible for them." Pétion promised vengeance to obtain an interregnum in the disorder: "Sovereign people, suspend thy vengeance, slumbering justice resumes to-day her rights; all the guilty shall perish on the scaffold."

The conflagration was not extinguished at the Tuileries; the conquerors fired on the firemen, and the massacres still went on at the doors of the Assembly. "There is not a horror of which the legislative body has not been a witness," said the deputy Cambon.

The Commune of Paris was recognized by the Assembly, which dictated its laws. After the Luxembourg, at first intended for the royal residence, a new decree appointed the Ministry of Justice. The Procureur-general, Manuel, appearing at the bar, said, "Legislators, France is free. The king has at last submitted to the law. There remains to Louis XVI. no other right than to justify himself before the supreme court. This single right puts him under the safeguard of the nation. The Temple may serve for the habitation of the king and his family. If you confide to the nation the king, his wife, and their sister, they will be conducted thither to-morrow with all the respect due to misfortune. All their correspondence will be intercepted, for they have only traitors for friends. The streets that they traverse will be lined with those soldiers of the revolution who will make them blush for having believed that among them were slaves ready to uphold despotism. Their greatest punishment will be to hear the cries of, Long live the nation! Long live liberty!"

The Commune of Paris was ordered to lodge and guard the king it had dethroned. The cells of the Feuillants witnessed the last attentions allowed to the servants who remained faithful to fallen royalty. Henceforth, Louis XVI. and his family entered their melancholy tomb.

Condorcet was ordered to draw up the act of accusation against the king, and to explain to the nation the revolution of the 10th of August. His manifesto, voted by the Assembly, remained faithful to the inspirations of the Gironde; he overthrew the king, and did not name the Republic. General La Fayette alone protested against the seditious persons who had destroyed the work of the Constituent Assembly; he imprisoned the commissaries of the Assembly in the citadel of Sedan. "You were not free when you voted," said he. The submission of all the generals rendered useless the resistance of one. La Fayette resigned, and withdrew sorrowfully from his army, without waiting for General Dumouriez, appointed to succeed him. Scarcely had he quitted French soil when he was arrested by the Austrian troops. As odious to the allies and the emigrants as he had been to the friends of the revolution, he was conducted from prison to prison, until he reached the cell at Olmutz, the bitterness of which was soon softened by the devotion of his wife.

It has been our sad fortune to witness more than once those revolutionary explosions which are the fatal work of certain audacious men, fanatic or corrupt, solely intent on the success of their views, and caring nothing for the true interests or wishes of the nation. The insurrection of the 10th of August was the first example, the sad and fatal model. Those who had wished for it, in different degrees, the Girondins as well as the Cordeliers, were not ignorant that it was contrary to the general wish of France, and that it went beyond the hope of the most ardent. "There were not then more than five men in France who wished for the republic," Pétion said later: "I have seen the time when the insurrectional committee was formed only of three deputies and of twenty or thirty citizens; terror had dispersed the rest." And Buzot: "The majority of the French people sighed for royalty and the Constitution of 1791; in Paris, above all, a scum of miserable wretches, without intelligence, and without knowledge, vomited invectives against royalty; the rest only desired, only wanted the Constitution of 1791, and only spoke of the republicans as a party of extremely honest madmen. This people is republican only by force of the guillotine."

Danton continued his work by massacre. The imprudent and short-sighted Girondins wished to terrify the king in order to seize the power themselves; bloody hands had already torn it from them, waiting for the day when they should pay with their heads their repentance and their useless efforts against the monster they had unchained. France submitted sadly, but she did submit to the new tyranny, born of disorder. The liberty of the press existed only for the revolutionary papers. Marat and Camille Desmoulins printed their papers without hindrance. The presses of their opponents were destroyed by order of the Commune of Paris, which alone exercised power. Robespierre took his place in the council; like Marat, he had disappeared during the days of the insurrection.

Already the sovereign people exercised its vengeance legally. The last ministers of Louis XVI. were impeached; Duport, Barnave, and the two Lameths, accused of having given wise counsels to the king, were also dragged before the high court of Orleans. Brissot drew up the address to the citizens which proposed the first formation of the revolutionary tribunal: "your enemies are vanquished, some have expiated their crimes, others are in fetters. Of the latter we must certainly make a great example of severity, but it must be made to good purpose, and with all possible celerity and regard for justice. A free people desires to be and ought to be just even in its vengeance. Be calm; wait in silence the judgment of the law: it will strike, and promptly, for your jurymen are your representatives." The eight judges and the eight deputies were to be elected by the sections; they were elected the same day that the Assembly voted the decree. The *Moniteur* added the sinister phrase, "The executions will take place on the Place du Carrousel."

Thuriot had written the previous day, with indignation, "A few men who know not true principles must not be allowed to substitute their private will for the general will. I beseech the legislative body to show itself prepared rather to die than to suffer the least prejudice to the law. I love liberty, I love the revolution, but were it necessary to commit a crime to make it secure, I should prefer suicide. The revolution is not solely for France, we are accountable for it to humanity." Now the menacing voice of Robespierre demanded that the vengeance of the people should extend to all the conspirators. "The most guilty did not appear on the day of the 10th of August," cried he, "and after the law you have just passed, it will be impossible to punish them. These men who have taken the mask of patriotism to kill patriotism, these men who affect the language of law to overthrow all laws, this La Fayette, who perhaps was not in Paris, but who could have been there, these escape the national vengeance."

The Commune of Paris was henceforth armed. On the 11th of August it obtained the first elements of the law of suspected persons; the revolutionary tribunal was just erected. Already a poor professor of languages, the intendant of the civil list, Laporte, and a royalist journalist, Durosoir, had died courageously on the scaffold, the first fruits of an innumerable series of victims. "It is good for a royalist to die on the day of St. Louis!" said Durosoir, walking to execution.

The forms of justice often subsist when its principles have disappeared; the delays of the new tribunal excited the anger of the revolutionary fanatics. "What is the duty of the people?" wrote Marat in his paper. "There are two lines of conduct to take. The first is to hasten the judgment of the traitors confined in the Abbaye, to beset the tribunals and the Assembly, and if the traitors are acquitted, to massacre them with the new tribunal and the scoundrels who have passed the perfidious decree. The second plan, the wisest and most sure, is to march armed to the Abbaye, to snatch thence the traitors, and particularly the officers of the Swiss and their accomplices, and to give them to the edge of the sword. What folly to wish to try them! It is already done; you have taken them with arms in their hands against the country; you have massacred the soldiers, why should you spare the officers?"

The rage of the wicked would remain powerless, were it not for the ignoble weakness that ministers to it. The legislative Assembly had abdicated its power into the hands of the Commune of Paris; it imprudently hastened to lead victims to it. Merlin de Thionville proposed to take as hostages the wives and children of the emigrants; the Commune of Paris demanded that they should be collected in the prisons. "To combat the enemies of the country, all ways are good, all means are just!" Bazire had said. In accordance with the same principle, Jean de Bry proposed the formation of a corps of volunteer *tyrannicides*, commissioned to attack personally the foreign sovereigns leagued against France. The Assembly passed to the order of the day on these two projects. The priests had constantly the honor of awaking in the breast of the revolutionary leaders the most violent passions. The king refused to sanction the decree which rendered the nonjuring priests subject to transportation. The Commune of Paris demanded their banishment *en masse*. "Send them to Guiana," cried Cambon, "otherwise they will go to increase the army of the emigrants and propagate in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, principles contrary to our liberty." It will wound the public morality thus to poison our neighbors with this pest," added Lacroix. The Protestant minister Lasource and the constitutional bishop Fauchet protested against this measure. "To what country do you intend to send them?" said Lasource. "Must you be reminded that under Louis XV. twelve thousand French sent to people Guiana perished there? At this moment, several thousands of inhabitants, whites and blacks, cannot find a living there, and it is to that country you propose to transport fifty to sixty thousand priests." "It will take more than a hundred vessels to effect this transportation," said Fauchet. He proposed to give the islands of the Charente as a prison for the refractory priests. Claye had said more frankly, "It is only a fortnight since you swore to maintain liberty and equality, and to-day you wish to pronounce a rigorous penalty against individuals who, in refusing the oath, have only done that which the law permitted them to do. You punish people for the liberty of their opinions, like criminals guilty of high treason against the nation. At the moment of terminating our career let us not disgrace ourselves by an atrocious law enacted so precipitately."

Vain efforts and protestations of the public conscience! The decree was voted on the 26th of August, and fifteen days allowed to the nonjuring priests to leave France; beyond that term, those still found in the *Kingdom* were to be transported to Guiana. The law was unjust and cruel, the Commune of Paris undertook its execution, and changed it to a sentence of death. Under pretext of preserving the priests from insult and violence, in order to facilitate a general removal they were collected at the Carmelites and the Saint-Firman Seminary. Their names were scarcely inscribed or their number reckoned, the prison being, as was thought, but a stage towards the melancholy liberty of exile.

Danton and the Commune of Paris had otherwise decided. The revolutionary passions, excited by the crimes and successes of the 10th of August, remained unquiet even in their triumph. The men of the 10th of August felt their power tottering at Paris, ill-sustained in the provinces, directly attacked by the foreign armies: the taking of Longwy by the Prussians excited their anger and increased their fear. Already a political party was suspected of meditating the removal of the Assembly to the south. A certain number of deputies escaped from Paris; a denunciation by Tallien caused the Assembly to swear to remain at its post, unshakable and resolute until the day when the members of the Convention should come to relieve it of its duty. A decree punished with death any citizen who in a besieged place should speak of surrender. The destruction of Longwy was decided on; the day it should be restored to the power of the nation its walls should be razed and its inhabitants deprived forever of civil rights. "The enemy advance," said a proclamation calling all the French to arms, "perhaps they flatter themselves that they will everywhere find cowards and traitors; the country calls you, citizens; march!"

The generous sentiments of patriotism were not the only passions which Danton called to his aid against the enemy he feared. The only one in the ministry a stranger to the inspirations of the Gironde, he predominated over his colleagues by the savage energy of his will, and by that powerful eloquence which drew bewildered minds after him. Roland resisted him sometimes; he gave in the day after the taking of Longwy, when Danton, by agreement with the ringleaders of the Commune, proposed an iniquitous measure which placed the lives of all at the mercy of the revolution. To the law of suspected persons succeeded domiciliary visits. Danton hastened to the Assembly, and demanded permission to speak in the name of the safety of the country. Standing with his head thrown back, his terrible and powerful face was lighted up by the fire of that terrible proposal which weighs and will ever weigh upon his memory. "Our enemies have taken Longwy," cried he, "but France resided not in Longwy. It is only by a great convulsion that we have annihilated despotism in the capital, it is only by a national convulsion that we can drive out the despots. When a vessel is shipwrecked, the crew throws overboard all that endangers its perishing; in the same way all that can harm the nation ought to be rejected from its breast, and all that can serve it ought to be placed at the disposal of the municipalities, with indemnity to proprietors. Up to this time the gates of the capital have been shut, and with reason. It was of importance that the traitors should be arrested; but should there be thirty thousand to arrest, it must be done to-morrow, and to-morrow Paris must communicate with the whole of France. The municipality is invested with the right of seizing all suspected men. We ask you to authorize domiciliary visits. There ought to be in Paris eighty thousand muskets; all belong to the country, when the country is in danger."

The Assembly was overawed; it voted without discussion, without reference to the extraordinary commission, which was the instrument and power of the Gironde. The measure was adroitly extended to all the municipalities of France; the ultimate aim was prudently concealed, the details of the execution belonged to the police. A certain number of *necessitous citizens* had already been enrolled by the Commune of Paris.

The decree was posted up in the night of the 28th August. During the day of the 29th the Committee of Inspection and the forty-eight sections exchanged their last communications. The drums beat the *rappel* in all the streets; all the inhabitants of Paris were requested to go to their homes, none were to go out; every person seized in a strange dwelling became a *suspect* from that simple fact. The shops were shut; all public business was suspended; vehicles were prohibited from driving in the streets. Every one shut up in his house awaited the terrible visit of the delegates of the Commune; it was to begin at ten o'clock at night. Prolonged by the zeal of the commissioners, it was only completed by the 31st August. They had found scarcely two thousand muskets, but the prisons were crowded with suspected persons, men and women, torn from their families under various pretexts; a great number of houses had been pillaged. The violence of the agents had everywhere excited terror and suspicion. What were the leaders of the Hôtel de Ville meditating?

Several protests were raised. A delegate of the section of the Lombards denounced his colleagues at the bar of the Assembly. "The sections in nominating the commissioners had no intention of dividing the supreme power among them," said the courageous Lelièvre. "All of them knew that it belonged to you, that it belonged to the entire people, and that no particular section could arrogate the faculty to itself." A young journalist, Guet Dupré, protested against the municipal despotism. "It is time," said he, "that the Assembly put an end to these disorders, that it gave to the people its rights, maintained individual liberty, and the liberty of the press against the schemes of usurpers. Time presses, the electoral body will soon assemble, it is of importance to withdraw it from the influence of certain intriguers."

The stigma was inadequate, and the menace weaker than the ferocious energy of the council of the Commune of Paris. Dismissed by a decree of the Assembly, the President had been summoned to the bar, but did not respond. In the solitude of his study, under the roof of the cabinet-maker Duplay, Robespierre drew up the insolent manifesto that Pétion, recalled for that day to the presidency of the provisional council, was to take to the Assembly. Hesitating and anxious, the Mayor of Paris was entrapped by minds more powerful than his own; he went and signed, but he left to Tallien the care of reading the declaration of war by the insurrectional power against the legal power.

"Legislators," said the address, "the representatives of the Commune present themselves to-day before you with confidence. They have been calumniated, they have been judged without being heard; they come to claim justice and to tell you the entire truth. Called by the people in the night of the 9th and 10th August to save the country, they were bound to do what they have done. The people have put no limit to their powers but have said to them, Go, save us; what you do we will approve. We ask of you, gentlemen, has not the legislative body been always surrounded by the respect of the citizens of Paris? Its precincts have only been sullied by the presence of the worthy descendant of Louis XI. and of the rival of the Medici. If these tyrants still live, is it not to the Assembly that they owe their lives? You yourselves applauded all our measures; we were entrusted with the salvation of our country, and we have sworn to accomplish it; we have dismissed a *feuillantine* municipality, and the judges of peace unworthy of that noble title. We have not acted with severity against the liberty of good citizens; but we glory in having sequestered the property of emigrants, in having caused conspirators to be arrested, put to flight monks and nuns, proscribed incendiary papers. We have made domiciliary visits. Who commanded them? You. The arms seized from suspected persons have been committed to the hands of the country's defenders. We have arrested troublesome priests; they are imprisoned and in a few days the soil of liberty will be purged of their presence. A section has come to protest against us. The wish of a single section cannot deprive the Commune of its representatives acknowledged and owned by the majority. Legislators, you have just heard, not our justification—we did not require it—but a concise and exact statement of our operations. What we have done the people have sanctioned. If you strike us, strike also the people who made the revolution of the 14th July, who consummated it on the 10th August, and who will maintain it in the midst of all perils, of all opposition, and in spite of all the intriguers sheltering themselves under the mask of patriotism."

The Assembly's spasms of energy had been short and its relapses frequent; it was easy to make it contradict itself. Lacroix, who presided, did not undertake to defend the past. "All the constituted authorities," said he, "eminate from the same source. The formation of the provisional Commune of Paris is contrary to the existing laws. It is the effect of an extraordinary and necessary crisis; but when these perilous circumstances are passed, the provisional authority ought to cease with them. Do you wish, gentlemen, to dishonor our great revolution by scandalizing all the empire with a Commune rebellious to the general will and the law, and striving with the National Assembly for authority? Paris will not give this example. The National Assembly has fulfilled its duties, you will fulfil yours."

Several times already the sitting had been interrupted by the tumult in the street; new petitioners crowded to the bar. "We come in the name of the people," said they, "to see the representatives of the Commune who are here. We have taken an oath to die with the Commune." Vergniaud had replaced Lacroix in the presidential chair. "The Assembly has no time to lose," said the latter from the tribune; "the people are free," insisted the petitioners; "you take away their liberty." "And we," cried Lacroix, "I ask, are we free?" The Procureur-general Manuel felt himself obliged to stop the petitioners. The Assembly triumphed, it had not modified its decree. The municipality, driven out on the 10th of August by the insurrectional Commune, was officially convoked; the plans of Danton and his accomplices were being thwarted, but the clever tribune knew how to act on the fears of Thuriot. "The labors and the duties incumbent on the municipality are above its strength," said he to the Assembly. "It has need of help; I propose that the number of the members of the council-general be increased to two hundred and eighty-eight. The commissioners acting at the communal house of Paris since the 10th of August last shall form part of it, unless they have been superseded by their sections."

The council-general did not cease to sit, maintaining that the legislative assembly in convoking the Convention had in advance abdicated all its powers. It now solemnly sanctioned this usurpation, and Robespierre prepared beforehand his vengeance against those who had dared to resist him, when he exclaimed in the sitting of the council-general, "No one dares to name the traitors. Well, I myself, for the safety of the people, name them; I denounce the liberticide Brissot, the faction of the Gironde, the rascally commission of twenty-one of the National Assembly. I denounce them for having sold France to Brunswick, and for having received in advance the price of their baseness."

Already warrants of arrest were prepared against the Girondins vanquished beforehand in a combat for which they had themselves furnished the first arms to their enemies.

Verdun was besieged by the Prussians. Terror from without was one of the means of action with the revolutionists within. Danton said from the rostrum, "The 10th of August has divided us into republicans and royalists; the first few, the second much more numerous. In this state of weakness, we republicans are exposed to two fires, that of the enemy from without, that of the royalists from within. There is a royalist directory which sits secretly at Paris and corresponds with the Prussian army. To frustrate it, we must terrify the royalists." The Commune of Paris appealed to all citizens to defend the country in danger; all the available population was convoked in the Champ de Mars.

"Where," cried Vergniaud from the rostrum of the Assembly, "Where are the spades, the mattocks which raised the altar of the Federation, and levelled the Champ de Mars? You have shown a great ardor for fêtes; without doubt you will not have less for battles. You have sung of liberty, you must now defend it. We have no longer to overthrow kings of bronze, but kings encompassed by powerful armies; the time for talk is past. We must dig the graves of our enemies, or each step they make in advance will dig ours."

Danton succeeded him in the tribune as if seized with the same enthusiasm, but a sinister echo resounded in his words; he seemed to defend beforehand the plot which was breaking out. "Excitement, commotion, burning eagerness for battle are everywhere; let every one who refuses to serve in person or to give up his arms be punished with death! The alarm-bell we shall ring is not a signal of alarm, it sounds the charge against the enemies of our country. To vanquish them, gentlemen, we must have audacity, audacity, always audacity, and France is saved."

The tocsin already sounded from all the steeples, and all the public buildings displayed the black flag. "The country is in danger," was in everybody's mouth. The alarm resounded in the streets. The Assembly decreed death against all who, directly or indirectly, refused to execute or hindered the orders given, and the measures taken by the provisional executive power. Henceforth massacre was easy. Danton hurried to the Champ de Mars to harangue the volunteers.

The rumor of conspiracy vaguely agitated Paris, and struck alarm into people's minds; those in prison trembled, those outside trembled for the prisoners. Petitions in their favor were not always in vain; Manuel, Tallien, Danton, Marat himself, granted in advance several pardons, and placed in safety several victims marked for execution. Robespierre remembered that he had studied at the college of Louis-le-grand, and protected the principal, the Abbé Bérardier. The massacre was already begun.

In the same place where sat the private committee delegated by the Council-General, Panis, Sergent, Lenfant, Marat, "friend of the people," twenty-four persons, of whom twenty-two were priests, brought to the depôt of the Mairie, waited to be transferred to another prison. At two o'clock on the 2nd of September, a detachment of Marseillais abruptly invaded the hall. "To the Abbaye!" cried they, "To the Abbaye!" and, seizing the prisoners, packed them into hackney coaches standing at the door, amid a cross fire of insults and menaces. "You will not arrive living, the people are waiting to tear you in pieces." The doors of the coaches were left open.

The people looked sullen, and terrified; no one rushed upon the prisoners. "You see them," cried the Marseillais, "there they are; you are about to leave for Verdun; they only wait for your departure to butcher your wives and your children." People listened; some cries were heard from the crowd, but the coaches proceeded without obstacle. The escort became irritated, and struck with their sabres among the unfortunates packed in the coaches. It is said that one of these warded off the sword with his cane. He was immediately massacred and most of his companions were wounded. Blood was flowing when the victims arrived at the Abbaye, and as they descended from the coaches, several sank under the blows of the assassins. Others fled, seeking refuge in the hall where the committee of the Four Nations sat. The Abbé Sicard, the founder of the Hospital for the Deaf and Dumb, was there, and was recaptured by a watchmaker of the quarter. "You must pass over my body to kill the Abbé Sicard!" cried he. Two other priests seated themselves at the table of the committee; all the others were massacred before the eyes of the commissioners. "There is no more to do here," cried the Marseillais, "let us to the Carmelites!" a large number of priests were there collected; they were all called by name to assemble in the garden.

The cut-throats clamored for the Archbishop of Arles, accused of having contrived a reactionary plot in the South. The old man advanced from a little oratory; they wished to keep him back, as he asked for absolution from one of his companions. "Let me pass," said he, "my blood perhaps will suffice them." Then turning towards the assassins, "Here I am; I am the person you seek; spare the others, they will pray for you on earth, and I in heaven." They loaded him with insults. "I have never done harm to any one," replied the archbishop. "And I am going to do you harm!" cried a Marseillais, striking him on the face with his sabre; the old man sank under the blows.

The priests fled through the garden, pursued by their executioners, laughing and singing, from tree to tree, from wall to wall; one after the other, the victims sank praying. The wounded were collected in the church; they came out two by two, and were massacred on the steps. The Bishop of Saintes had his leg broken. "Gentlemen," said he, "I do not refuse to die with my brothers, but I cannot walk;" they supported him by the arm to lead him to punishment. His brother, the Bishop of Beauvais, was already dead. Graves were dug beforehand near the barrier Saint Jacques; carts waited to carry the corpses. Silence reigned at the Carmelites; the assassins had returned to the Abbaye.

I do not care to relate in detail scenes of horror. At the Abbaye, the bailiff Maillard, lately at the head of the bands of the 5th and 6th of October, organized a bloody tribunal; the judges were taken at random from the crowd of spectators, terrified workmen or small tradesmen, who dared not look their victims in the face, or who became gradually intoxicated by the fascination of crime. "We must purge the prisons of all who would slay your wives and your children while you are marching against the enemy," repeated the assassins.

The Swiss were detested as much as the priests; the formality of a trial was spared them. "To La Force!" said Maillard. The soldiers understood, and hesitated to go out. "Pardon, pardon!" cried they. A young man advanced at last, arms crossed, and head erect. "I pass first," said he, "we are not guilty, we have done nothing but obey our officers; let them show me the way!" At the same instant he fell pierced with pikes. All his comrades fell like him; two only were spared by a caprice of the executioners. The register of the prison was laid upon the table with wine and glasses; the trial began.

Already M. de Montmorin, formerly minister of Louis XVI., and his cousin, the governor of Fontainebleau, had been massacred. The former protested with dignity, saying that he had been cited to appear before the high court of Orleans. "It is true," said Maillard, "Monsieur's affairs does not concern us; to La Force!" "Fetch me a coach," said M. de Montmorin calmly. "The coach is waiting," cried the cut-throats. As he stepped into the street, M. de Montmorin was cut down. The hideous crowd which was assembled round the prison wanted to tear him in pieces. The filial tenderness of Mdlle. Cazotte and of Mdlle. de Sombreuil simultaneously snatched their fathers from the executioners, who soon found their victims again. Once in a while, in the midst of the massacre, an accused person was acquitted, without reason, by some triumph of his shrewdness or by a whim of the ferocious tribunal; this was always followed by a burst of applause. The butchers often accompanied in triumph the unhappy man who had escaped death, and who was soon threatened by new dangers. An officer, Journiac de Saint Méard, was saved by a Marseillais; whose provincial dialect he had recognized. His narrative has preserved for us the horror of the massacre.

The National Assembly continued to sit, however, either ignorant or impassible. Robespierre was unable to sleep during the night of the 2nd of September. The deputies discussed the order of the day to the sound of cannon and of the tocsin which echoed through all the streets. The Commune had the prudence to send Commissioners to the bar. "The people," they came to announce, "wish to break open the doors of the prisons." "Two hundred priests have already been butchered at the Carmelites!" cried Fauchet. A deputation was commissioned to talk the populace into calmness.

It was late, and the ministers were absent. The council met at the ministry of the Marine. Danton was not there; when at last he appeared, they pressed him to put an end to the horrors which disgraced the Revolution. His colleagues did not ignore everything. "The assassinations were organized in the council," said Roland himself later. Danton got into a passion, "What do I care for the prisoners," cried he, with that terrible voice which echoed long after in the ears of his auditors. "What do I care for the prisoners? let them make of themselves what they may!"

The deputation returned to the Assembly; its orator, the aged Dussaulx, had thought to soften the butchers by his literary and florid patriotism. He mounted a chair. "What do you want here?" a man with bloody hands said to him; "this does not concern you, let us alone." Another pushed him aside. "Sir," cried he, "you have the look of an honest man, but keep out of the way then. There are two behind you whom you have hindered us from despatching for a quarter of an hour, and after them we have twenty others to finish!" "The deputies you sent to calm the people reached with much trouble the doors of the Abbaye," said Dussaulx; "we tried to make ourselves heard, but scarcely had one of us uttered a few words when his voice was drowned by tumultuous cries. Another speaker, M. Bazire, tried to make himself heard by a more adroit beginning; but when the people saw that he did not speak in accordance with their ideas, he was forced to be silent. Each of us spoke to his neighbors, right and left, but the peaceable intentions of those who listened to us could not be communicated to such a crowd of men. We withdrew, and the darkness did not permit us to see what passed."

The Assembly was powerless; it bowed its head in sadness and shame, without protesting against the crimes which it could not prevent. The Commune of Paris openly directed the massacre; the procureur Manuel, who disapproved of it, made a feeble effort. "Frenchmen," he said to the slaughterers of the Abbaye, "in the midst of your legitimate vengeances, your axe ought not to strike all heads indiscriminately. The criminals in the cells are not all equally guilty." He saw several victims fall at his feet. His substitute, Billaud-Varennes, openly accepted a responsibility from which he never sought to free himself. Twice he went himself to superintend the execution of his orders. "You revenge yourselves, people," said he, "it is your duty." And as the butchers were accused of stripping the dead, "My good friends," said he to them, "I am sent by the Commune to represent to you that you ought not to dishonor this great day. It has been reported to them that you rob these rogues of aristocrats after having done justice on them. Do not touch what they have on them. Care will be taken to pay you, as has been agreed on. Be noble, generous, and great, like the duty which you perform. Let this great day be worthy of the people whose sovereignty is committed to you." The Marseillais formally asked permission to take the shoes of the victims. "Our brothers who are about to march against the enemy are barefooted," they said. A certain quantity of gold and jewels was brought to the bureau of the Commune. In an adjoining room they paid the executioners. Billaud-Varennes promised them twenty-four francs a day. The horrible accounts and receipts still exist, a crushing witness against the chiefs of the conspiracy. From the Carmelites to the Abbaye, from the Abbaye to La Force, from La Force to Bicêtre and La Salpêtrière, the assassins continued their work without the slightest interference from any authorities. Roland himself proved the impotency of the ministry. "We owe to the whole of France," wrote he to the Assembly, "the declaration that the executive power has been unable to foresee or prevent these excesses; I know that it is the duty of the constituted authorities to put an end to them, or to consider themselves as annihilated." The anger of the Commune was so great, that a warrant of arrest was issued against the minister of the interior. Danton snatched it with much difficulty from the hands of Marat. "See," said he to Pétion, "of what these madmen are capable; but I know how to bring them to their senses." "You are wrong," replied the mayor, "this act would have been damaging only to its authors."

Roland had pronounced his sentence and that of the Assembly. The executive power escaped from them to pass entirely into the bloody hands of the Commune of Paris which, in its turn, delegated this power to assassins. The section of the Quinze-Vingts demanded the imprisonment of the wives and children of the emigrants, as well as the death of the conspirators, before the departure of the citizens for the army. "The Assemblies of the sections may in this respect take the measures that in their wisdom they judge indispensable," the Council-General replied, "without prejudice to their right of appeal afterwards before the proper tribunals."

The victims of the days of September have appealed to history. The National Assembly received the reports. "Most of the prisons are at present empty," said Tallien. "The Commandant General has been ordered to transfer to them detachments of the armed force, but the service of the barriers requires so many men, that there are not enough remaining to maintain good order."

It was about ten o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of September; the assassins had not yet entirely quitted La Force. The Princess of Lamballe was imprisoned there; her women had been taken away the previous day, saved by unknown hands. She kept up with difficulty when they dragged her before the tribunal. "Are you acquainted with the plots of the palace?" Hébert, who presided, asked her. "I know nothing of any plot." "Swear to love liberty and equality; swear to hate the king, the queen, and royalty." A voice said in her ear, "Swear, or you are dead!" The princess did not turn, she did not change color. "I will willingly take the first oath," said she: "I cannot take the second; it is not in my heart. "Liberate madame," pronounced the president. It was the sentence of death. Struck by a blow from a sabre at the street door, Madame de Lamballe still kept up for several steps, supported by two men; again wounded, she sank down to rise no more. The assassins fell furiously upon her corpse. The bleeding head was carried in triumph under the windows of the Temple; the wretch who brandished this hideous trophy dared to boast of his crime in the army of the

Rhine; the grenadiers of the regiment in which he was enrolled killed him with their sabres.

Meanwhile the furious populace howled around the royal prison; the king threw himself before Marie Antoinette. "They want to prevent you from seeing the head of Madame de Lamballe, that they bring to show you how the people take vengeance on tyrants," said one of the municipal officers on guard. The queen fainted; the jailors themselves were afraid; they were ready to give up to the assassins their most illustrious victims. "The asylum of Louis XVI. is menaced," they wrote, asking succor from the Assembly; "resistance will be impolitic, dangerous, perhaps unjust." Singular and striking power of a superstitious sentiment! a tri-colored ribbon stretched before the doors of the Temple suffices to protect the entrance.

The Commissioners of the Commune had everywhere sand thrown on the traces of blood; they washed the pavement of the prisons and buried the dead. At the same time, Marat and his colleagues of the committee of superintendence called upon the whole of France to follow their example. Everywhere couriers, leaving Paris on the 3rd of September, carried this circular: "The Commune of Paris hastens to inform its brothers of all the departments that a number of the ferocious conspirators detained in the prisons have been put to death by the people, acts of justice which have appeared indispensable to restrain by terror the legions of traitors hidden within its walls, at the moment when it was marching against the enemy; and without doubt the entire nation, after the long list of treasons which have conducted us to the brink of the abyss, will hasten to adopt this means so necessary to the public safety, and all Frenchmen will cry, like the Parisians, We will march against the enemy, but we will not leave behind us brigands to slaughter our wives and our children."

The appeal was listened to, and Paris did not remain alone in its shameful glory; at Meaux, at Reims, at Charleville, at Caen, at Lyons, priests, magistrates, and simple prisoners were massacred. Arrested at the waters of Forges, the Duke of La Rochefoucauld, formerly President of the Directory of the Seine, was assassinated on the road to the Castle of La Roche-Guyon, under the eyes of his mother and his wife. At certain points, some resistance had been opposed to the seditious; the National Guard of Reims succeeded in dispersing the assassins; the inhabitants of Caen drove away the drum-major who insulted the dead body of the Procureur-General Bayeux; Danton himself took care to protect the life of Duport, seized in his castle of Bignon, near Nemours. Other victims still waited their punishment. The accused lately prosecuted before the High Court of Orleans were now ordered to Paris.

The Assembly at first refused to cite them before the tribunal of the 17th August, but the Commune of Paris sent to Orleans a band of patriots commanded by a dare-devil creole, who was known as Fournier the American. "With his livid and sinister face, his moustache, his triple girdle of pistols, his brutal language and his oaths, he had quite the look of a pirate," wrote Madame Roland in her memoirs. The great square before the prison was already occupied by these brigands, when a second detachment brought the submission of the Legislative Assembly. Fournier was promoted to the rank of commandant of the armed force, "charged," said the decree, "to guard the safety of the prisoners."

In vain a second decree recalled a portion of the patriots. "The Parisian army will not divide itself," replied they; "such is the resolution of its chiefs, all decrees will be useless." The attorneys of the High Court, the authorities of Orleans opposed a courageous resistance to the brigands; the prisoners were to be transferred to Saumur; they were dragged to Versailles.

The assassins awaited them; on the road, through the disorder which they roused as they marched, the furious band struck terror into the souls of the prisoners, who made their wills and wrote to their families. Fournier the American received these last deposits; the accused were huddled into carts; at night they were bound two and two. On the 9th September the approach of the procession was announced. Alquier, President of the Tribunal of Versailles, hastened to Paris, to Danton. "They are coming!" cried he; "what can we do?" The minister listened to him with a sombre air. "These men are very guilty," said he. "But," rejoined Alquier, "the law must decide." "I say to you that they are very guilty," repeated Danton. The president insisted. Danton at last became angry. "Well! do you not see that if I had any reply to make to you, I should have done so long ago? What are these prisoners to you? Attend to your own business, and do not meddle with them."

When the president re-entered his house the victims had fallen. Before the railings of the Orangerie, the carts were stopped by an armed band coming out of a tavern. The populace looked on, insulting the prisoners without doing them violence; the assassins sent from Paris rushed upon the sad procession. In vain the mayor courageously interposed; he was thrown from his horse, and fainted, when he came to himself the massacre had commenced. Lessart was dead, the Duke of Brissac still struggled with his executioners. The horde of assassins re-entered Paris with its hideous trophies; on its way Danton, from a balcony, complimented Fournier the American.

Paris revived, however, from its profound terror. None had resisted this first attempt at a bloody yoke. The authorities had bowed under the terror; they now began to lament and excuse themselves, for the horror of the crime committed had seized every soul. "In critical moments, I say it with sorrow, I am always the last to be warned," Pétion declared. Roland called for the suppression of the pillage which had followed the massacres. "New excesses are committed in Paris," said he to the Assembly, "they rob the passers-by. The public force remains a calm spectator of the crimes, it justifies its inaction by saying that it has not been called upon. Before orders are given, the evil-disposed gather the people together, excite them, draw them over to their side. and the evil increases." The Girondins, themselves menaced, tardily issued their declaration of war against Danton and his accomplices. "They have said they will snatch away our victims," cried Vergniaud; "they do not wish us to assassinate them in the arms of their wives and their children. Well! let us have recourse to warrants of arrest; denounce, arrest, bundle into the cells those we wish to destroy. We will then rouse the people, we will let loose our murderers, we will establish a slaughter-house of human flesh where we can quench our thirst for blood. The Parisians dare to call themselves free; they are no longer slaves of crowned tyrants, but they are slaves of the vilest, the most detestable scoundrels; it is time to break these shameful chains, to crush this new tyranny; it is time that those who have made good men tremble should now tremble in their turn. I am not ignorant that they have daggers at their command. In the night of the 2nd September, in that night of proscription, did they not wish to direct them against several deputies, against me? Have they not denounced us to the people as traitors? Happily indeed it was the people who were there, the assassins were occupied elsewhere! I demand that the members of the Commune answer with their heads for the safety of all prisoners."

As Tallien had said several days before, the prisons were empty and the reign of the Commune was assured; the elections were completed. The Legislative Assembly expired, loaded with all the evil that it had not prevented, with all the crimes it had allowed to be committed, with all the vain protests it had emitted, without ever supporting them by a single strong action. On the 21st September, 1792, at noon, the National Convention entered on the scene.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE NATIONAL CONVENTION (1792—1795).

On the 2nd September, 1792, the whole of Paris acted together both in massacre and in election. For the first time, universal suffrage had been applied in the primary assemblies; and terror bore its fruits. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, all the leaders of the Commune were nominated; and the duke of Orleans had the sad honor of sharing with them the suffrages of the Parisian electors, under the new name which he had adopted, Philippe Égalité. For a long time feared and despised by the court, thrown by jealousy and anger into the Revolution, in which he was constantly engaged without ever exercising any influence upon it, he marched to crime down the rapid descent of vice, more from weakness than from intention. He was condemned beforehand to follow to the end a fatal route; and not even the courage and horror of his fate were able to efface the memory of his faults.

No check had been imposed upon the free choice of the electors. A certain number of the members of the Constituent Assembly returned to the Convention; yet the clubs had everywhere directed the elections as they themselves had been directed by emissaries sent from Paris. Barbaroux was indignant at what he had seen at Avignon. "The moderate party," said he, "could not gain a hearing, and lost all courage; a crowd of men, eager for money or place, indefatigable informers, kept inventing troubles in order to procure for themselves lucrative commissions. Everywhere intriguers, libellers, men of narrow and suspicious minds. At the news of the massacres of September, the hall rang with applause."

Whether from assent or terror, France gave herself up to the Revolution. The unlimited and restrained absolute power of the National Convention had replaced the old French monarchy. The abuses of the power of Louis XIV. were now to be succeeded by the Committee of public safety and the dictatorship of Robespierre.

The first act of the Convention was to disavow every thought of a ruling authority. "Certainly nobody will use the word royalty," said Couthon, Robespierre's friend, still unknown as a speaker, half paralytic and obliged to be carried to the tribune; "but I have heard, not without horror, some speak of dictatorship, triumvirate, protectorate. The minds of the people must be set at ease, we must solemnly declare their sovereignty, their entire sovereignty, and invoke an execration equally upon royalty, dictatorship, and every kind of personal rule which would tend to modify that sovereignty." On the leaders of the different parties remaining silent, being not at all eager to close beforehand the door to all daring ambition, Collot d'Herbois exclaimed, "There is a subject of deliberation which you cannot defer till to-morrow, which you cannot defer till this evening, which you cannot defer for a single moment without being unfaithful to the prayer of the nation: it is the abolition of the royalty."

Applause burst forth in every part, though not without reticence and hesitation in the minds of some. "The Republic in France will always be a sublime system," Condorcet had said, with a prophetic insight unusual for him; the Girondins, mostly sincere republicans, full of illusions and fantastic hopes, had formed too lofty a conception of the Republic to be satisfied with a declaration which was improvised without preparation and without dignity. It was a constitutional priest, soon afterwards bishop, the Abbé Grégoire, who put the seal of Revolutionary fanaticism to that first proclamation of the French Republic. "What need for discussion," exclaimed he, "when all are of one mind? Kings in the moral order are what monsters are in the physical order. Courts are the workshops of crimes and the dens of tyrants. The history of kings is the martyrology of nations. This magic talisman must be destroyed since it has still the power of stupifying many. Let us vote that the National Convention declare royalty to be abolished in France!" Shouts of applause burst forth in the hall and the tribunes, with cries of "Long live the nation!" in every part. Next day it was desired to reorganize all the administrative, municipal, and judicial bodies. Not satisfied with having everywhere destroyed the old régime, the Revolution, eager for ruin, overthrew new powers scarcely established. "Take care," said Lanjuinais, courageously but in vain, "it is not enough to knock down, the essential thing is to create. We are losing life before we possess it. If we do not mature our laws, they will be despised, and we ourselves shall be despised." The Convention delivered up justice to public passion, as it had delivered the administration. It decreed that the magistrates could be chosen from amongst all citizens without distinction.

The gauntlet was thrown down, and both sides took their places for the combat. The Girondins had given the signal by taking their seats on the right when they came in, now bold and daring in their resistance to the disorder and violent anarchy which they had long encouraged by their imprudence and vain ambition. At the outset they had gained a victory in getting Pétion made president, as he had partly joined their ranks from disgust at the scorn with which the Commune had treated him. The six secretaries of the Assembly also were of their party. Opposite them rose up "the Mountain" with its advanced leaders, Robespierre and Danton, and its dreaded instigator, Marat, the "friend of the people," returned to the Convention by an electioneering trick by which the electors of Paris were duped. Sitting apart on his bench, even in the midst of triumph he threw upon "the Plain," peopled with men of moderation and indecision, looks and threats which were more than once destined to draw them on by terror.

In that supreme struggle of passions let loose, the timid and weak were about to be carried on in spite of themselves, through the vacillations of their hesitating will, to acts at which they still felt horrified, but which their cowardice was about to sanction.

Immediately after the massacres of September, during the first days of the National Convention, terror and indignation were weighing down the balance on the side of firm resistance. Shameful disorder was still to be seen in many parts; at Chalons-sur-Marne, headquarters of the reserve forces, a lieutenant-colonel had been murdered, and the Procureur-general was in flight. Kersaint proposed an inquiry into the state of the country. "It is time," said he, "that gibbets were erected for the murderers; it is time they were erected for those who incite to murder. The Convention has sworn to execute the laws, it has placed persons and property under the national protection, yet murders are on the increase. The people are being excited and urged to anarchy, and I doubt not that your hearts, like mine, leap at the thought of the scenes of horror with which some men wish to dishonor the French name." The voices of the Mountain were raised for adjournment. "To adjourn," exclaimed Vergniaud, "is to ask impunity for murderers; it is to summon anarchy, it is to proclaim a permission to commit murder. There exist in the Republic men who dare to call themselves republicans and spread abroad suspicion, hatred, vengeance. They wish to see the French citizens, like the soldiers of Cadmus, cut each other's throats instead of fighting the enemies of the country. The proof that the laws are insufficient is that every day is soiled with a new crime." "Frighten the disturbers of the peace!" added Lanjuinais, "who amongst us is ignorant that the citizens of Paris are in a stupor of fright? You deny it! Would that the expression were as untrue as I wish it; but as I entered Paris, I shuddered." "Does any one believe that we could become the slaves of certain Parisian deputies?" exclaimed Buzot, formerly one of the most violent members of the Constituent Assembly. The inquiry was voted by an immense majority.

Queen Catherine de Medicis said to Henry III., at the moment of the Duke of Guise's death, "Now that the cloth is well cut, my son, we must sew it." No voice reminded the leaders of the Gironde of that maxim of bold foresight. Flattered by the echo of their own eloquence, they believed in the power of words and Parliamentary resolutions, though face to face with enemies ever ready to proceed to decisions and violent acts. A battle with Robespierre was already beginning.

Prudent and cool, bearing a reputation of austere virtue, with more audacity in his intentions than was shown in his words, and gradually developing ability and eloquence which at first he seemed incapable of, Robespierre had passed his rivals one after another. Danton still supported him. It was this threatening dictatorship that Lasource denounced at the close of an attack upon the deputation of Paris. "I point out nobody. I wish to wait till the men whom I denounce have supplied light enough to show them to France as they really are; then I shall come to this tribune, even should I only leave it to fall under their murderous blows." Two Marseilleans rushed together to the tribune. "Yes," cried Rebecque, "there is in this Assembly a party who aspire to dictatorship. It is the party of Robespierre. That is the man whom I denounce to you." "I ask to sign that denunciation," added Barbaroux.

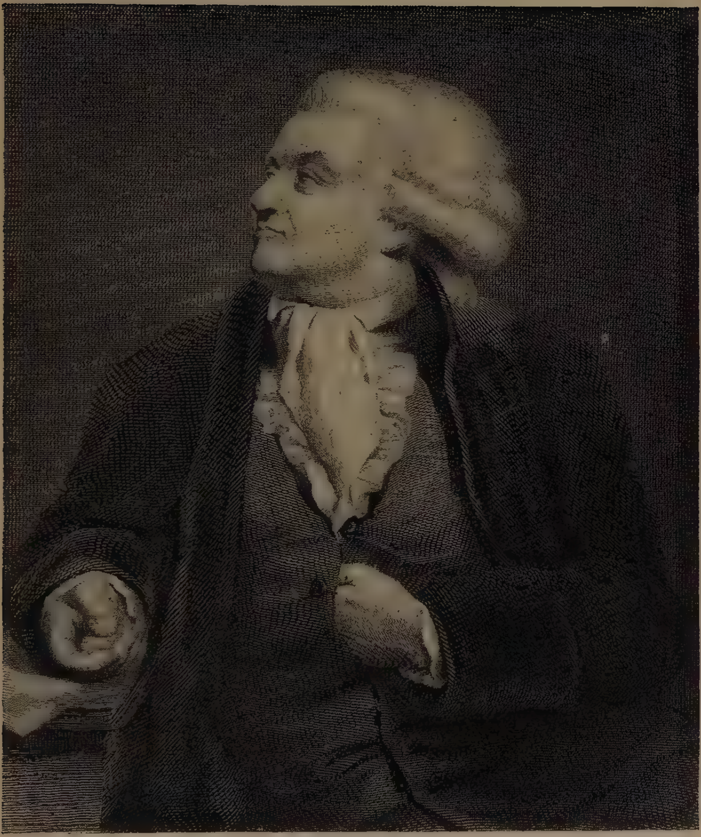
At the same moment a voice was raised from one of the back benches of the Mountain. "I denounce myself!" cried Marat. The eyes of all were turned towards the hideous face, the mean and deformed figure, and sordid dress of the wretched instigator of so many crimes. Robespierre and Panis had just replied to the attacks of the Marseilleans, when Marat got possession of the tribune and began his speech: "I have in this Assembly a large number of personal enemies." The Assembly rose by a spontaneous movement, with cries of "All! all!" "They ought to have some sense of shame," continued Marat; "I invoke upon my head the vengeance of the nation. It was I who wanted a dictator. The people have for some time obeyed my voice, and I called forth their fury against traitors. They felt that what I proposed was the only means of saving the country; they themselves collectively became dictator, and were thus able to get rid of the guilty." Shouts of indignation were heard everywhere; and Boileau proposed that a decree of accusation should be passed. "I feel honored by all the mandates hurled against me by the Constituent Assembly and the Legislative Assembly," cried Marat, "the people have turned them into waste-paper by appointing me to sit with you; but if my enemies should force from you a new act against me, I shall blow out my brains at the foot of this tribune." He held a pistol to his forehead, and when those around him smiled, with an expression of contempt on every face, Marat threw his head back with a theatrical gesture, and said, "No, I shall remain with you to brave your fury!" The insane mob of the anarchical party had sent Marat to the Convention, and still boldly supported their representative. Marat, though assassinated, was to triumph over the Gironde.

The attack upon Robespierre failed in the same way as the indignation excited against Marat. The first alarm caused by the "Septembriseurs" had disappeared, and they now raised their heads and boldly admitted their guilt. "I have looked at my crime in the face," said Danton, "and I have committed it." His successor as Minister of Justice, Garat, brought to power by the Girondins, whom he was presently about to betray, had for a long time formed a theory to justify the massacres. "Blood flowed, but it was that of the guilty. They were punished before they were judged. The laws are the ministers of the will of the people, when the people act they have no more need of their instrument." "That is the chief article in the creed of our liberty," added Collot d'Herbois. Rœderer also said at a later date, in his Memoirs, "After the massacres of September, no recourse against general execration was left to the perpetrators except the overthrow of society."

The first act in the history of the Convention was completed. The keen and hot discussion upon the massacres had ended in the shameless declarations of the perpetrators. A second struggle was preparing; another question already cast on men's minds a sinister shadow. The Republic was proclaimed; what was to be the future lot of the king? What vengeance or what justice was the revolution about to exercise with regard to Louis XVI.?

The nation remained silent. The clubs alone spoke, and they loudly demanded the trial of the king, as formerly they had demanded his dethronement. On the 16th of October, Bourbotte had said, when presenting an address from the Jacobins of Auxerre, "We must strike a fatal blow at one who has long been proscribed by public opinion. If amongst the members of the Convention there is any one who thinks that the prisoners in the Temple ought not to be punished, let him mount this tribune and defend them. For my part, I ask against them the sentence of death."

The Girondins drew back, embarrassed and hesitating. The majority of them, from compassion or a secret sentiment of justice, felt a repugnance to that sentence of death demanded by Bourbotte. Some were embarrassed by their own declarations, and all of them dreaded the loss of their popularity. They tried to delay the fatal hour, while the Jacobins urged them forward at the point of the sword. On the 6th of November, Valazé made his report on the papers recently found in the Tuileries, and during the discussion, Roland added those which had been seized in an iron chest made by the king's own hands. The reporter was conclusive as to the crime of the monarch: Louis XVI. was guilty, according to him, of having tried to strengthen his shaking throne. Even the most legitimate means of action were contested, and sinister motives were attributed to everything he did. "What was the monster not capable of?" exclaimed Valazé, after proving that some capital had been invested in foreign trade. "You will presently see him fighting against the entire human kind. I



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denounce him to you as a monopolist of wheat, sugar, and coffee!"

Valazé had not concluded. He indicated, without treating them, the points which the Convention would have to discuss: the inviolability; the appreciation of crimes committed; the punishment to be undergone by the accused. "My heart rejects the terrors inspired by that idea," said he. Mailhe, deputy for Toulouse and member of the council of legislation, went further, laying down and peremptorily disposing of the two main questions, "Can the king be judged?" and "By whom can he be judged?" He concluded by proposing the decree, "Louis XVI. shall be tried by the National Convention." The Assembly appointed the 15th of November for the discussion.

All the principles established by the Convention of 1791 were on their trial with Louis XVI. It had weakened the crown and established the monarchical power on bases which were too narrow; while at the same time boldly acknowledging its rights and protecting the royal person with inviolability. The barriers had disappeared, carried away by the rising flood of the revolution. A new Constitution was being prepared; and, as the small body of his partisans thought, the ægis of the ancient law still defended the king. "You cannot put yourselves above fixed laws without destroying the bonds of society, without degrading yourselves in the eyes of Europe, without yourselves giving the Republic the first lesson in anarchy; an example very terrible in its consequences." Such were the arguments of Morisson, an honest Republican, sent by the Vendée to the Convention. Young St. Just, still unknown, undertook to reply to him. He was handsome and fashionable, with a haughty air, and ardently devoted to Robespierre, to whom on a previous occasion he had written in these terms: "You who support the tottering country against a torrent of despotism and intrigue; you whom I only know, as God, by your wondrous works, I address myself to you, sir." The violence of his opinions and language placed him at the first stroke amongst the most ardent supporters of the revolutionary logic. "False measures of prudence, delays, or a recoil would in this case be certain imprudence. The most fatal would be that which should cause us to temporize with the king. The same men who are about to judge Louis have a Republic to establish. Those who attach any importance to the act of judging a king will never establish a Republic. If we wish to complete the work, let us proceed with earnestness. Whether full of weakness or engaged in crime, all look at each other before striking the first blow. What must good citizens not dread when they see the axe tremble in our hands, and a people on the first day of their liberty show a regard for the memory of their chains! It is impossible to reign with innocence; and every king is a rebel and a usurper. That is what must be remembered by a generous and Republican people when they judge a king. People, if the king be ever acquitted, recollect that we are unworthy of your confidence: you may then charge us with perfidy."

Thus on the first day the question of life or death for the deposed sovereign was laid down; and thus the thoughts of every mind were turned towards the axe, already placed on the desk of the Convention as formerly it had been on the table of the English House of Commons during the trial of King Charles I. The constitutional priests, Fauchet and the Abbé Gregoire, protested against the punishment of death, at the same time overwhelming the accused monarch with insults. Thomas Payne read a speech in favor of banishment. The leaders of the different parties still remaining silent, the discussion was carried on between the obscure members, till at last Robespierre appeared on the tribune. "The Assembly," said he, "has been drawn far from the real question; there is no need whatever for a trial. Louis is not before any tribunal, nor are you sitting in judgment. The trial of the tyrant is the insurrection, his judgment is the fall of his power, his punishment that which is demanded by the liberty of the people. Peoples do not pronounce sentences, they launch the lightning; they do not condemn kings, they plunge them again into nothingness. So far as I am concerned, I abhor the punishment of death of which your laws are so profuse, and I asked for its abolition in the Assembly which you still call Constituent. I have for Louis neither love nor hatred; I only hate his crimes, and therefore pronounce with regret this fatal truth: Louis must die because the country must live."

Danton had already said the same, in one of those fits of coarse frankness which he frequently showed. "We are not the king's judges, we are his executioners." What the Jacobins strove for was to avoid a trial and pass sentence without discussion or pleading. Some remains of justice and dignity in the inner hearts of some revolted against this arrogant and cruel abuse of power. Manuel himself protested, saying, "If Cæsar had been in his power, Brutus would have asked for the trial of his conquered enemy. With reference to several of the plans proposed, it is impossible that they can be intended for Louis XVI.; the Convention certainly has no wish to commit a murder." In the name of a commission of twenty-one members, appointed to attend to the procedure, a summary of the history of the revolution was presented on the 10th December by Robert Lindet. It concluded thus: "Louis is guilty of an attempt which was conceived at the beginning of the Revolution and several times attempted to be carried into execution. All his efforts have been constantly directed towards the same end, that of regaining the sceptre of despotism and immolating all that should resist his attempts. More determined in his designs than all his council, he has never been influenced by his ministers, and has always either directed or dismissed them. The coalition of sovereigns, the foreign war, the sparks of civil war, the utter neglect of the colonies, and the troubles at home, such have been the means which he made use of for raising his throne or burying himself in its ruins." The next day was that on which the king was to appear before the Convention.

For four months Louis XVI. lived in the Temple, strictly guarded, insultingly suspected and watched; exposed to all the envious abuse of the lowest of his enemies. He had been handed over to the Commune of Paris; and, whilst waiting for the day of punishment, the murderers of the 2nd September took revenge by ill-treatment for the respect which they reluctantly showed for the life of their august victims. In a fervent and simple piety the king found a strength and calm which had often failed him on the throne. Separated from the world, and receiving from without only the distant echo of news so disastrous to his cause, he consecrated to those whom he loved the time still left him by his judges. "The following was the manner in which my parents spent the day," wrote the princess in her journal. "My father rose at seven o'clock and said prayers till eight; then dressing himself, with my brother till nine, when he came to breakfast with my mother. After breakfast, my father gave several lessons till eleven o'clock; and then my brother played till mid-day, when we went to walk together, whatever the weather was, because at that hour they relieved guard, and wished to see us, to be sure of our presence. Our walk was continued till two o'clock, when we dined. After dinner, my father and mother played at backgammon, or rather pretended to play, in order to have an opportunity of talking together for a short time. At four o'clock my mother went upstairs with us, because the king then usually took a nap. At six o'clock my brother went down and my father gave him lessons till supper, at nine o'clock. After supper my mother soon went to bed. We then went upstairs, and the king only went to bed at eleven o'clock. My mother worked much at tapestry, and made me study and frequently read aloud. My aunt said prayers and read the service; she also read many religious books, which my mother usually asked her to read aloud."

When the English revolutionists, eight days before the trial of Charles I., had for the first time removed the canopy over his chair and altered the ceremonial of his meals, the prisoner king felt bitterly chagrined. "The respect which is refused me," said he, "has never been denied to a sovereign; is there anything in the world more despicable than a prince who is degraded?" Louis XVI. placed the pride of his resistance higher. When Manuel again and again asked if there was anything he wished for, the king always replied, "Thank you, I have no need for anything." Once only, he allowed a complaint to escape him: when the commissioners of the Convention came to bring him before the bar of the house. The king was waiting for their arrival, and had been separated from his son, because communication with the royal family had been forbidden him, and he did not wish to deprive the mother of her child. He listened to the decree brought by Doctor Chambon, the new Mayor of Paris. "Capet is not my name," said Louis XVI.; "it was the surname of one of my ancestors. I should have liked, sir, that the commissioners had allowed me to have my son during the two hours I have spent in waiting for you. However, this treatment is of a piece with that which I have experienced here for four months. I shall follow you, not in obedience to the Convention. but because my enemies have the upper hand."

The Convention were waiting in their turn, with more emotion at this great reversal of fate than they wished to show; and when Barère, then presiding, told them that Louis was on the terrace of the Feuillants, there was a stop to all private conversation as well as the speeches. The king entered conducted by Santerre.

Barère himself reports that "Louis XVI. appeared at the bar calm, simple, and noble, as he had always appeared to me at

Versailles. He did not for a single instant lose the dignity of the throne, without appearing to remember his power."

The king sat down at the invitation of the president, and the formal examination began. Louis XVI. entrenched himself behind the law. When accused of having assembled armed forces around Paris, he said, "I had the right of ordering the movements of troops at that time, but I never had any intention of shedding blood. I have fulfilled all the decrees," he repeated several times. On showing him a note of the Count d'Artois, found at the Tuileries, he said, "I have disavowed all the actions of my brothers, in accordance with what was prescribed to me by the Constitution." The resistance of the Swiss guards on the 10th of August formed the principal charge in the accusation. "Why did you assemble troops in the palace?" they asked. "All the constituted authorities were aware of it; the palace was threatened," replied the king; "as I was a constituted authority, it was my duty to defend myself." "You have shed the blood of Frenchmen." For the first time, Louis XVI. blushed, and his calm seemed disturbed. He leant forward and raised his voice: "No, sir, that is false." The king claimed to have copies of the act of accusation and papers put in as evidence. "I also ask to have counsel," said he; and on his being removed to another room, there arose a great tumult. Treilhard and Garran-Coulon supported the king's request. "No legal chicanery!" cried Marat, "this is not an ordinary trial." He was allowed counsel. The Jacobins were eager to have the trial finished. "It is now Wednesday," said Thuriot, "and all must be concluded by Saturday, at the latest. Foreign nations, in the name of their own liberties, demand a great example. The tyrant must carry his head to the scaffold." Some one on one of the back benches exclaimed, "Do you forget that you are judges?" The recollection of the trial of Charles I. constantly haunted their minds. "We have no fear for the hatred of kings, but for the execration of nations, said some of the members boldly; "we wish not to expose ourselves, as the English tribunal did, to the condemnation of posterity." Ten days were granted King Louis XVI. to prepare his defence.

He chose as counsel Target and Tronchet. The former, who had long left the bar, and now presided at one of the tribunals of Paris, excused himself on account of his age and ill-health, declining the honor which the king wished to do him, and signing himself "The republican Target." A few days later, however, being seized with remorse, he got a statement printed favorable to the king, which was distributed to all the members of Assembly.

Tronchet accepted, and several of the king's former ministers solicited the honor of defending him. That favor was reserved for Malesherbes, who wrote to the Assembly: "I know not whether the Convention will appoint the counsel for Louis XVI., or if they will allow him to choose. In the latter case I wish Louis XVI. to know that if he chooses me for that office, I am ready to devote myself to it. I have twice been in the council of him who was my master at a time when that favor was coveted by all. I owe him the same service when it is an office which many people consider dangerous. If I knew a possible means of letting him know my sentiments, I should not take the liberty of addressing myself to you."

The king accepted the services of Malesherbes, and, contrary to the orders which were at first given by the Commune of Paris, full liberty was granted him of conversation with his lawyers. When first he saw entering his prison the venerable old man, reminding him of the early part of his reign, the most hopeful period of his life, Louis XVI. went to meet him not without emotion. "Your sacrifice is so much the more generous," said he, "that you will expose your own life, and will not save mine." "It should be easy to defend you victoriously," replied Malesherbes. "No, no," said the king, shaking his head, "they will put me to death: I am certain of it. For all that, let us engage in the trial as if I were about to gain. I shall gain it really, because justice will be paid to my memory."

The time being short, Malesherbes and Tronchet asked and obtained the assistance of M. Desèze, an advocate born at Bordeaux, and called to the bar at Paris, where his reputation was high. The slightest mark of favor granted to the royal prisoner excited the cries of the Mountain. "In the name of the country, and the name of humanity, in the name of public morality," said one of the members of the Right, "I ask that measures be taken so that, whenever an opinion is expressed as to the fate of the accused, we may not hear that howling of cannibals." Louis XVI. passed all his days with his lawyers, examining documents with them, bringing together his recollections, sometimes with the hope revived of living with his family in a retired corner of the world, but soon coming back to the sad conviction of his fate. "My blood will flow," he wrote to Malesherbes, "because I never wished to cause bloodshed."

Another care occupied the king, writing his will. It was simple, grave, and pious, without any bitter reflection on men or destiny, full of wise advise to his son, and a religious gentleness towards his enemies. Louis XVI. himself made two copies of it, and had just finished when Desèze brought him his speech for the defence. The peroration was a touching appeal. "That must be suppressed," said the king; "I have no wish to act upon their feelings." Malesherbes and Tronchet asked for some other alterations, being alarmed at the bold language of the Bordeaux barrister, and asked him if he meant to get their throats cut at the bar. The king had now given up the idea of discussing the competence of the tribunal which arrogated to itself the right to judge him.

On the morning of the 26th December, Louis XVI. again appeared before the Convention. His lawyers sat beside him, and he talked with them, listening attentively to Desèze's speech for the defence, which was long, careful, skilfully reasoned, considering there was so much to hamper him, and occasionally eloquent, in spite of the affectation of the period. When recalling the conquered king's titles to public gratitude, Desèze said, "Listen by anticipation to history; she will say: Louis mounted the throne at the age of twenty, and at that age showed on the throne an example of morality; he brought there neither any culpable weakness, nor any debasing passion. He was frugal, just, serious. He always showed himself the constant friend of the people. The people wished for the destruction of a cruel tax which weighed them down, and he destroyed it. The people wished for the abolition of slavery, he began by abolishing it on his estates. The people wished that the many thousand Frenchmen, who had till then been by the rigor of our usages deprived of the rights belonging to citizens, should acquire or recover these rights; he procured for them the enjoyment of them by his laws. The people wished for liberty, he gave it them." Some murmurs interrupted the advocate for the first time, and he stopped for a moment. "It is in the name of the same people that you are asked to-day——. Citizens, I do not complete the sentence, I stop short in the presence of History; remember that she will judge your judging, and that her own will be that of all future ages!"

Desèze had scarcely finished when the king rose to read a few words which he had prepared, defending himself from the charge of shedding French blood. When conducted to another room, he showed an affectionate regard for the fatigue of M. Desèze; "just as if the trial had been that of some one else," as a report of the Commune said. "One thing troubles me," said he to Malesherbes, "Tronchet and Desèze give me all their time, and perhaps their life; they owe me nothing, and I cannot recompense them." "Give them your embrace, sire," said Malesherbes quickly. The king opened his arms to his defenders.

Tumult reigned in the Assembly. On the Jacobins asking for an immediate verdict, the rage and indignation of Lanjuinais broke forth. "The reign of ferocious men is over," exclaimed he, "it is needless to think of again forcing from us deliberations which are a disgrace to us. I ask that the decree which has constituted the Convention a court of justice to judge Louis XVI. should be pronounced unreasonable and premature. How could he be judged by the conspirators who have on this tribune boldly declared themselves the authors of the illustrious 10th of August?" To the word "conspirators" the Mountain replied by howling, "To the Abbey! To the Abbey!" "No," continued Languinais, "you cannot remain judges of the disarmed man to whom many of you have been direct and personal enemies; you cannot remain his accusers, forming both a jury of accusation and of judgment, and acting as the executive, for all or nearly all of you have beforehand expressed your opinion; some of you with a disgraceful ferocity. For my part, I declare that I prefer to die rather than condemn to death, by a violation of all legal forms, the most detestable tyrant."

The disorder increased. The Jacobins threatened the president Defermon, whom they accused of partiality, and noisily refused Pétion leave to speak. "We don't want any Pétion-opium, we have no need of his lessons." "The king! King Jerome Pétion!" shouted the Mountaineers. The president put on his hat, but the Assembly at last declared that the discussion was still open, and would continue, to the exclusion of other business, till judgment was pronounced.

Everything in fact was suspended—business and discussion. The attention of all was fixed upon that hall of the Convention, in which the life of a king and the elementary principles of all justice were being disputed. The victories of Dumouriez and of Kellermann at Valmy and Jemmapes had for the moment freed the French soil of the enemy. The Convention had scornfully rejected the intervention of the King of Spain in favor of Louis XVI. Alone, the conquered monarch found himself face to face with the Revolution.

He was condemned beforehand, yet the contest was still kept up, either as a point of honor or by that unconquerable hope which men always retain in the unforeseen vicissitudes of fortune. Time was in favor of the accused. The Girondins, by whom he had been often attacked, sometimes defended, and more frequently still abandoned, now recoiled at the result of their hesitations and vain illusions. They asked an appeal to the people, declaring that the nation alone had the right to judge its king. The battle was fought over this proposition. "It is an appeal to the highest power for pardon," said St. Just. "To pardon the tyrant is to pardon the tyranny." The Girondins remained divided in their sentiments with regard to the definitive verdict. Barbaroux had undertaken to reply to Desèze's speech for the defence. Buzot wished the Assembly to pronounce the sentence before asking the sanction of the primary assemblies. Rabaut St. Étienne, son of Paul Rabaut, the celebrated pastor of the desert, formerly a violent member of the Left in the Constituent Assembly, protested against the Convention's usurpation of all the powers. "If the judges are at the same time legislators," said he; "if they decide the law, the forms, the time; if they accuse and also condemn; if they have the whole power legislative, executive, and judicial, then it is not in France, it is at Constantinople, or Lisbon, or Goa that we must go to find liberty. For my part, I confess to you that I am wearied, harassed, and tormented with my share of despotism, and I sigh for the moment when you shall have appointed a national tribunal to deprive me of the forms and bearing of a tyrant."

The Jacobins decided as to their course of action, and kept their forces together. Danton, on his return from conquered Belgium, remained apart, as if crushed under the weight of the massacres of September. Robespierre, while making protestations of humanity, had undertaken to make the king's head fall under the axe. "The last proof of devotion which the representatives of the people owe to the country," said he, "is to sacrifice the first movements of sensibility to the safety of a great people and of oppressed humanity. The sensibility which sacrifices innocence to crime is a cruel sensibility. The clemency which makes composition with tyranny is barbarous." It was in the name of the people that Robespierre repelled the proposal to appeal to the people. "It would be the rallying cry of all the royalists, the commencement of civil war, the signal for a rising of the people. That is what they are trying to get; that is what they want," shouted the orator with an affected intensity of earnestness, skilfully directed against the Girondins. "They will neglect nothing to stir up insurrection, with the view of charging it as a crime against the people of Paris, of inviting the citizens from other parts of France to oppose them, and of removing from them the Convention who, as they went away, would leave as a remembrance misery, war, and the loss of the Republic. Already, to perpetuate discord and constitute themselves the masters of our deliberations, they have invented the distinction of majority and minority in the Assembly. The general will is not formed in secret councils nor round ministerial tables; the minority everywhere have an indefeasible right—that of making the truth heard. Virtue was always in a minority, on the earth, otherwise the earth would have been peopled with tyrants and slaves. Hampden and Sidney were in the minority, and they perished on the scaffold. Such men as Critias, Anitus, Cæsar, and Clodius were in the majority, but Socrates was in the minority, for he swallowed the hemlock. Cato was in the minority, for he tore out his own bowels. I know here many men who, if need were, would serve the cause of liberty in the same way as Sidney and Hampden; and, were there only fifty of them, strong with the arms of justice and reason, sooner or later you shall see them triumph!

"While waiting for that epoch, I ask at least priority for the tyrant. Let the Convention declare Louis Capet guilty and worthy of death."

A few days afterwards, the Girondin Gensonné replied to the gloomy declamation of the leader of the Jacobins with a keen irony: "Keep your mind at ease, Robespierre, you will not have your throat cut, and I even believe that you will cause nobody's throat to be cut; the simplicity with which you are ever reproducing your pitiful invocation of vengeance makes me only suspect that in that lies the most painful of your regrets."

Men are short-sighted, and the fruits of their faults are bitter. The Girondins allowed Louis XVI. to perish, and were themselves soon to succumb under the strokes of Robespierre's vengeance. A few months later, Robespierre in his turn was put to death; preparatory to the time when, to use Montesquieu's expression, "the people were to be seen amazed, looking everywhere for democracy and finding it nowhere, and compelled, after much excitement, agitation, and disturbance, to settle down under the very government which it had proscribed."

More than any other of the members of that brilliant and inefficacious party who were named from the Gironde, Vergniaud was destined to show clearly the incurable impotence of the most distinguished minds when they have the misfortune to be both fickle and superficial. Vergniaud was to vote the king's death on the 17th January, and on the 31st December he defended the cause of justice with an impassioned eloquence whose force is not at all weakened by time. "You can declare as a principle of eternal truth," exclaimed the orator, "that the promise of inviolability made to Louis by the people was not binding on the people; but it belongs to the people alone to declare that they do not wish to keep their word. You can declare as a principle of eternal truth that the people can never legally relinquish the right of punishing an oppressor; but it belongs to the people to declare that they wish to make use of the terrible right which they had relinquished. Otherwise you are usurping the sovereignty; you are rendering yourselves guilty of one of the crimes for which you wish to punish Louis.

"You have heard already in the chamber and elsewhere men crying with vehemence, 'If bread is dear, the cause is in the Temple; if money is scarce, if our armies are badly provisioned, the cause is in the Temple.' Who will satisfy me that those very men, after the death of Louis, will not cry with the same violence, 'If bread is dear, the cause is in the Convention, if money is scarce, if our armies are badly provisioned, the cause is in the Convention; if the calamities of the war are augmented by the declaration of England and Spain, the cause is in the Convention, who have provoked those declarations by the hurried condemnation of Louis.'

"What assurance will you give that these seditious cries of anarchical turbulence will not rally and bring together an aristocracy eager for vengeance, misery eager for change, and even pity at the fate of Louis, excited by deep-seated prejudices? Who will assure me that in this new tempest, bringing forth from their haunts the executioners of the 2nd September, they will not present to you, covered with blood and as a liberator, this defender, this leader, who is said to be so necessary!

To what horrors will Paris then be delivered? Paris, whose heroic courage against kings posterity will admire, and will never conceive the ignominious subservience to a handful of ruffians, the refuse of the human race, who start into action in her bosom and tear it in all directions by the convulsive movements of their ambition and madness. Should you ask bread of them, they would say to you, Go and struggle on the ground for some fragments of the victims whose throats we have cut, or do you wish for blood? take some. Here are blood and corpses: we have no other food to offer you!

"No, they will never enlighten us as to these days of mourning. They are cowards, those murderers; they are cowards those little Mariuses, nourished by the slime of the marsh where that tyrant, celebrated by some great qualities, was compelled one day to hide himself. They are cowards, and their cowardice will save the republic.

"If you are faithful to your principles, you will incur no reproach. If the people wish the death of Louis, they will order it. If, on the contrary, you turn aside from your duty, what a frightful responsibility will that deviation cause to weigh upon your heads!"

It was the feeling of that terrible responsibility that made the sword tremble in the hands of the judges, as St. Just had said; and it was to remove scruples and calm their fears that Barère at last mounted the tribune. Of a vacillating and hesitating nature, of no decided color in politics, but always with a leaning towards those in power, he had in turn sat with the Girondins and Robespierre. When Malesherbes applied to him to claim the honor of conducting the king's defence, Barère said, "If I were not member of this Assembly, or if being member I could undertake the king's defence, I should with all my heart accept so noble a duty. It is the triumph of the public defence, and the finest day for an advocate of misfortune."

On the 7th of January, 1793, Barère had undertaken another cause, and made a speech against misfortune. A stranger to all moral sense, till then frivolously indifferent to the terrible questions which were being contested around him, and selfishly engrossed with his pleasures and his successes, he on that day entered upon the blood-stained and tortuous path which he was never to leave, always ready to speak or write in order to cloak the horror of crime with an appearance of moderation, skilful in silencing all consciences as he had forever smothered his own, more base even than cruel. He skilfully combined the terror of the past with the specious explanations of the lawyer when he exclaimed, "What we are about to pronounce is neither a judgment nor a law. It is an important measure of general safety, an act of the common weal; it is a revolutionary act like the removal of the priests. In events of that kind, the roads by which the march has been made are broken up, the ships which have carried you are burnt: there is no going back in revolution. By what right will you make the heads of anarchists and factionists, of emigrants and enemies of liberty, fall under the sword of the law, if the chief of the factionists remains unpunished?"

A few months afterwards Brissot said with bitter scorn that the history of the Assembly was that of fear. The agitation in Paris was constantly increasing with reference to the National Convention, with greater warmth of sympathy as to the fate which menaced Louis XVI., and more violent obstinacy in hurrying his ruin and intimidating his defenders. The public applauding the plays which contained royalist allusions, the municipality ordered the theatres to be closed, and maintained their decision though it had been reversed by the Convention. The petitions of the "Confederates" became daily more arrogant, and the sections threatened to hold permanent sittings. "We deliberate under the dagger," said Lanjuinais.

The decisive moment was at hand, nevertheless. The first "nominal appeal" took place on the 15th January, the question being thus put, "Is Louis Capet, formerly king of the French, guilty of conspiracy and attempt against the general safety of the State?"

The royalist passion was not represented in the Assembly, as they had not yet reached the period of political equity. Nobody voted "No." Eleven deputies, by an effort of courage, withheld from voting. The duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalité, voted "Yes."

The second question was immediately put, "Shall the judgment passed upon Louis be submitted to the ratification of the people met in primary assemblies, yes or no?"

Seven hundred and seventeen members of the Convention answered to the "nominal appeal." As on the first question, ten withheld from voting, four hundred and twenty-four voted against, two hundred and eighty-three voted for the appeal to the people. The vote of Manuel, formerly a follower of the Jacobins, was remarked particularly. "I recognize legislators here," said he, "I have never seen any judges; for judges are cold as the law; judges make no complaint; judges do not abuse each other or calumniate each other. The Convention has never had the appearance of a court of justice. If it had, it certainly should not have seen the nearest relative of the accused without conscience enough, or at least shame, to withhold from voting. It is as much by delicacy as by courage, as much for the honor of the people as for their salvation that I ask for their sanction. I vote 'Yes.'"

Barbaroux also expressed his suspicions against the duke of Orleans and the intrigue which was suspected in order to place him on the throne. "It is time," said the young Marseillean, "that the people of the eighty-four departments exercised their sovereignty, that they, by the manifestation of their supreme will, crushed a faction in the midst of which I see Philip of Orleans, and which I denounce to the republic while devoting myself with tranquillity to the dagger of murderers."

The fatal circle was narrowing, yet the Convention seemed to hesitate in giving the final blow. On the 16th, their sittings began at seven in the morning, the subject of discussion being the agitation in Paris, the precautions to be taken to avoid disorder, and the important question of what majority was necessary to pronounce judgment. Lanjuinais insisted on the majority of two thirds of the votes, as in the jury. "You decided by a simple majority on the lot of the entire nation," said Danton, "and you have done the same in abolishing royalty; you have voted for the republic and for the war. Does the blood which flows in the midst of combats not flow definitively? You are sent by the people to judge the tyrant, not as judges, but as representatives; you cannot transform your character." Thus again violence gained the mastery; the Convention adopted the opinion of Danton.

On the 17th, from daybreak, the galleries were filled with a compact crowd, disorderly and insulting, with shameless women and ringleaders of mobs. The corridors and adjoining rooms being also crowded, the deputies deliberated and voted before a public audience, who were violently hostile to the royal prisoner and prompt in suspecting or condemning the judges themselves. These difficulties told upon the weak-minded; and the voting was affected by threatening looks and the noise of the shouts and insults which greeted every indication of clemency. In the galleries they drank and smoked as they sat pricking the number of votes on cards. In the Assembly itself the deputies of the Mountain kept going round the tables, intimidating, making suggestions, and loudly blaming the opinions of their colleagues. It was eight o'clock in the evening when the "nominal appeal" began.

By the custom of the house the departments in turn voted first in the "nominal appeal." A deputy of Haute-Garonne, Mailhe, was the first to vote, the same who had drawn up the report of the committee of legislation on bringing the accusation against the king. For the first time the Assembly and the public heard fall that dreadful word "Death." Mailhe, however, added, "I am of opinion that it would become the Convention to examine if it would not be advisable to delay the moment of execution." Twenty-one members coincided in in opinion with the first and voted for death with delay.

This was the last resource and the last effort of the Girondins. Vergniaud had till then preserved himself against the contagious thirst for bloodshed; saying that same evening that he should be alone in his opinion, and that he should not vote for death. When the Gironde was called Vergniaud rose and said, "I have given my opinion in favor of submitting the decree or judgment of the Convention to the sanction of the people. The Assembly has decided otherwise. I obey! my conscience is acquitted. As to the punishment there must be no hesitation; the law speaks: it is death. But as I pronounce that terrible word, anxious as to the fate of my country, the dangers which threaten even liberty and all the blood that may be poured, out I express the same wish as Mailhe and ask that it be submitted to a deliberation of the Assembly."

The votes of the Girondins were divided; some more decidedly hostile than Vergniaud were a counterpoise to those who had a leaning towards clemency. "Death," however, still sounded like a dreadful and frequently recurring note. The king's defenders, Malesherbes, Tronchet, and Desèze, shut up in a railed-off box, felt their hopes dwindling, as the well known names were called aloud one after another. At the tribune, under the eyes of an excited and hostile public, the deputies gave reasons for their votes, or merely used a short form. Sieyès, as he left his seat, said impatiently, "Why can't they vote without phrases?" He himself uttered only one word "death!" Barère wrote, "The tree of liberty grows when it is watered with the blood of tyrants." Robespierre finished a long speech with the words "I cannot decompose my political existence to find in myself two distinct qualities—that of judge and that of statesman. I vote for death." Danton made use of the same thought: "I am not one of that crowd of statesmen who know not that there can be no composition with tyrants; who know not that they must be struck in the head, who know not that nothing need be expected from Europe unless by force of arms. I vote for the death of the tyrant."

The votes favorable to Louis XVI. were all given with explanations, as if courage and clemency needed an excuse; nearly all rested mainly on the incompetence of the Assembly. "No human power," said Kersaint, "is capable of making me judge Louis XVI., recently king of the French, without appeal and as the highest authority. I am not the sovereign. I vote for delay till a time of peace." Daunou appealed to still higher considerations: "I shall not read the blood-stained pages of our code," said he, "since you have put aside all those on which humanity had traced the forms intended to protect innocence. I vote for removal and provisional imprisonment till a time of peace."

Of the Paris deputation, three only, headed by Manuel, voted in favor of clemency. The duke of Orleans was waited for, and appeared at the tribune, pale, with a paper in his trembling hands. "With a single regard to my duty," he read, "being convinced that all who have attacked or shall attack the sovereignty of the people deserve death, I vote for death."

We are told that the murmur which ran through the Assembly increased when it reached the galleries, and that the terrible voices which a moment previously were threatening the defenders of justice pronounced without hesitation that condemnation which even to the present day weighs heavily upon the memory of Philippe Egalité.

Ever bandied about by contrary passions or fears, the unfortunate prince had wished to refrain from taking part in the trial, and had written to that effect to the president of the Assembly. Then terror of the Jacobins again suddenly overmastered his mind. As he was entering the Palais on his return, his little son, Count Beaujolais, ran to meet him, trusting in a promise which he had obtained that very morning. "Go away," said the duke as he turned his head from the boy, "I am not worthy to be thy father!"

The nominal appeal lasted for four-and-twenty hours, with the public in the galleries remaining motionless, as insensible to fatigue as the deputies, and absorbed by the terrible spectacle which was passing before their eyes. The list had been gone through, and the officers were beginning to count the votes, when a noise was heard at the door. They were bringing in a deputy who was ill, Duchastel of Deux Sevres; he asked to vote. The Mountain protested in vain, and Duchastel gained the reward of his courageous effort. He voted for banishment.

Vergniaud, who presided, looked around him. "Citizens," said he, "I proceed to announce the result of the scrutiny. You are about to perform a great act of justice. I trust that from motives of humanity you will observe the most profound silence. After justice has spoken, humanity next deserves attention.

"The Assembly is composed of seven hundred and forty-nine members; fifteen are absent on commission, seven on account of illness, one without cause, and five have refused to vote, thus leaving seven hundred and twenty-one. The absolute majority is three hundred and sixty-one.

"Three hundred and sixty-six have voted for death. Two have voted for imprisonment; two hundred and eighty-six have voted for detention or banishment; forty-six for death with delay as an inseparable condition of their vote; twenty-six for death, while expressing a wish for the sentence to be revised by the Assembly. I declare, therefore, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment pronounced by them against Louis Capet, is that of death."

Silence reigned over the Assembly, and even in the galleries. The terrible sentence had suspended all violence and frozen every passion. The king's counsel asked to be admitted, and entered in spite of the protests of Marat and Robespierre. Desèze read a letter from the king: "I owe it to my honor, I owe it to my family, to refuse accepting a judgment which finds me guilty of a crime with which I cannot reproach myself. I therefore declare that I appeal to the nation itself from the judgment of its representatives. I give, by these presents, special power to my counsel and expressly trust to their fidelity to make known this appeal to the National Convention by all the means in their power, and to ask that mention be made of it in the official report of the Convention's sittings."

After Desèze and Tronchet supported the appeal of their illustrious client, and Malesherbes, old and crushed by sorrow, stammered a few words which were scarcely heard, Robespierre mounted the tribune, eager to make sure of the punishment which he had striven for since the 10th of August. The king's protest was rejected.

When at last the sitting was concluded, it had lasted thirty-seven hours. Next day, the 18th, the disputed votes were rectified, the majority being increased by the decision of the Assembly to count in favor of "death" the twenty-six votes which followed Mailhe's amendment. After a stormy scene of contention, the question of delay was deferred till next day. The last effort was about to be attempted to save the life of the king by delaying the execution. The anger of the Jacobins was extreme; they refused to listen to a speech from Paine, the American, till respect for his courage gained him a hearing. As Paine did not speak French, he stood on the tribune beside his interpreter, listening to the translation of his written speech, and watching in the eyes of the hearers the effect of his words. "The man whom you have condemned to death," said he, "is regarded by the people of the United States as their best friend, as the founder of their liberty. That people are at present your only ally, and they have just asked you by my vote to delay the execution of your decision. Do not give the English despot the pleasure of seeing you send to the scaffold the man who delivered your American brethren from tyranny."

The prayer and the hope were as vain as they were affecting. The appeals of the American Quaker and the diplomatic arguments of Brissot, refuted at the tribune, were already doomed to remain without effect. The fatal majority was constantly increasing by the attractions of victory and the desertions caused by fear. Death had at first been voted by a majority of five votes, but the delay was rejected by a majority of seventy. Daunou had made a second noble protestation, declaring that "it would not be by exhaustion or terror that they would succeed in inducing the Convention to deliberate rashly on a question involving both the life of a man and the public safety. The true friends of the people are those who wish to adopt the measures needed to avoid shedding the people's blood, dry up the source of tears, and bring back their opinions to the real principles of morality, justice, and reason." Manuel and Kersaint had resigned, the former being fiercely insulted by the Jacobins. "Legislators," said he, "you have suffered degradation. As you now are, you are unable to save France. The only thing left for a man of virtue is to wrap himself in his mantle." "I cannot undergo the shame," said Kersaint, "of sitting in this Chamber beside men of blood, under the weight of terror; I spare the murderers a crime by throwing off my inviolability and resign."

The legislation committee drew up the sentence, which was voted without discussion in the following terms:—

"The National Convention declares Louis Capet, the last king of the French, to be guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the nation and of attacking the general safety of the State.

"The National Convention declares that Louis Capet will undergo the punishment of death.

"The National Convention nullifies the act of Louis Capet, brought to the bar by his counsel and called 'appeal to the nation from the judgment passed against him by the Convention;' and forbids any one whatever from lending it assistance, under penalty of being prosecuted and punished as guilty of an attempt upon the general safety of the republic.

"The provisionary executive council will to-day announce the present decree to Louis Capet, and will institute the police arrangements and measures of safety necessary to insure its execution within twenty-four hours after its notification. It will render an account of all to the National Convention after it has been executed."

King Louis XVI. was henceforth delivered up to the Commune of Paris. The unjust judges had completed their work, and now it was the hangman's turn.

Since the 11th of December, the day of his first appearance at the bar of the Assembly, the king lived alone, separated from relations and friends, frequently visited by his counsel, and though still holding some communication with his family by means of his faithful valet-de-chambre, Cléry, he was completely isolated from human sympathies and without any resource except the divine consolations. Since the day when the nominal appeal began in the Convention, his guards were increased, and so jealously was he watched that even his table-knife was removed; for through forgetfulness or ignorance of the strong assurance due to the religious faith of Louis XVI., the Commune suspected suicide. Some time previously Malesherbes said to Dorat-Cubières, member of the Council-General, "If the king were a philosopher, if he were a Cato, he might destroy himself; but the king is pious, he is a Catholic, and knows that religion forbids him to make an attempt upon his life. He will not kill himself."

Louis XVI. waited with patience and firmness for the sentence, which was what he had never ceased to expect. As he left the Assembly after Desèze's speech for the defence, he said to Malesherbes, "You see that from the first day I have not been deceived; my condemnation was pronounced before I was heard."

It was Malesherbes also who had the sad privilege of first beholding the simple courage of the condemned king. As he brought the fatal sentence, the old man threw himself at his feet and burst into tears. The king raised him, embracing him; and then listened without saying anything. After a moment's silence the king rose. "I was waiting for you," said he, "for two hours I have been trying to find if in the course of my reign I have deserved any reproach from my subjects, and I swear to you in the truth of my heart, as a man about to appear before God, that I have constantly desired the happiness of my people, and have never formed a wish against them."

After the rejection of the appeal to the people, which the king authorized as a duty and to clear his conscience, Malesherbes said, "Sire, as I left the Chamber, many people crowded round me, and some said the king will not die, we shall deliver him or all die with him!" "Do you know who they were?" asked Louis XVI., eagerly. "No." "Well, try and find out; and let them know that I would not pardon a drop of blood shed for me. I did not wish it to be shed formerly, when, perhaps, it might have preserved both throne and life; and I am not sorry."

Malesherbes had undertaken to see a priest mentioned by the king. "That's a curious commission for an advanced thinker," said Louis XVI., "but if you were in my situation, I should wish you to have the same sentiments as I experience; they would console you better than philosophy."

By a decree of the Commune, the doors of the Temple were closed to the king's counsel, and on his appealing to the Council-General, his request remained unanswered. When studying the list of the "nominal appeal," given him by Malesherbes, no bitter word escaped his lips. "He is more to be pitied than I am," said he, on seeing the name of Philippe Egalité; "mine is a wretched lot, but I would not change with him."

The solemn tranquillity of eternity already possessed the soul of the condemned king. The thought of his family, and inquietude as to the evils that threatened his relations in France, alone disturbed his profound serenity.

On the 20th of January, at two o'clock, a noise was heard in the court of the Temple; and presently Santerre, meeting Cléry in the antechamber, ordered him to "announce the executive power." The king had already risen. The delegates of the Commune had not come alone to fulfil their dread functions; Garat, the minister of Justice, entered together with Lebrun, the minister of foreign affairs, and Grouvelle, secretary of the council. The king was uncovered; Garat kept his hat on. "Louis," said he, "the National Assembly has charged the provisional executive council to inform you of its decrees." The voice of Grouvelle trembled as he read the sentence. The king listened without changing color, having the steadfast look of a man going to martyrdom. Scarcely had he finished when Louis stepped forward to receive the paper, folded it as if it were an ordinary petition, and placed it in his portfolio. "Would you deliver this letter to the Convention?" said he to Garat, holding out an envelope. The minister hesitated; the king broke the seal, and read aloud his last requests.

"I ask for a delay of three days that I may make preparations to appear before God. For that purpose I ask permission to see freely the person whom I shall mention to the Commissioners of the Commune, and I ask that he may be safe from all fear and anxiety for the act of charity about to be performed.

"I ask to be delivered from the perpetual watching to which I have been subjected for several days.

"I ask to see my family at a time chosen by myself, and without witnesses. I should also request the Convention to give attention to the subsequent fate of my family, and allow them to go without restraint wherever it may consider proper.

"I recommend to the good will of the nation all who have been attached to me. There are many of them who from a sense of duty have sacrificed their fortunes, and, having no appointments must be in want. Many are old, others are women and children, with nothing else to depend upon."

Garat accepted the commission; and the king gave him the address of the priest whom he wished to see, M. Edgeworth, of Firmount or Firmont, of Irish birth, formerly confessor to Madame Elizabeth. The executive council, on being consulted by the minister, referred the royal petitions to the Convention. The delay was rejected, and the other requests of the king were granted. Cambacérès had proposed to reply that "the French nation, as great in kindness as it is vigorous in justice, would take care of the family of Louis, and ensure them a fitting fate."

Alas for the vain presumption of human foresight! The king and his judges both forgot that there are paths in which there is no stopping, and crimes which call for other crimes.

The time was now short. The simple dignity and profound calmness of the king had impressed even the "executive power." The wretched Hébert, editor of the journal *Père Duchesne*, who was present as substitute of the procureur of the Commune, said, as he left the Temple, "I wished to see the announcement of the decree of Capet's death, but the nobility and dignity of his bearing and language forced from me painful tears. I withdrew, saying to one of my colleagues who showed the same weakness, 'I have now finished my ministry; since the constitutional priests of the Convention have voted his death, he ought to be conducted to the scaffold by two priests.'" Garat had sent for Abbé Edgeworth.

The council were sitting when the abbé arrived, with nothing to indicate his sacred character, and on his entrance all the ministers rose and went to him, moved and troubled. "You are the Citizen Edgeworth?" said Garat. "Yes, sir." "Louis Capet has expressed his desire to have you with him during his last moments; and we have summoned you to know if you consent to render him the service which he expects from you." "I am ready to obey my duty." "In that case," continued the minister, "accompany me to the Temple; I am going there immediately."

As the minister and priest proceeded in the same carriage, Garat showed signs of emotion. His quick and sensitive mind was subject to impressions which had no influence upon his conduct, yet he could not refrain from saying, "Good God! what a frightful commission have I undertaken! What a man! What resignation! What courage! No, it cannot be explained by human power! There is something more than human!"

Garat had entered the king's room, and Abbé Edgeworth, after the guards searched his pockets, was led in just as the minister was finishing the reading of the decree. "Bring down my family," said Louis XVI., immediately after dismissing the "executive power" with a gesture full of royal dignity. Then, taking the abbé into his private room, he said, "My wife and children are coming, sir, and as the sight of you here would be too painful for them, I must request you to wait here. I shall soon return to occupy myself with what is to-day the only important business for me. Meantime, give me a few details of the state of the Church."

The queen was already on the staircase, and the king, being informed of it, went into the dining-room. A bottle of iced water had been placed on the table. "Take that away," he said; "the queen never drinks it: bring another water-bottle."

The municipal officers had already entered, some going before and some following their prisoners. The queen threw herself into the arms of the king; and on her drawing him towards the door of her room, he said in a low voice, "No, I can only see you here." He sat down with his face towards the glass door, behind which his jailors had retired. His wife held him by the hands, and his children knelt before him. They all sobbed, and tears constantly interrupted the last outpourings of their hearts.

"We found our father greatly changed," says the princess in her journal. "He wept for sorrow on our account, not from fear of death, and gave an account of the trial to my mother, with excuses for the wicked wretches who were bringing him to death. He told how some wished to have recourse to the primary assemblies, but that it had not been his opinion, because such a measure would bring the state into trouble. Afterwards he gave my brother religious advice, enjoining him particulary to pardon those who were bringing him to death; then he gave him and me his blessing. My mother was very anxious that we should be allowed to stay with my father all night, but he refused, persuading her that he had need of rest. She asked to come in the morning at least, which he assented to."

The king's strength was exhausted when he rose to accompany the queen and his sister to the door. "To-morrow, then?" said they. "Yes, at eight o'clock." "Why not seven?" asked the queen. "At seven, if you wish it. Good bye!" It was the end: his daughter heard it, and fell fainting at his feet. The queen raised the child. "Good bye! Good bye!" repeated the king, and he went into his room.

"Now the bitterness of death is passed," said Lord Russell, after having for the last time pressed his wife to his breast before mounting the scaffold. Louis XVI. had the same feeling when he called his confessor. "Ah! sir," said he, "why must one thus love and be loved? All is now over: let us forget everything else in order to think of my salvation alone."

Thoroughly unlike in their real sentiments and in their habits of life, unsuited from dissimilar reasons for governing and satisfying their subjects, victims of their own faults or the gradually accumulated faults of successive generations, one a Protestant king and the other a Catholic king, both Charles I. and Louis XVI. found in their religious faith the same strength and the same consolation. Charles was able to pardon his executioners as a Christian: he remained to the last day King of England, at war with his subjects, and ruling them, when defeated, by his lofty scorn. The gentleness of Louis was more true, and his pardon more complete. He had accepted the jurisdiction of his people, and his crown had fallen from his brow; but in imprisonment and death he recovered that majesty, so royal in spite of his modesty, which was to force from the executioner himself an astonishing admission. "To render homage to truth, I must say that he has undergone all that with a self-possession and firmness which surprised all of us. I remain convinced that he has obtained that firmness from the principles of religion which no one seems more firmly to believe than he."

On awaking on the morning of the 21st, he kindly expressed his sorrow that Cléry should have been obliged to spend the night on a chair by his side. The Abbé Edgeworth having obtained leave to say mass in the prison, the king partook of the sacrament. "How happy I am," said he, "to have preserved my religion! Without it, where should I now be? with it, death may seem pleasant, for above there is an incorruptible Judge, who will render me the justice which men refuse me here below."

The abbé had advised Louis XVI. not to see the queen again. "You are right," said he; "it would be too painful for her, and hope will last a few moments longer." After the guards had collected in the court, and the commissioners had entered his room, Louis asked Cléry to cut his hair. "The hangman is good enough for you, said one of the municipal officers; adding, when Louis still asked, "It was very well when you were king, but you are no longer so." The king turned towards his confessor. When Santerre arrived with all his party, the king, after asking if they were come for him, told them to wait for a moment, as he had something to do. Then, shutting the door, he knelt before Abbé Edgeworth, and said, "Give me your blessing, all is now finished: pray God for me!" The venerable priest advanced to follow him. "Let us set out, sir," said Louis XVI. to Santerre.

A carriage was waiting for the king, into which he and his confessor stepped, followed by two gendarmes. The king and the priest read the prayers appointed for dying persons, the officers said nothing, profound silence reigned in the streets, the shops and windows were closed, the sky was dull and gloomy, all the side-streets were barred by troops. A few young men cried, "Here! let us save the king!" but the cavalry charged them and prevented the motionless and dumb crowd from being affected by the appeal. When the carriage stopped on the "Place Louis XV.," the king seemed not to have observed how far they had come. They opened the door as he read the last prayer. "Gentlemen," said he, indicating his confessor, "I recommend this gentleman to your care." "Yes, yes, keep your mind easy; we understand," replied the executioners.

They had already laid hands upon their victim. The king kept them back, and himself unbuttoned his shirt. When they proceeded to fasten his hands, Louis XVI. said, with an angry gesture, "I can rely upon myself." The guards seemed ready to use force. "Like Jesus Christ," said the priest, and the king bent his head in token of submission.

The king was already on the scaffold, with the drums beating a march, when, as he came near the fatal plank, he made a sign to impose silence on the soldiers. "Frenchmen," he exclaimed with a voice loud enough to be heard by the crowd who were kept back by the hedge of troops, "I die innocent, I pardon my enemies; I pray God that my blood may not fall back upon France—" The drums were beating again, and drowned the voice of the king. His head fell, and one of the executioners showed it to the people. Some of those in the ranks near the scaffold cried, "Long live the Republic!" but the immense crowd remained dumb, frozen with terror and with an involuntary respect for the victim who had just expired.

King Louis XVI. had intended well, in a vague and feeble manner, without energy or constancy. He had preserved the traditions of the ancient régime, but he had none of its prejudices, and the idea of duty towards his people had from an early period impressed his mind. Obstacles had accumulated around him; and even those who wished to serve him had assisted in his ruin. The ability, courage, and far-sightedness of Henry IV. would scarcely have sufficed for the immense work which fell to the lot of his weak-handed descendant. Overwhelmed by the torrent, he always vacillated between contrary opinions, distrustful and fickle even when he was sincerely desirous of saving France, or had resolved to remain faithful to his engagements. In his real soul he had probably hoped sometimes for help from the foreign powers, but he never betrayed France nor the secrets of his state. Thus, honorable and sincere, his weakness paid the long-standing debts of absolute power corrupted and corrupting.

The body of the king had been consumed by quick-lime before the priest who attended him in his last moments was admitted to read the service over his grave; and already one of his judges, Lepelletier of St. Fargeau, had been stabbed by one of the old royal guards, who, without knowing him, took revenge upon him for the royal victim. Europe everywhere broke its relations with regicidal France. Pitt sent his passports to the French ambassador, M. Chauvelin. The feeble hope of peace which was left us a few days ago has vanished," said Lebrun to the Convention on the 30th of January; "his Britannic Majesty has taken occasion, from the just rigor exercised upon the last of our kings, to make a sudden rupture." The whole of England went into mourning for Louis XVI., as if to avenge the outraging of liberty by crime, and in painful recollection of her own guilt.

The second act of the tragic history of the National Convention was finished, and it entered upon a new era. The foundations of the Republic had been watered with royal blood, and now the founders themselves were about to sink one after another under the savage exigencies of disorder transformed into tyranny. The struggle of the Girondins with "the Mountain" was not new, and every step taken had evinced an advance in crime. The death of the king had raised the Jacobins to the summit; nothing was yet changed in the public administration, but there was already a new and terrible power beginning to rise. The Girondins had formerly conceived the idea of the revolutionary tribunal, and their enemies took possession of it, and were preparing to apply it against them. The disorders in the streets were mixed with the parliamentary struggles; shops were pillaged, and riotous mobs besieged the Convention, whilst Robert Lindet was developing his scheme of creating the new tribunal. The jury was replaced by nine members named by the Convention; and these judges were not submitted to any form of preparation. They could prosecute directly those who by "incivism" might have abandoned or neglected the exercise of their functions, those who by their conduct or by the manifestation of their opinions might have attempted to lead the people astray, those whose conduct or writings recalled the prerogatives usurped by despots.

"It is proposed," said Vergniaud, "to subject you to an inquisition a thousand times more to be dreaded than that of Venice. We shall die sooner than consent to it." The principle of the jury was maintained in each department, and one juryman was appointed by vote of the Convention. The Jacobins accepted the proposal, because the influence of the clubs determined the choice. To avoid delay, the members of the jury were at first chosen in Paris and the four surrounding departments. "The enemies of liberty everywhere raise a bold front," exclaimed Danton; "everywhere confounded, they are everywhere exciting the people; it is on their account that this tribunal must supplement the supreme tribunal of the people's vengeance." A voice interrupted the orator, that of Lanjuinais, shouting "September!" Danton paused for a moment. "You dare call to mind those days of blood, over which every good citizen has groaned," he then continued; "I maintain, for my part, that if a tribunal had then existed, the people who are so often and so cruelly reproached with those days of blood would not have shed blood. Let us do what the Legislative Assembly did not do; let us make ourselves feared, so as to dispense with the people being so."

Thus was terror legally organized. The emigrants and priests fell naturally under the power of the new tribunal; and a decree still further extended its despotic jurisdiction. "The Convention declares its firm resolution of making neither peace nor truce with aristocrats or with any of the enemies of the Revolution. It decrees that they are outlaws." The Jacobins were preparing their new arms. On the 25th March a Committee of the General Safety, composed of twenty-five members of the Convention, was appointed to watch over the executive power; on the 6th April the Committee of Public Safety was constituted, and nine new deputies were to put in execution the decree of the revolutionary tribunal. The dangers meantime constantly increased without; General Dumouriez had just abandoned his army and country to take refuge in the enemy's territory, and all the generals became suspected. The Convention appointed commissioners for the frontier to watch the fidelity of the soldiers and their chiefs. The most hot-headed adherents of the Mountain were dispersed amongst all the corps, keeping up the revolutionary excitement everywhere, and counteracting, by the extent of their powers, the authority of the generals. The strife was universal, from the frontiers to the bosom of the Convention.

In face of the peril which they had too long ignored, beside the ruins which they had with their own hands strewed over the soil, the Girondins had finally entrenched themselves behind the last ramparts of order and justice. They defended themselves by defending the remains of society. "Such is the nature of the movement by which we are drawn on," said Vergniaud, "that already it has not been possible for a long time to speak with respect of law, humanity, justice, or the rights of man, without being nicknamed an intriguer, or still more frequently an aristocrat or counter-revolutionist. While, on the other hand, to incite to murder or theft is a certain means of obtaining from those who have got possession of the helm of opinion the prize of 'civism' and the glorious title of patriot. Thus the people are divided into two classes: one delirious with the excess of exaltation to which they have been brought; the other, struck with stupor, drags a painful existence in the throes of a terror which has no termination."

The mad excesses of the Mountain had found their natural mouthpiece in Marat. Formerly scarcely tolerated in the Assembly, he had little by little gained the authority associated with a violence which was fanatical, inconsistent, and supported outside by insurrection always latent and often let loose. Robespierre made use of Marat as a dangerous but efficient arm. It was against Marat that the Girondins made their useless attempt. An abusive address to the Convention had been voted by the Jacobin Club over which Marat presided. "It is in the Senate that parricidal hands tear your entrails," said the address; "the counter-revolution is in the government, in the Convention. It is there, in the midst of your assurances and hopes, that criminal delegates hold the threads of the woof which they have woven with the horde of despots who are preparing to cut our throats. But indignation is already setting your courageous 'civism' on fire. Up, republicans, let us to arms! We shall not surrender Paris till it is reduced to ashes."

The Girondins asked for a formal charge to be made against Marat. "Have you not decreed the punishment of death," asked Fonfrède, "on whomsoever should ask for the re-establishment of arbitrary power? Well, Marat, has asked for the dictatorship. Have you not decreed the punishment of death upon whomsoever should ask for the dissolution of the Convention? Marat asks it every day." The Plain was urged by a feeling of honest indignation. "When you judged the late king," said Vernier, "I was simple enough to believe that opinions were free. I was deceived. I am one of those wretches who voted for an appeal to the people and the banishment of the tyrant; one of those wretches with whom neither peace nor truce is to be wished for; and as I am afraid of being missed in that noble proscription, I come to denounce myself publicly." Marat was sent to the Abbey.

The ebb-and-flow of revolutions is inconstant, and their variations are as sudden as they are treacherous. Men began to feel compassion for Marat when he appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, which his friends had formed with their own hands. The judges remained faithful to the accused. "I have carefully examined the passages quoted from Marat's journals," said the foreman of the jury; "I cannot charge the intrepid defender of the people with criminal and counter-revolutionary intentions. It is difficult to restrain one's just indignation when one sees his country everywhere betrayed. I declare that I have found nothing in Marat's writings that appears to me to substantiate the charges made against him." Marat was unanimously acquitted; and the populace carried him to the Assembly in triumph, crowned with leaves and flowers. The Girondins, gloomy and sad, were present at the ovation prepared for their implacable enemy. "You see," said Marat, "a representative whose rights were violated, but justice has been rendered him. I swear anew to maintain the cause of equality, of liberty, and of the people."

In a revolutionary state, accusations are constantly replied to by accusations. The Jacobins denounced the Girondins as the latter had denounced Marat. Their petition had been signed by Pache, the Mayor of Paris, formerly Minister of War, appointed by Roland, whom he soon after abandoned and betrayed. The sections asked for the exclusion of twenty-two deputies. "The people do not change," they urged; "they are always the same; it is the functionaries who change. The people's opinion of those appointed by them depends on their conduct. They have prosecuted traitors on the throne, why should they leave them unpunished in the Convention? Is the temple of liberty a sanctuary like the Italian churches, where the guilty may go to escape punishment? Let the majority of the departments express their opinion, and let the unfaithful representatives withdraw from this chamber."

This threat seemed at first to be merely in derision. Fonfrède rose and said that, if modesty were not the duty of a public man, he should have felt offended because his name was not included in the honorable list just presented. "We also! we also!" cried all the members of the Plain on the right. "Could you not find me a corner on your list?" asked Pénières at Pache; "there would be a chance of gaining a hundred crowns." The list of the Mayor of Paris was soon to become a list of death. It remained like an arm in Robespierre's hands. When asking for the trial of the queen and all the members of the house of Orleans, he had already said, "I dare not say that you ought to strike with the same decree patriots so distinguished as Brissot, Vergniaud, Gaudet, and others; I dare not say that one might suspect a regular correspondent of Dumouriez of being an accomplice. That man is without doubt a model of patriotism, and it would be a sort of sacrilege to ask for a decree of accusation against M. Gensonné. I am convinced of the weakness of our efforts, and refer the matter to the wisdom of the Convention."

In this strife, incessantly bursting out afresh, in which speech constantly served as a sword and frequently inflicted mortal strokes, the keen eloquence of the Girondins, henceforth consecrated to the defence of honorable resistance, long protected them against their enemies. They wished to save the Revolution which they were proud of having made, and they displayed with lofty complacency the posts of long-standing which they had filled. "We did not belong to the Moderates on the 10th of August," said Vergniaud, "when Robespierre lurked in a cellar. No, I am not a Moderate in this sense, that I do not wish to extinguish the national energy. There are men who wish to destroy the national representation by an insurrection, who wish to hand over the exercise of the supreme power to a small number of men, or upon the head of a single citizen: they are conspiring against liberty and the Republic. If one must be a Moderate to fight them, yes, I am a Moderate."

The same fears which Vergniaud gave expression to were beginning to agitate many minds. The revolutionary yoke already weighed heavily on men's lives. The depression of trade and the idle habits acquired by the majority of the working class had brought want into the towns. Paris suffered cruelly, and the sections clamorously demanded that the price of provisions should be regulated by law. Vergniaud opposed such measures with an ignorant want of foresight, saying that to fix a maximum price by law was to destroy commerce and legalize famine. The Convention had agreed to fix a maximum price for wheat, but the supply became no greater. Money was scarce, and voluntary enlistment became less frequent. The department Hérault gave the example of supplying the military service by arbitrary selection, and compelling a loan from those who were still considered rich. The Convention soon extended these measures to the whole of France. "Your opinions cause us expense," said Cambon, the great financier of the Convention; "I wish to respect your property; you will be chained to the Revolution by lending it your fortune: when liberty is established, your capital will be restored." The first rumors of those projects, destructive both of all justice and all security, began to stir up the indignation of the provinces. Civil war, both religious and royalist, laid waste the Vendée and extended into Brittany. At Lyon the two parties were violently opposed; and the departments of ancient Normandy seemed ready to offer strong resistance to the revolutionary oppression. The efforts of the Girondins in the Convention found support in this manifestation of public opinion; and for a short time they seemed on the point of obtaining the mastery. Twelve members had been appointed a commission with the ministers of the Committee of General Safety, a new executive power then in the hands of the Girondins. "The evil is in anarchy, in the insurrection of the authorities against liberty," said Guadet, courageously. In an address of the city of Bordeaux, the violence to which the Convention had already been exposed was protested against. "We do not wish," they said, "a revolution which would be constantly impressing a revolutionary movement upon the Republic; we do not wish, under the false title of a revolution, to elevate assassination into a principle, to establish crime as a legal authority; we do not wish for an order of things under which effrontery takes the place of courage, violence that of power, delirious self-love that of talent."

To this protestation of good sense and public honesty, which burst forth in certain parts and was secretely brooding everywhere, there were added the exhaustion and foreboding uneasiness of men who had been engaged in the Revolution heart and soul, but were beginning to suspect its extreme results. Danton hesitated on the edge of the abyss, constantly haunted by the horror of the September massacres, yet drawn by the natural instinct of authority towards those who sought to establish the Republic on the bases of justice and moderation. He had made advances to the Girondins. "Why should we be at war?" he asked Vergniaud. "I prefer open war to a false peace," replied he. Danton shrugged his shoulders with an air of scorn, and said, "You have no sense, and you will perish." "I had rather be murdered than be murderer," retorted the Girondin. Danton's anger burst forth, and Vergniaud's contempt threw him back towards the Mountain. "I am well aware," said he in his energetic language, "we are in a minority in the Assembly. We are only a heap of beggars who are never patriotic unless they are drunk. We are a heap of fellows without sense. Marat is only a snarling cur, Legendre is good at nothing but carving his meat; the others can't do anything but vote by sitting and rising. But if the Girondins had the upper hand they would cast in our teeth the days of September, the death of Capet, and the 10th of August. They were satisfied with all that. We must march upon them. It is your fine speakers who deliberate and feel their way. We are more daring than they, and the riff-raff are at our disposition."

There were conspiracies everywhere, open and flagrant. The Commission of Twelve proposed to subject the meetings of sections and the appeal to the National Guard to regulations. "The Convention," said the preamble, "places under the safeguard of good citizens the public fortune, the national representation, and the city of Paris." "That is to legalize fear!" exclaimed Danton. "It is not he who defends himself against a murderer who is afraid," said Vergniaud, "but he who lets his throat be cut." The Commission arrested Hébert, whose infamous journal was a daily appeal to crime, a young man of twenty called Varlet, who had proposed to massacre the Convention in a body, and the president of the section of the Cité, called Dobsent. To the violent protestations of the Council of the Commune of Paris, Isnard, then president of the Assembly, replied, in his usual emphatic style, "If ever the Convention was debased, if ever it happened that an attack was made upon the national representation, I declare to you, in the name of the whole of France, Paris would be annihilated. Soon they would look on the banks of the Seine for traces of its existence!"

For several weeks Robespierre labored to restrain the revolutionary movement which was weakening his influence in the Assembly. "Our enemies," said he to the Jacobin Club, "would like to have an opportunity of announcing to the departments that a sedition had broken out in Paris. You must terrify them by a calm and imposing attitude. Why make use of such expressions as 'purging the Convention of all the traitors'? I urge you to weigh well your terms; and with such measures of prudence you will serve the Republic."

Appeals to force, when they fail, are proofs of a fatal increase of weakness. Like the formal accusation of Marat, the arrest of Hébert and Varlet only served to prove the helplessness of the Girondins. The time was arrived for great revolutionary efforts. Robespierre ceased preaching moderation. "The Commune," said he to the Jacobins, "must be on a perfect understanding with the people. For my part I cannot point out the means of safety. That is beyond the powers of a single man, shattered by fever and the exhaustion of four years of revolution."

The Committee of Insurrection was thenceforward free to act. At the Mairie as well as the bishop's palace the details of the popular rising were organized. The Girondins were condemned both on political grounds and by the mob. On the 27th May, Garat, now Minister of the Interior, and Pache, the Mayor of Paris, strove to allay the fears of the Convention by their assurances of peace. The delegates of the sections crowded round the doors of the chamber, while the crowd rushed into the passages, shouting and insulting the deputies, of whom a large number had already retired. It was now late. In the midst of the tumult, a decree for the suppression of the Commission of Twelve and setting the prisoners at liberty was passed, to the surprise and alarm of the Plain. The voices of the rioters mixed with those of the representatives.

The news immediately spread over Paris, exciting joy without bringing quiet. Robespierre was not satisfied. On the 28th, Lanjuinais boldly protested against the decree, declaring that it had been passed without any discussion. The Mountain rose in a body, shouting with rage. "I affirm that there has been no decree passed, and if there has been, I demand that it be reconsidered." The tumult became greater. "I shall remain here till you have heard me," repeated the orator. "What! more than fifty thousand citizens have been thrown into prison by order of your commissaries; in two months, more arbitrary acts have been committed than in thirty years of despotism, and you pity the lot of a few men who publicly preach anarchy and murder; you threaten, you suppress your own commission, you allow insurrection to be organized before your eyes!" "If Lanjuinais does not come down, I shall throw him from the tribune," howled Legendre, who had already repulsed Guadet. A vote of the Assembly annulled the decree of the previous evening, and the Commission of Twelve was re-established; but they were possessed with discouragement and terror, offered their resignation, and consented to a provisional liberation of those who were accused. Hébert was borne in triumph as Marat had formerly been. The meeting in the archbishop's palace had decided to remain in permanent deliberation: it ordered the gates of Paris to be shut, and the watchword for a general rising was given. "People," said Robespierre, "I call you to take part in the National Convention in insurrection against all corrupt deputies."

On the 31st of May, before daybreak, the tocsin and alarm-cannon sounded together in the streets as on the 10th of August. The sections had deprived the municipality of power, and then restored them to it; and Henriot, a commandant of the armed force, who had formerly taken an active share in the massacres of September, received and directed the troops surrounding the Hôtel de Ville. The Convention had just assembled without compulsion or protection, when Garat entered, and, meeting Danton, asked, "What is all this?" "Nothing at all: some crowds that must be left to break up of their own accord, and then sent home." "I am afraid something else may get broken up." "It is your business to look after that." "You have more means at your disposal than I." Danton, moreover, pretended that they aimed at a "merely moral" insurrection; and the Mayor of Paris and Lhuillier, the procureur-général of the Commune, declared there would not be a drop of blood shed. "If there is any fighting," said Vergniaud, "whatever be the success, the Republic is lost."

The Girondins were now without hope, but they still resisted. They demanded that Henriot should be punished for having fired the alarm-cannon, and protested against the usurpation of all the powers. Barére a second time made himself the tool of a perfidious project. "The Convention alone," said he, "should exercise supreme authority; and the subordinates who have usurped its powers ought to be punished." As a conciliatory measure, he at the same time proposed to suppress the Commission of Twelve. As they passed each other on the stairs of the tribune, Robespierre said angrily, "A fine mess you are making!" "The mess is on the Carrousel!" replied the lawyer. The decree being put to the vote, all the benches of the Mountain were occupied by delegates of the sections, and deputies of the left went in a mass to the right side. The voting was disorderly, as well as the questions put by members. Vergniaud proposed to go out in order to place the Convention under the protection of the National Guard, and several members followed him. The square was filled with a compact and noisy crowd, and as there were only a few of the sections favorable to the Assembly there, troops had not been assembled. Vergniaud returned to the Chamber, convinced of his powerlessness. Robespierre was in the tribune, declaiming in favor of the demands of the insurrectionists. "Will you finish?" shouted Vergniaud. Robespierre turned towards the interrupter, and the two men seemed to defy each other by looks. "Yes," continued Robespierre, "I am about to finish, and against you who, after the revolution of the 10th of August, wished to lead to the scaffold those who had made it; against you who have instigated the destruction of Paris; against you who wished to save the tyrant; against you who prosecuted the patriots whose heads Dumouriez asked for; against you whose criminal acts of vengeance have provoked those cries of vengeance which you wish to accuse your victims of as a crime."

On the edge of the abyss, the Girondins still threatened their enemies with their "sad and inflexible looks." The Council of the Commune had consented to sign the orders for arresting Roland, Clavières, and Lebrun. Roland was not at home, and they arrested his wife. No one had dared to lay hands on the deputies. The insurrection seemed quieted down, yet it was necessary to Robespierre's complete success. Already fierce warnings of the storm burst forth. In a sitting of surprise, on the evening of the 1st of June, with only a small number of members present, Hassenfratz, delegate of the Jacobins, asked for a decree of accusation against twenty-seven Girondins. "We must make an end," said he; "we must put a stop to this counter-revolution; all the conspirators must fall under the sword of the law without pity."

Garat made a remarkable proposal to the Committee of Public Safety. "The Assembly is being ruined by personal rivalries, poisoning every speech. Why should those who are irrevocably separated by hatred not offer to leave the Convention of their own accord, in order to re-establish peace within it?" Danton, who was present, had a mind accessible to generous ideas even when chimerical. "I am quite agreeable," said he; "if the Convention consent, I offer myself first to go to Bordeaux as a hostage to the Girondins." They, though not expecting such a sacrifice at his hands, did not disdain his advances. "Things are bad enough, Danton," said Meillan; "and they cannot be better. We have not a man of energy as principal leader; you are the only one." Danton looked at him and shook his head. "They have no confidence. Confidence will return when you assume that position, and impose silence on the mad men and rogues." The prescience of the future was painfully clear to the frenzied tribune of September. The loss of the Girondins left him alone to face Robespierre; yet he revenged himself bitterly. "They have no confidence," he repeated.

The news from the provinces was threatening. There were signs of insurrection in Ardèche and Lozère; while in Lyons the Moderates had put the revolutionary despots to flight, after a bloody struggle, and the Jacobin club was closed. In Paris the Convention was surrounded by a display of the armed forces: the battalions of all the sections had been summoned by Henriot; there were cannons both on the Place Louis XV. and the Carrousel, and even grates for making the balls red hot. Within these was a circle of several thousands of men, accustomed to riots, and recruited from the public-houses, crowding close to the riding-hall. The crowd which rushed into the corridors of the Assembly had been assembled like the sections; most of them were drunk, and many had received money. The rioters and the soldiers had the same watchword; they were ordered to prevent the representatives from leaving the Assembly.

Most of the Girondins were not present. For several days they had not gone home: some taking refuge with friends, others meeting together in Meillan's house in the same room, which they had barricaded with the resolution of selling their lives dear. Lanjuinais was present in the Convention, being independent of every parliamentary coterie, and always bold and eager to join battle. He already held the tribune, but his words were inaudible from the shouts of the Mountain and the public. "So long as I am allowed to make my voice heard," he exclaimed, "I shall not suffer the character of representative of the people to be degraded in my person. I shall tell you truths, but none of those that kill liberty. For the last three days you have not been deliberating; you have done nothing, you have allowed everything, you give your sanction to whatever you are told. You are surrounded here by the paid men, and without by the cannons of an anarchical power which is oppressing you—"

The shouts were redoubled. The butcherLégendre rose, holding up his fist like a man who fells cattle, and said, "Come down from the tribune, or I shall knock thee down." First get a decree passed that I am an ox," replied Lanjuinais, motionless at his post and already assailed by the members of the Mountain, some of them aiming their pistols at him, and his friends at the same time drawing out their arms. The Girondins had for several weeks been in the habit of carrying pistols. The voice of the courageous Breton deputy was heard above the tumult. "I ask," said he, "that all the revolutionary authorities of Paris be superseded, and that all those who arrogate to themselves illegal power be declared outlaws."

Whilst Lanjuinais was protesting, the revolutionary deputations followed each other into the chamber. Barère, after succeeding in obtaining a moment of silence, proposed in the name of the Committee of Public Safety that the deputies denounced by the department of Paris should be asked to voluntarily resign their functions for a certain fixed time. All eyes were turned towards the Girondins. Jenard rushed to the tribune, and said, "Since a man is put in the balance against the country, I can no longer hesitate: I resign my functions, my life, if necessary." Lanthenas, Fauchet, Dussaulx followed his example. Lanjuinais listened to them with a smile of disdain upon his lips. "Don't expect from me," said he, "either resignation or suspension." A torrent of abuse broke forth: Chabot belched out his insults. "I shall tell it to Chabot the priest," rejoined the orator, "in ancient history we see the victims drawn to the altar adorned with flowers, but the priest that sacrificed them did not insult them. Here some wish us to sacrifice our powers; sacrifices ought to be free, but we are not. One can neither go out of this place, nor even stand at the windows; the cannon are placed in aim; one cannot express any desire. I hold my tongue." Barbaroux immediately mounted the steps of the tribune, and said that he had sworn to die at his post, and would keep his oath. Marat shouted from his bench on the summit of the Mountain, "It is not the guilty whom we must ask to sacrifice themselves on the altar of the country. A pure martyr of liberty, I am ready to devote myself; I offer my resignation as soon as the Assembly shall have voted the arrest of the counter-revolutionists." He at the same time suggested certain changes in the list. "Dussaulx is an old dotard, Lanthenas is weak-minded, the only fault of Duros is his erroneous opinions. Add to these Fermon and Valazé, both deserving of your condemnation."

Lacroix and Boissy d'Anglas now succeeded in entering, after being both (though one belonged to the Mountain and the other was a Constitutional) forced back and even personally ill-treated by the troops guarding the doors. The officer in command had been deposed by some unknown men who took his duties upon them. "Citizens," exclaimed Barère, "the Convention is no longer free. I propose that we change our quarters to the midst of the armed force, which will without doubt protect our deliberations." On the majority showing assent, Hérault de Séchelles, the president, put on his hat and left his chair, with the members crowding to follow him. Marat attempted by shouting and furious gesticulation to keep the Left back, whilst the women in the galleries joined their threats to his; but the majority of the deputies followed the president.

The doors of the Chamber were guarded with cannon, and on Hérault giving the order to open them, the commandant Henriot, who was on horseback, came forward. "Take off your hat!" they called to him; "it is the President!" "No," said Henriot, with an oath, "I shall not take off my hat: what business have they there? This was not in the programme; and I shall not let them pass." Hérault read the decree. "That is just like you!" said one of the officials to Barère, "you can only do things by halves. You always cause failure." "The people are not in insurrection to hear phrases, they have orders to give, and they must have victims: the armed force will not retire till the thirty-four deputies denounced by the Commune are delivered up to the people." The President gave orders to arrest him as a rebel, but no one moved. A deputy of Marne, Delacroix, walked towards the commandant with a pistol in his hand, and Henriot backing his horse, called to the gunners to prepare for firing. Hérault had to be drawn away, while the deputies withdrew into the garden. The soldiers remained motionless, guarding the gates. The Convention was a prisoner.

Marat at last left the Chamber, followed and cheered by a ragged crowd, and advanced towards his colleagues. "As you are appointed by the people," said he, "I summon you in their name to return to your post which you have abandoned." The Left at once obeyed that voice, which though despised had acquired the accent of command, and the Constitutionals followed after some hesitation. The National Convention returned to the Chamber behind Marat. "Citizens," said Couthon, impudently, "all the members of the Convention ought now to feel certain of their freedom. You have gone towards the people, and found them everywhere good, generous, incapable of attacking the liberty of those appointed by them, but indignant against the conspirators who wish to enslave them. I demand their arrest, and their detention in their respective places of abode."

No one now protested. The Mountain alone discussed several names on the list. Some of the outside public mixed with the deputies, voted with them, and had their votes counted. The Right protested that their suffrage was not free in the face of cannons and bayonets. A large number of members withheld their votes. The Plain voted for the arrest of the Girondins, some of them urging that it was necessary to avoid greater misfortunes. The department of Paris offered hostages. "I wish none," said Barbaroux, "except the purity of my conscience and the loyalty of the people of Paris." "I, on the other hand, do wish them," exclaimed Lanjuinais, "not on my own account, for I have long made the sacrifice of my life, but to prevent the breaking out of civil war and maintain the unity of the republic. You answer for us to our departments."

Even during the time of their power the Girondins were never able to join together in united action; and in their defeat they still remained disunited. A few had voluntarily accepted the provisory arrest, and like Vergniaud demanded the judgment due to them. Others, like Buzot and Pétion, took to flight on the 2nd of June, and several escaped by eluding the vigilance of those appointed to watch them. In a few weeks the departments of Normandy, Brittany, and Languedoc formed small threatening coalitions, ready to unite for the resistance of insurrection and the protection of the oppressed Convention. The majority of the threatened Girondins had assembled at Caen. Two representatives on commission, Romme and Prieur, were arrested by the municipality of Calvados. The public functionaries formed an "assembly of resistance." The army to execute its decrees did not yet exist, but a general and staff had already been appointed.

Those signs of vigorous resistance caused trouble and disquiet in Paris to the Commune and the Mountain. The Moderates, both of the Assembly and general public, beheld with terror the soldiers and leaders who had been victorious on the 2nd of June. Marat was as much dreaded as despised, because he kept violently working upon men's anarchical passions; and all feared Robespierre's jealous hatred and that vindictive distrust which was apparently the only permanent mainspring of his conduct. He had neither an idea in his head nor a sentiment in his heart, Condorcet said. He kept advancing, however, on his march: more inflexible and resolute at bottom in his ambition than could be suspected from his frequently pompous and vague speeches, equally deaf to the demands of the Girondins and the requests of the Committee of Public Safety, who wished for some arrangement whilst persisting in their plan of hostages. Robespierre urged the Convention to proclaim the new Constitution. "The mere reading of the project," said he, "will reanimate the friends of our country and frighten her enemies. The whole of Europe will be compelled to admire that fair monument raised to human reason and the sovereignty of a great people."

The tribunes of the Parisian populace more and more strengthened their claims to govern. "The sham people, the most deadly enemy whom the French people have ever had, were constantly blocking up the approaches to the Convention," wrote Sieyès, always imperturbable in his judgment whatever were his shameful failures in conduct. "When the members were entering and leaving the Assembly, the astonished by-stander was tempted to believe there had been a sudden irruption of some new hordes of barbarians, or a sudden irruption of a group of greedy and sanguinary harpies, which had flocked together to take possession of the French Revolution, as being the prey proper to their species."

Robespierre defended himself on the 2nd of June at the tribune of the Convention, and ruled as monarch of the Jacobins and the Commune. Marat was in ill-health; and one of his colleagues having called on him, brought to the Jacobins a bulletin of the state of health of the tribune, who was supposed to have thoughts of becoming a dictator. "The excess of patriotism," said he, "enclosed in too small a body, is exhausting and killing him." In his solitude Marat was drawing up lists of those who were to be proscribed.

On the 13th of July, a note was brought to Marat bearing an unknown signature, "Charlotte Corday." I have just arrived from Caen," said the letter; "your love for the country allows me to assume that you will learn with pleasure the unhappy events in this part of the republic. I shall wait upon you at your house about one o'clock: be good enough to receive me and grant me a moment's conversation. I shall give you an opportunity of rendering France a great service."

Marat was very ill and did not reply. The unknown made a second application, saying, "I wrote you this morning, Marat; have you received my letter? I cannot believe it, as I was refused at your door. I trust you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat to you that I have arrived from Caen, and have to reveal to you some secrets of importance to the republic. Besides I am persecuted for the sake of liberty: I am unhappy, which I must be to have a right to your protection."

Charlotte de Corday of Armans had arrived in Paris several days previously. Born in a noble but poor family, bred without a mother in a convent, she had been nursed by reading Plutarch and Seneca, and by their teaching became a stoic. Her imagination had been fired by Rousseau and Raynal, and the breath of 18th century philosophy had removed from her mind every one of those inflexible principles which alone resist allurements and illusions. In the annals of the ancient Jews she only retained the story of Judith. Her family were royalists, but her mind was attracted by the republican ideal; but she saw that unclean hands had degraded and stained with blood the institutions which absorbed all her thoughts. Her enthusiasm was excited by the presence at Caen of the escaped Girondins and by the resistance which was being prepared on their account, and she believed she should triumph antly assist the cause so dear to her, and set out for Paris without giving any hint of her object to her relations or friends, prepared to give her life freely in exchange for that which she intended to take by force from a wretch who was dangerous both for the republic and for those whom she admired. She had a letter of introduction from Barbaroux, who scarcely knew her, to his friend Duperret.

Charlotte's importunity triumphed over the exhaustion and indifference of Marat. On the 14th of July she was admitted into his room, which was as wretched and sordid in appearance as its inhabitant. Marat was in his bath, and the young woman sat down near him. He questioned her about the situation of affairs in Caen, and asked the names of the Girondin deputies who were there, saying, after he had made out the list and added to it the names of the governors of Evreux, "Very well, in eight days they will all be in Paris and guillotined."

"That word decided his fate," wrote Charlotte next day to Barbaroux. She drew a knife which she kept concealed in the folds of her muslin scarf, and quick as lightning plunged it to the hilt in Marat's breast. The blood spouted out and he had only time to cry, "Here! my dear!" His servant, whom he had made his wife "in the sunshine of a fine spring morning," came running hurriedly into the room; he was dead.

There was never a word, or gesture, or line to show that Charlotte felt a moment's repentance or sympathy. When his furious wife and the man employed in an adjoining room to fold his newspapers rushed upon her to strike her, she stepped backwards a little and leant against the partition of the narrow room, with a slight blush, and her large eyes wide open and looking straight before her. A large crowd had already gathered in the street, and as many were pouring into the house, several men protected her against the populace. "I fully expected to die on the moment," she wrote, "but some courageous men, who are really above all praise, preserved me from the very excusable fury of the unhappy people I had injured. I felt touched by the cries of some of the women, but he who saves his country takes no account of the cost. Would that peace were established as quickly as I wish it! There is a great criminal laid low, and without that we should never have had it. Who can doubt the valor of the inhabitants of Calvados, since the women of that country are capable of firmness?"

At the Conciergerie, where she was kept three days, her bearing before the revolutionary tribunal remained the same, firm and calm, her words showing some of the affected style of that period. "I killed him," she said during the formal examination. "And who urged you to commit this murder?" "His crimes." "What do you mean by his crimes?" "The evils which he has been the cause of since the Revolution. I knew that he was perverting France. I killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution, and have never lacked energy." She had reminded her father of the line in Corneille, who is said to have been one of her ancestors:—

> "Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud."

The deputy for Calvados, Pontécoulant, whom she had selected for her defence, being absent, the president assigned her for counsel the advocate Chauveau-Lagarde. "I thought of Robespierre or Chabot," she said. Once, and only for an instant, did Charlotte lose her self-possession: when, in the formal charge it was argued, from the strength and skill which she had shown, that hers was a practised hand, she exclaimed, "Oh! the monster! he takes me for a hired murderer!"

The defence was a mere formality. "The prisoner admits everything," said the advocate, "even long premeditation and circumstances of the most damning character. All her defence is before you: that imperturbable calm and that complete self-abnegation, without any sign of remorse in the presence of death, are not natural; they can only be explained by the enthusiasm of political fanaticism which put the dagger in her hand. It devolves upon you, jurymen, to determine what weight is to be assigned to that moral consideration in the balance of justice."

Charlotte listened unmoved to the sentence of death passed upon her; and, without replying to the president when he asked if she had any protest to make, she turned towards her counsel, and said, "You have defended me in the only manner that was suitable, and I shall give you a proof of the esteem which I have conceived for you. These gentlemen tell me that my property is confiscated; and as I owe some money in the prison, I ask if you will undertake to get it paid."

When a priest entered her cell, she thanked him and said she had no need of his services. She had also previously told her judges that she had no confessor.

She had given a lock of hair to the painter who drew her portrait during the trial, and appears to have had some affection for a young German, Adam Lux, deputy for Mayence, and appointed to ask the annexation of that town to France. Already influenced by the same ideal passion for the republic, and already disgusted, like the Norman girl, by the crimes committed in the name of liberty, he became enthusiastically in love with the condemned woman, almost to madness. When, six months later, he died on the same scaffold as Charlotte Corday, he still repeated the words of a placard which he had got printed in honor of her, "The guillotine is an altar."

Charlotte died as she had lived. The crowd surrounding the scaffold dispersed in silence, touched by her beauty, by her noble bearing, by the very notoriety of her crime, and by a secret sympathy with her self-devotion. When asked at her trial if she thought she had killed all the Marats, she replied, "No, but I thought the death of this one would make the others afraid." It was with a painful sense of the powerlessness to which the most generous efforts were condemned, that she wrote to Barbaroux, "What a wretched people to form into a republic! Peace, however, must be established: the government will come when it may."

Charlotte Corday had not established peace. She had raised Marat from a power which was always contested and which even those who submitted to it felt to be shameful, to the rank of a martyr proudly boasted of by the fanatics. After the most magnificent obsequies, the heart of the "friend of the people" was brought to the club-room of the Cordeliers, to be solemnly preserved. A blasphemous eulogy made him equal with Jesus Christ: "*O cor Jesu, O cor Marat!* Holy heart of Jesus, holy heart of Marat, you have the same right to our worship! Marat and Jesus, divine men whom heaven has granted to earth in order to direct the peoples in the way of justice and truth! If Jesus was a prophet, Marat was a God!" The fanatical passion was not satisfied with drawing this abominable parallel. "Let us hear no more of Jesus!" exclaimed one of the jury in the revolutionary tribunal, "he commanded to obey the laws, Marat crushed them to pieces!"

It is a law of human nature that we must worship before a new altar, when the ancient altars are overthrown. The anarchical masses, blindly led forward, had forsaken the eternal God, and their veneration turned towards Marat.

The flight of the conquered Girondins and the apotheosis of Marat completed the victory of revolutionary absolutism. Henceforward the Jacobins reigned alone, and already they were abusing their power. The pressing demands and daily difficulties allowed Robespierre no peace of mind. He felt his authority totter, and concluded that the Constitution must be at once proclaimed as a remedy for all the disorders which rendered government impossible. Hérault de Séchelles drew it up in a few days, recalling the laws of Minos and confessing himself the instability of his work. By the side of the Legislative Body, which was to sit for one year only, he constituted an Executive Council, composed of twenty-four persons chosen in three ranks by the primary assemblies from special delegates and the Legislative Body. This Council was to be renewed, one half at a time every year. The Government was no longer more than a temporary commission. In several days, without discussion and in spite of the protest of certain members of the Mountain, the Constitution was voted; and within three days was to be, and was, accepted by the primary assemblies of the whole of France. The Constitution of 1791 had lived two years, but the Constitution of 1793 was still-born. The Revolution when triumphant raised her standard, she drew up no laws. Hérault, the author of the Constitution, said that he would render it so unworkable that he could defy any one to put it in execution.

It was the rallying signal which Robespierre's friends were waiting for. "When we have got the Constitution made," said Legendre, "we shall make the Federalists dance." In his report against the Girondins, Saint-Just, whose authority in the party was constantly increasing, had preserved a certain amount of moderation; but on account of the clamors of the Mountain, new names were gradually added to the list of the proscribed. One after another, the measures of anarchy, which were noisily demanded in the club-tribunes, received the force of laws. The forced loan had been voted, and the law against monopolies made commerce a crime against the State. The property of all who were outlawed, a number daily increasing, was declared to be forfeited. The revolutionary jealousies now extended further and lower than the fugitive and proscribed clergy and nobility. "Who are those who suffer from the general want? who pour out their blood for the country and fight against the financial and commercial aristocrats?" exclaimed Danton when urging the depreciation of the assignats issued in 1789, which still bore a higher price than the others. "It is those who do not possess an assignat for a hundred francs. I have no skill as a financier, but I am learned in the happiness of my country. The rich are shuddering at this decree: it is fatal to that class and therefore advantageous to the people."

False ideas and evil passions constantly lend each other mutual support. "The absurd," said Garat, "has brought us to the horrible." Whilst Danton was promulgating his doctrines as to the source of public prosperity, a decree was passed for laying waste the Vendée, the trial of the queen was decided upon by the Convention, and the 10th of August was to see the destruction of all the royal tombs. In the army all the generals were, one after another, declared to be suspected; and Custine, accused of treason, had brought his head to the scaffold. Besides the general levy ordered throughout the whole of France, a new army was organized specially for fighting at home, under the significant name of the Revolutionary Army, its avowed object being to suppress tyranny and robbery. The decree for its formation was passed on the 5th of April, in accordance with Danton's proposal that in every large town there should be formed a guard of citizens, chosen from the poorer classes, and that they should be armed and paid at the expense of the Republic. After the fall of the Girondins, and the final triumph of the Mountain, words became acts furiously insisted upon by the mad populace. The mob surrounded the Convention and again invaded the Chamber, which Chaumette, the procureur-general, addressed in the name of the former. "No more quarter to traitors," said he, "let us throw between them and us the barrier of eternity. The hour of justice and the hour of anger is come; the patriots in the departments and the people of Paris have already shown sufficient patience. We are deputed to ask you to form the Revolutionary Army; you have already decreed it, but the intrigue and fear of the guilty have made it miscarry. Let this army form its nucleus in Paris, and, as it passes through the departments, be increased by genuine Republicans; let it be followed by an incorruptible tribunal and the fatal instrument which cuts short every conspiracy and the lives of its authors; let it compel avarice to disgorge the riches of the earth, inexhaustible nurse of her children; finally, let this army be so composed as to be able to leave in all the towns a force sufficient to repress those who are ill-disposed. Hercules is ready; place in his strong hands the club which is to protect the land of liberty from all its tyrants."

The power was already escaping from the hands of the Convention; mutilated of its most eloquent orators by the proscription, nothing was now left but to bow under the yoke of the Commune of Paris and its disorderly following. The decree authorizing the Revolutionary Army was drawn up by Billaud-Varennes: "There shall be a Revolutionary Army. The Minister of War will present to the Convention the mode of its organization." The Committee of Public Safety, recently instituted and composed of the deputies who had taken the most active share in the Revolution, asked for several hours to consider the scheme. "It would be very extraordinary," said Billaud, "for any members to amuse themselves by deliberating." Danton's ardent imagination was fired. "A Revolutionary Army is not enough," exclaimed he; "be revolutionists yourselves. The industrious men who live by the sweat of their brows cannot attend the sections, and intrigue might prevail there in their absence. Appoint by decree two great assemblies of sections weekly; and let the working man who attends them receive a retribution of forty sous.

"There remains the punishment both of those enemies in the camp who are in your power and those whom you have to lay hold of. The revolutionary tribunal must be divided into so many sections that every day an aristocrat may pay the forfeit for his crimes with his head. Let the people see their enemies perish! The people are great, and they are giving you a proof of it at this moment. They are suffering from an artificial dearth of provisions, contrived to lead them into a counter-revolution; but they feel it is for their own cause. Under a despotism, they would have exterminated every form of government."

The revolutionary tribunal and army required means of support, and to supply their wants, Billaud-Varennes proposed the law of "suspected persons," to the effect that all the counter-revolutionists were to be brought to trial. "Who are the suspected persons?" asked Bazire: "they are the shopkeepers, wholesale merchants, stock-brokers, ex-procureurs, business agents, large capitalists, suspected from their character, profession, and education. They are all more naturally enemies of liberty than the nobles and the priests." The Commune of Paris, and in the departments commissioners of the Convention were to revise the appointment of the revolutionary committees chosen for domiciliary visits and the arrest of all suspected persons. "Day and night," said Billaud, "will not suffice us for arresting our enemies." "You have ordered suspected persons to be arrested," exclaimed Drouet, the postmaster of Varennes; "declare to those guilty men that if liberty were in danger, which is impossible, you would kill them all without pity. It is justice that I demand, but I wish no half-justice. We shall be just as well as revolutionary; and if the tyrants of Europe maintain that to be revolutionary is to be a villain, it matters nothing, you shall have destroyed the traitors."

The violence of some expressions excited a few murmurs, but the decrees were voted. Faithful to his usual docility towards those who were victorious, Barère undertook to formulate the conquests of the Jacobins. "A Revolutionary Army will put in action the grand phrase which we owe to the Commune of Paris. Let us make Terror the order of the day. The royalists ask for blood, we shall give them that of Marie Antoinette, Brissot, and all the conspirators. These will not be illegal acts of vengeance; they will be accomplished by the revolutionary tribunals. Brissot and the royalists wish to destroy the Mountain; it will crush them."

Thus were unfolded, one after another, the folds of the fatal network which was soon to cover the whole of France. The madness of popular passion was supplanted by a legal system of extermination. The administration of the law of suspected persons left no chance of evasion. I give the text itself, in its hateful minuteness of detail:—"Immediately after this decree, all suspected persons still at liberty shall be arrested. Suspected persons are: (1) those who by their conduct, their position, or their conversation and writings have shown themselves partisans of tyranny or federalism, and enemies of liberty; (2) those who cannot give a good account of their means of existence and their performance of civic duties; (3) those who have been refused certificates of civism; (4) public functionaries suspended from their functions by the Convention and its commissioners; (5) those of the late nobility, their husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons or daughters, brothers or sisters, agents of emigrants who have not constantly exhibited attachment to the Republic; (6) those who have emigrated, although they may have returned during the time fixed by the law or previously. The tribunals can detain as suspected persons the prisoners who may be acquitted, and those with regard to whom it may be decided that there are no grounds for accusation."

It was necessary to use intimidation with Merlin de Douai before he would agree to present the report to the Convention. The mind of the learned lawyer revolted at the task imposed upon the revolutionist. Barère having proposed that the suspected persons should be banished, Collot d'Herbois burst into invective. "We must banish nothing," he exclaimed; "we must destroy all the conspirators, and bury them in the soil of liberty. They must all be arrested, the places of their detention mined, the match always alight kept ready to blow them up if they dare, they or their partisans, to attempt any new efforts against the Republic. I ask that this measure be applied to the whole of France." In his Memoirs, which are generally untrue as to his own actions, but clear-sighted and severe on those of others, Barère remarks:—

"Unfortunately the legislation-committee proposed the frightful law against suspected persons. The prisons began to be filled; they made war upon opinions; they harassed political consciences, stirred up every passion, injured numberless interests. The sad autumn of 1793 became still more melancholy by the sight of numerous imprisonments, against which public opinion ought perhaps to have forewarned us, for it blamed the authors of the law, and still more those who carried it out with so much passion and so little discernment."

The law against suspected persons was everywhere applicable and everywhere applied. The Revolutionary Army was a sword that cut both ways, and the Committee of Public Safety were conscious of it; therefore it was not organized in the departments where it might one day become a nucleus of resistance. It reigned in Paris, and formed provincial regiments according to the good pleasure of the delegates sent out. When Saint-Just and Lebas were sent to the head-quarters of the army of the Rhine, they established in Alsace the revolutionary tribunal and army. Before the judges there was no registration, no counsel, no formal draught of the case. Two hours after being denounced, the accused was shot without leaving any trace of his death. The Revolutionary Army dragged a guillotine behind it; and the horrors committed under the orders of a German ex-priest, called Schneider, exasperated the populace to such a degree that the delegates of the Convention were obliged to have him exposed at the pillory in Strasbourg before conveying him to Paris for execution.

So many arbitrary acts of violence, in applying the most hateful principles, could not harmonize with the execution of the laws, however elastic they might be. The Constitution therefore was delayed in reaching full strength, and the power of the Convention indefinitely prolonged. Saint-Just had lately said, "You want the Republic, but it will cost you dear;" and he himself then developed his idea. "We must combat the resistance of some, the sluggishness of others, the superstition of others again for defunct authority, the ambition and hypocrisy of many. Liberty is born of a salutary anarchy, while absolute order leads to effeminacy;" and he added, "A people has but one dangerous enemy—its government."

In the midst of this supreme effort to destroy all that yet remained of the past, and to establish on new foundations a society whose birth was accompanied by so many sufferings, at the moment of this great outburst of violence and anger against the enemies of the Republic, the queen was transferred from the Temple to the Conciergerie to undergo her trial. Already, at the rumor of a plot by General Dillon for the liberation of the prisoners, Marie Antoinette was separated from her son. "My mother was overwhelmed by this cruel order," wrote the Princess Royal in her diary; "she would not deliver up my brother, and defended the bed where she had placed him against the municipal agents. They threatened to employ violence, and to call in the guard. My mother told them they would have to kill her before tearing her child from her. An hour was passed in resistance on her part, in menaces and insults on the part of the municipal agents, in tears and despair by us all. At last they threatened so positively to kill her as well as myself, that she was obliged to give way for love of us. She committed him into the hands of the municipal agents, bathing him with her tears, too surely foreseeing that she would see him no more."

Three weeks later, the queen in her turn bade farewell to her sister and her daughter. Impassive in her majestic sorrow, she did not complain, and asked for no solace to her woes. She was confined in a cell below the level of the river; the water trickled down the walls; a screen alone separated the princess from the gendarme who never left her day or night. A felon waited upon her. "What does the Widow Capet do in her prison?" they asked of this wretch. "Ah! she is very much down; she mends her stockings, so as not to walk bare-footed." Some mitigation to the lot of the prisoner had been given by the compassion of the jailers. One of them was dismissed;

the second asked a rug for her; "You want to be guillotined then?" the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville, asked him.

After two months of this slow agony, on the 14th October, 1793, the queen was brought before the revolutionary tribunal. When asked her name, Christian names and titles, she replied, "I am named Marie Antoinette de Lorraine d'Autriche, widow of the King of France, born at Vienna, aged thirty-eight years; I was at the time of my arrest in the meeting-place of the National Assembly." The act of accusation of Fouquier Tinville commenced with these words: "It follows from the examination of documents that, in imitation of the Messalinas, Brunehauts, Frédégondes, and Medecis, that were formerly described as queens of France, Marie Antoinette, widow of Louis Capet, has been the scourge and blood-sucker of the French." All the hatred excited during so many years against the "Austrian," all the lying imputations upon the past life of the queen and on the part she had played in the government, were brought together in the most shameful speech of the prosecutor. The audience themselves were shocked when Fouquier Tinville accused the queen of having voluntarily corrupted her young son. Already the modesty of Madame Elizabeth and her niece had been tortured by an infamous cross-examination; the queen, until then grave and firm, turned with a movement of indignation towards the galleries; "I appeal to all the mothers here present," cried she. The women of the Terror, paid to hurry from execution to execution, broke out into applause. When Robespierre was told of this scene, "The fools!" cried he, breaking his plate in anger, "it is not enough that she is really a Messalina, but they must make her even an Agrippina, and give her at her last moments a triumph of public interest."

The sentence was pronounced on the 26th October at four o'clock in the morning; the hearing had lasted three days and three nights. The queen was taken back to the Conciergerie. Alone in her prison, she robed herself in a white dress; her beautiful hair had grown white with sorrow. The executioner came to cut it. She wrote to Madame Elizabeth a letter which was not delivered, and which was found among the papers of Couthon. Guards of soldiers were placed in the streets, cannons were pointed when Marie Antoinette issued from the Conciergerie at eleven o'clock in the morning, with neither carriage nor friendly confessor, only the revolutionary cart and a constitutional priest. Equality had made some progress since the king's death. The queen did not look at the cart, she addressed not a word to the priest; by the care of Madame Elizabeth a secret absolution awaited her from an upper window. She followed with her looks the buildings along her route as if to revive her recollection. "Long live the Republic," cried the people when her head fell under the guillotine. The old hatred broke out in these cries.

One of the noble qualities of humanity is the value which it knows how to attach to courage. Louis XVI., constantly virtuous, animated with just and pure intentions, had been an inadequate and feeble king, weak and inconstant in his conduct; Marie Antoinette frivolous, giddy, ambitious of power to serve her friends, had shown herself, in the supreme danger of the monarchy, ignorant of the state of the public mind, unfit to judge of the means of action and of the resources of a desperate situation; the overthrow completed, the ruin of the royal hopes and illusions had raised them both into regions superior to their misfortunes themselves. The king suffered less from the mere fact of his weakness; he had more completely abdicated his own will before the sovereign power of God. Marie Antoinette, who had long held out, at last like her husband bent under the hand of God, who, in His unfathomable wisdom, permitted and tolerated so many crimes; the indomitable courage of the daughter of Maria Theresa and the pious submission of the son of Saint Louis met at the foot of the cross of Jesus Christ.

In the terrible solitude of her prison and of her scaffold, Marie Antoinette died as a Christian; the Girondins, whose trial had already commenced, were now to display the heroism of great condemned heathens. "Will they drag the representatives before the revolutionary tribunal?" Garat had asked Robespierre. "It is good enough for them," he replied. The Queen of France was at the same time indicted there. The inviolability of rank and of sex, and that of the national representation were at once forgotten.

Several efforts were made uselessly on behalf of the Girondins; the hatred and jealousy of Robespierre pursued them pitilessly, the mantle of his clemency extended itself only over the members of the Plain, included with them in the indictment. In the name of the Committee of General Safety, Amar publicly prosecuted the Girondins, declaring them to be in continual conspiracy against the Revolution. A mixture of truth and falsehood, the accusation imputed as a crime to the deputies of the Gironde all that posterity has considered in their favor, their illusions, their enthusiasm, their hopes, born of vanity; and above all, the courageous resistance of their last days. Thirty-nine representatives were cited before the revolutionary tribunal; twenty-one had been declared outlaws; the seventy-four deputies who had signed a protest against the acts of the 31st May and the 2nd of June were placed under arrest. Private vengeance added several names to the fatal list. The prudent foresight of Robespierre did not wish to destroy the Plain; he opposed the furious men who proposed to send all the prisoners before the revolutionary tribunal. "The Convention ought not to seek to multiply the guilty," said he; "it is on the chiefs of the faction that they ought to fix." Already an outlawed representative, Gorsas, had re-entered Paris secretly; he was arrested and died on the scaffold on the 7th October. The Convention had commenced its suicide.

For the last time the Girondins made their eloquent voices heard; for the last time the hatred of their enemies flung at them those accusations against which they had so often protested. Divided in their defence as they had been in their political conduct, they appeared above all occupied in repelling the personal acts invoked against them. Dupes rather than accomplices, they claimed, however, that active part in the Revolution which did not belong to them in reality. Nevertheless, even in their examination and when confronted with the witnesses, the dignity of their attitude, the burning eloquence of the accused, disquieted those resolved on their destruction. The horrors of the civil war were constantly imputed to them. "It is the treason of Toulon, the devastation of the Vendée, the blood which flowed at Lyons which accuses them," people said.

The revolutionary tribunal wrote to the Convention: "We are stopped," said the jury, "by the forms prescribed by law. Five days ago the trial of the deputies began, and nine witnesses only have been heard. Each wishes to give a history of the Revolution. The accused answer, the witnesses reply. The loquacity of the accused renders this discussion very long. After these personal debates, will each of the accused wish to make a general defence? Will the trial be then interminable? Why witnesses? The whole of France accuses them. The proofs of their crimes are evident. It is for the Convention to sweep away the formalities which hinder the progress of the trial." The Convention did not remain deaf to this appeal; some hours later, armed with a new decree, the president of the tribunal asked of the foreman of the jury if their consciences were sufficiently enlightened. The hearing was suspended, and the same day, at seven o'clock in the evening, without summing up by the public prosecutor, without defence by the accused, the debates were closed and the jury retired to consider their verdict.

It was ten o'clock when they re-entered the hall. The foreman did not content himself with merely announcing the verdict; he himself summed up the indictment, and concluded with the fatal word, "Guilty." The accused had been brought back; they broke out into cries and reproaches against the wickedness which smote them without defence. The armed force occupied the hall; the tumult increased. When the public prosecutor demanded the punishment of death against twenty-one of the accused, a cry was heard; "I die," said Valazé, as he stabbed himself with a knife. More magnanimous in his courage, Vergniaud threw away the poison which he had carried about with him for several months. "Long live the Republic," cried the accused. Camille Desmoulins was there, rashly curious to see the spectacle. He had been employed by Robespierre against the Girondins, and had written a pamphlet entitled, "Brissot and the Brissotins unveiled." The horror of the injustice on a sudden seized his inconstant mind; he fled away, crying, "Ah, my God, it is I who kill them! I have killed them. Let me pass! I will not see them die!"

A cry rose from among the Girondins just after the president had read their sentence of death: "We die innocent! Long live the Republic!" Sillery, formerly the confidant of the intrigues and shameful pleasures of the duke of Orleans, separated from his master by the regicide vote of the prince, threw in the air the crutch which supported his trembling steps and exclaimed, "This is the happiest day of my life!" Ducos and Fonfrède, united by the ties of relationship, as well as by the most tender affection, embraced each other in tears. Brissot, overwhelmed, bowed his head; Vergniaud, fatigued, depressed by imprisonment, always the chief of his party, looked around him with a countenance indifferent and calm. The tribunal decreed that the body of Valazé should be carried to the place of execution on the same cart with his companions, and thrown with them into the same grave: all the condemned men bowed in passing the corpse.

Midnight approached, but an immense crowd still encumbered the square around the Convention. The Girondins had not employed the right which the law gave them of appeal against their sentence. They came out singing the *Marseillaise*, that passionately revolutionary hymn improvised in Alsace by a young soldeir, Rouget de l'Isle, repeated with enthusiasm by the federal bands of Marseillaise called to Paris by Barbaroux, and since then inseparable from their memory. Their voices still resounded in a solemn and terrible chorus when they mounted the stairs of the Conciergerie:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé
Contre nous, de la tyrannie,
Le *couteau* sanglant est levé.

The prisoners who crowded the prison understood the significance of the return and of the song. One of them, the Abbé Emery, superior of the congregation of Saint Sulpice, had not waited till now before exercising his charitable ministry among his companions in captivity. "We keep him because he prevents the others from crying," said Fouquier Tinville. Sillery and Fauchet, the gentleman and the constitutional bishop, had returned to piety; both of them received the consolations of religion. The Protestant minister Lasource openly avowed his belief. All the others, imbued in different degrees with the philosophical principles of their epoch, appeared indifferent to the death they were about to suffer or proudly resolved to hide their painful emotions. "I was right in saying," remarked Vergniaud, "that the Revolution, like Saturn, devours her children." A last banquet united them all; during the days which preceded their condemnation, nearly all bade adieu to those who loved them. The brothers-in-law of Vergniaud brought his son; the child hid himself, frightened by the changed aspect of the prisoner. "Look at me well," said he, taking the child in his arms; "when you are a man, you will say that you have seen Vergniaud, the founder of the Republic, at the noblest moment and in the most glorious costume of his life,—when he suffered the persecution of scoundrels and prepared himself to die for freemen."

History has not imposed on the Girondins the weight of the foundation of the French Republic. It has scarcely imputed to them the last blows against the monarchy. In their inmost souls they died sadly, in face of their vanished illusions and the victory of their enemies, sustained, however, by a sincere love of liberty and country, to which they believed they sacrificed their lives.

Plutôt la mort que l'esclavage,
C'est la devise des Français,

sang several of them as they mounted the scaffold. Vergniaud had written in letters of blood on the wall of his prison:

Potius mori quam fædari.

The previous night on leaving the revolutionary tribunal they had thrown assignats among the crowd of paid insulters who followed them; marching to the scaffold, they sang the *Marseillaise.* They embraced at the foot of the fatal platform; during the journey they supported the livid head of Valazé on their knees. Sillery was executed first; he saluted the people who crowded around the place. One after the other cried, "Long live the Republic!" Vergniaud fell last, like the chief who sees all his soldiers defile before him in a retreat. Several minutes sufficed to extinguish so much brilliancy, youth, and talent, not a single voice had raised itself in their defence; henceforth there was no opposition in France to the yoke of the Terror.

Illustrious victims rapidly succeeded each other. The duke of Orleans had been placed on the same list with the Girondins, his constant adversaries. He was in prison at Marseilles, with his sons, the Count of Beaujôlais and the duke of Montpensier. He was brought to Paris, where his examination was not long. The prince had sacrificed everything to gain popular favor; he was astonished to find it so inconstant. "You have resolved to make me perish," said he to his judges, "but you ought to have sought pretexts more plausible. You will never persuade any one that you believed me guilty of all the treasons of which you have accused me. You above all, who know me well," added he, addressing himself to Antonelle, foreman of the jury, whom he had often received at his house. On being questioned as to the motives of his vote of the 20th January, he replied, "I voted on my soul and conscience."

An Alsatian priest, confined in the Conciergerie, declared that the duke of Orleans had repented. He asked that they should hasten his execution; the firm courage which his race had so many times displayed on the fields of battle, and which had constantly failed him in the formidable trials of public life, was in full force in his soul at the moment of death. "I saw him," said an eye-witness, "pass the courts and wickets, followed by a dozen gendarmes with drawn swords, and he might have been taken for a captain who commanded his soldiers rather than an unfortunate man conducted to execution." "Let us make haste," was all he said to the executioner; and as the man wished to take off his boots, "They will come off easier presently," said the prince. He manifested no other regret than that of leaving his children.

Already, Madame Roland had been in prison five months. Confined at first at the Abbaye, then at Sainte Pélagie, among vile women, on whom she imposed respect by her grave dignity, she was brought to the Conciergerie on the 31st October, at the moment when the heads of her friends fell. Several mitigations had recently been allowed to her captivity; they had given her flowers and books. She had written her Memoirs, faithful to all the sentiments which had filled her life, often emphatic in the expression of a sincere thought. Like Vergniaud, she had entertained for an instant the idea of poisoning herself; like him she renounced it. Her fame had exceeded the reality; she had spoken more than she had seriously done, and her vain-glorious influence had been more apparent than efficacious. She had, however, faithfully sustained her husband in a situation far above his powers and his courage. Like the Girondins, she honored her life by the firmness of her death. On proceeding to her trial she still encouraged those who surrounded her; before the revolutionary tribunal she betrayed none of her past friendship. The report of the trial bear witness to this. "The accused stated for her defence that she never had any correspondence with Brissot, Pétion, and Gorsas, that she has always esteemed Brissot and his worthy friends, because they had talent and good faith. She then read a summary account of her political conduct. As this writing breathed federalism from one end to the other, the president interrupted the reading, observing to the accused that she must not take advantage of the right of speech to eulogize crime—that is, Brissot and his accomplices. She turned towards the audience, saying, "I ask that note be taken of the violence done to me." When on the following day she mounted the scaffold in a white robe, her beautiful black hair loose on her shoulders, she seemed still young, and a great courage shone in her eyes. She made a man condemned for forgery pass before her. "You are afraid," she said; "I can wait." A colossal statue of liberty towered in the public square; Madame Roland looked at it an instant, then bowing slightly as before an ever-cherished divinity, "O Liberty," said she, "how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Three days later the body of her husband was found lying on the side of the road, close to Rouen. "Whoever thou art," he had written upon a paper attached to his coat, "respect these remains. They are those of a virtuous man. Indignation has made me quit my retreat on learning that my wife has been slaughtered. I did not wish to remain longer on the earth sullied with crimes." At the moment for appearing before the revolutionary tribunal, Clavières had stabbed himself at the Conciergerie; his wife poisoned herself at Geneva on hearing of his death. Madame Rabaud Saint-Étienne died in the same manner and of the same sorrow, forgetful of the great lessons of patience and courage that she had learned in the hard school of religious persecution. Fugitive from one retreat to another, Barbaroux had seen Gaudet and Salles seized, and wished to die; his head was shattered by a pistol-shot when he was dragged to the scaffold. Some disfigured remains, torn by wild beasts, appeared to be those of Buzot and Pétion. These last of the Girondins had not even the honor of burial. Condorcet, hidden during several months at the house of a generous friend, consoled by the devotion of his wife, was soon to perish by his own hand in order to escape the horror of execution. The fugitive philosopher, recognized under his disguise, poisoned himself in the prison of Bourg-la-Reine, where he had been conducted.

The Jacobins had mowed down their enemies in the Convention; they bethought themselves of older adversaries against whom vengeance remained to be exercised. Barnave had been in prison since the 29th of August, 1792; when he was transferred to Paris in 1793 his friends sought to save him. "Barnave has spoken in the rostrum of those men who grow bigger and fatter in troubled times, like insects in corruption," said Danton; "those men are powerful to-day, they have not pardoned him." The prisoner refused to write to the Convention: "To ask pardon of them would be to recognize the justice of their previous acts," said he. "They have destroyed the king. I would rather suffer and die than lose an iota of my moral and political character." When his sentence was pronounced, several voices in the savage auditory murmured, "It is a pity!" His noble and dignified eloquence had moved the jury. Mirabeau had judged him formerly in the Constituent Assembly with a disdainful favor. "I have never heard him speak so clearly and for so long a time," said he; "but there is no inspiration in him." Like Mirabeau, Barnave stopped at the brink of the abyss; he had felt its dangerous attraction. "The men who have eagerly desired the Revolution must not, on the road, fail in head or in courage," he had written to one of the Lameths. In mounting the scaffold, he again spoke: "This then is the recompense I receive of the love I bear liberty!" he said as the axe fell. Like the greater number of the men engaged in the Revolution, and who had been sacrificed by it, Barnave was young; he had just completed thirty-two years.

Bailly had died several days before him; older than he, struck more than he by those terrible reactions of human destiny which drag in the mire the idols of the past. Bailly had reigned several days in the Assembly of the third estate; he had been carried in triumph by the people of Paris, and proclaimed mayor of the great city by a hundred thousand voices. Several months had scarcely gone by, and his firm courage before the insurrection of the Champ de Mars had drawn upon him the public hatred and anger. Retired to Nantes during the Legislative Assembly, he had been arrested at Melun, where he had taken refuge near his friend and fellow-worker Laplace. In his prison he had been the object of a calculated rigor. "I have seen," said Beugnot, his fellow-prisoner, "I have seen Bailly soiled by the hands of the jailers, who have been paid for their barbarity, staggering under the shocks of some, raised by the rudeness of others, and becoming their sport like a drunken man jostled by the populace." He supported all with patient gravity. He had no illusion as to his fate. "We must know how to support death as a good man should, as one of the inconveniences of the character; but we should not blush in regretting life, it has a charm for honest minds." He defended himself from a sense of duty,—"Because we must not despair of the laws of our country." When his sentence was pronounced, as the president addressed him the usual question on the protest he might have to present; "I have always caused the law to be executed," replied he; "I shall know how to submit myself to it, since you are the instrument of it."

It was this faithful execution of the law which made the crime of Bailly, and the redoubled cruelty of his punishment. He was condemned to die in the Champ de Mars, where he had, they said, caused the people to be massacred. Behind the cart which carried him, under cold torrents of rain, were borne the guillotine and the red flag, sign of distress formerly hoisted at the Champ de Mars by the mayor of Paris, and which was to be burned under his eyes. The health of Bailly being delicate, he shivered. "You tremble!" insolently said those who conducted him to death. "I am cold," simply replied the honest and courageous sage, insufficient for the task he had been called to fulfil, inflexible before death clothed in all its horrors. After being twice set up, the scaffold was at last established in a filthy ditch, where the head of Bailly fell under the axe. A single complaint escaped his lips.: "You ought to be well satisfied," he had said, "for you make me suffer very much!"

I am weary of telling of executions; the great figures of the Revolution, friends or enemies, sank one after another; the crowd advanced in their turn, often illustrious by rank and birth, obscure also and snatched violently from a modest or rude existence to perish on the scaffold. Among the names found at the cemetry of Picpus, small shopkeepers and workmen are as numerous as gentlemen and great ladies. The law of suspected persons filled the prisons without ceasing; in spite of all the efforts of Fouquier-Tinville and of the guillotine, the over-crowding kept increasing. Two thousand four hundred prisoners were registered in Paris on the books of the prisons, at the moment of the deaths of the Girondins; three months later, on the 1st of March, 1794, the number reached six thousand; on the 2nd May, eight thousand unfortunate persons waited for death.

Everywhere reigned the same fear, and the same apathy of terror. Lyons had fallen: the Vendée alone still struggled feebly in its last moments; the civil war had disappeared before the civil terror. Fear gained the Convention, and the boldest among the Jacobins began to feel themselves delivered up to a pitiless tyranny, at once systematic and jealous, suspicious of all, greedy of power, and persevering in its hatreds. Chabot himself, sullied by all kinds of crimes, and the inveterate destroyer of all the laws of justice and morality, made an effort to free the Convention from the yoke which weighed upon it. "Death could not frighten me," said he; "if my head is necessary to the safety of the Republic, let it fall. What concerns me is that liberty should triumph; that terror should not estrange from the national representation those worthy to succeed us; that the Convention should discuss and not decree after a pre-arranged report; that there should not be always one and the same opinion. If there is not a right side, I will form one by myself, so that there may be an opposition, and that it may not be said that we vote blindly. Yes, citizens, the counter-revolutionists expect that our heads will fall successively on the scaffold, to-day this one, to-morrow that; to-morrow the turn of Danton, the day after Billaud-Varennes, finishing off with Robespierre."

The prophetic egotism of Chabot had not deceived him; as recently with the Girondins, the struggle commenced between Robespierre and his rivals. Open adversaries or friends cool and restless, all must bend to his authority. The double tribune of the Convention and of the Jacobins served him for a throne; thence he extended a hypocritical protection to those he wished to destroy. The denouncers had attacked Danton, carried away sometimes towards violence, sometimes towards justice and moderation by the ardor of a passionate soul, which crimes had not hardened, and which occasionally drew back from fresh misdeeds. His influence escaped from him day by day; he was weary of what he had seen, weary of what he had done, and had just married a wife he loved. Robespierre in defending him before the Jacobins, said, "Danton, you are accused of having emigrated; they say that you went to Switzerland, that your illness was feigned, to hide your flight from the people. They say that your ambition was to be regent under Louis XVII.; that at a fixed time all had been prepared for proclaiming him; that you were the chief of the conspiracy; that neither Pitt nor Cobourg, but you alone, was our true enemy, and that the Mountain was composed of your accomplices: in a word, that you must be slain.—Danton do you not know that the more courage and patriotism a man possesses, the more the enemies of the commonwealth are eager to destroy him? Danton has been calumniated."

Robespierre had deigned to advocate the cause of Camille Desmoulins, as well as that of Danton. Camille was still the brilliant journalist, witty and graceful, who, at the commencement of the Revolution, was the first to inflame the public passions, and who with fatal thoughtlessness scattered broadcast his phrases, biting or pleasant, cruel or sarcastic. He had begun a campaign against the satellites of Robespierre. "We may see," said he of Saint-Just, "by his gait and in his deportment, that he looks upon his head as the corner-stone of the Republic, and that he carries it with reverence upon his shoulders like the Holy Sacrament." "I will make him carry his in his hand like Saint Denis," murmured Saint-Just. A letter to General Dillon had been published in the *Vieux Cordelier:* "Why," said Camille Desmoulins therein, "have you told how Billaud-Varennes came to your army in the month of September? You led him to the outposts, thus giving him such a fright that he begged you to turn back, and ever since has regarded you as a traitor for having made him see the enemy. This bilious patriot will never forgive that joke no more than he will me for having repeated it."

Camille Desmoulins had committed a graver crime. The condemnation of the Girondins had awakened remorse in that light and emotional spirit. His *Vieux Cordelier* appeared to be dedicated to Robespierre; the eulogy of his virtues was repeated in every line, but at the same time a sincere indignation broke out against the crimes and the tyranny which dishonored the French Revolution. Under the transparent veil of a translation from Tacitus, the young journalist published a generous appeal to clemency and true liberty; the horror of the law of suspected persons was at its height, thousands of families trembled and groaned under its weight; the Terror appeared under the form of a frightful anarchy. "There is to-day in France only our twelve hundred thousand soldiers who very fortunately cannot make laws. The commissioners of the Convention make laws; the departments, the districts, the municipalities, and, God bless me, I believe that the fraternal societies of women make them also. The present state cannot be liberty; but patience, you will be free some day. This liberty which I adore is not the unknown god; we fight to obtain the blessings she immediately puts in the possession of those who invoke her. These blessings are the declaration of rights, the gentleness of republican maxims, fraternity, holy equality, the inviolability of principles: these are the footprints of the goddess; by what other sign can I recognize her? Is this liberty only an actress of the opera paraded with the cap of liberty, or that statue of forty-six feet in height proposed by David? Shall we be base enough to prostrate ourselves before such divinities? Do you wish me to recognize her, to fall at her feet, to shed my blood for her? Open the prisons to those two hundred thousand citizens whom you call suspects. You wish to exterminate all your enemies by the guillotine; has there ever been a greater folly? Can you make one perish on the scaffold, without making ten enemies of his family or his friends? I think very differently from those who wish to maintain terror as the order of the day. On the contrary, liberty would be consolidated, and Europe vanquished, if you had a committee of clemency. This is the measure which would complete the Revolution."

In the terrible silence which weighed upon France, stifling under the Terror even the complaints of the victims, the voice of Camille Desmoulins and the first numbers of the *Vieux Cordelier* were saluted as the dawn of deliverance; most hardened hearts were touched, and hope reanimated every soul. It was under the ægis of the most terrible chiefs of the Revolution, in the names of Danton and Robespierre, that Camille Desmoulins struck these daring blows; the public believed, not without reason, in a return to moderation, in some trial of justice and mercy. Other voices joined themselves to that of the *Vieux Cordelier;* Fabre d'Églantine denounced Vincent, the veritable Minister of War, under the name of the incapable Bouchotte. "He speaks like a master, he makes himself obeyed, he has at his orders the clubs of cut-throats who are in Paris itself the terror of the neighboring quarters. I have seen them in the saloon of a theatre draw their sabre and say to those who did not think like them, 'I am such a one, and if you look at me with contempt, I will cut you to pieces.' It is to these men that the secret missions for the departments are given." "The stupor is so great in the country places," said Lecointre of Versailles, "that the unhappy people subjected to torture dare not complain, only too happy to have escaped death. The mere name of the armed force inspires them with the greatest terror."

So much clamor, strengthened by the smothered voice of public opinion, caused the imprisonment of Vincent and Ronsin; but their friends agitated in their favor, and they were released, their anger uniting with the restlessness of Hébert, who disposed of a large number of vagabonds: a sudden blow was being secretly prepared. In the new tribunal to be instituted, Pache, still mayor of Paris, was to be chief judge. It was the revolt of the Cordeliers against the Jacobins, long their rivals, and who had become their masters. "Yes," said Hébert, "there exists a faction which desires to annihilate the rights of the people. Since we know them, what are the means to deliver us from them? Insurrection? Yes, insurrection, and the Cordeliers will not be the last to give the signal." The Declaration of the Rights of Man was veiled with black crape; Ronsin visited the prisons accompanied by men armed with great swords, and decorated with a military costume, whom they called in Paris the *épauletiers*. He revised the registers of the jailers, and announced the speedy liberation of the patriots unjustly mixed in the prisons with the aristocrats. The revolutionary army appeared ready to follow its chiefs, but the clever manœuvres of Collot d'Herbois had mined the ground under their feet; the Cordeliers, frightened or shaken, swore that they would not separate from the Jacobins. In the night of the 23rd to 24th March, 1794, the *ultra-revolutionary* plotters, Hébert, Vincent, Ronsin, Momoro, Chaumette, were arrested at their houses, and brought to the Luxembourg, furious or prostrate. The crowd of prisoners saw these men pass whose names had formerly menaced them with massacre. "Citizen Anaxagoras," cried an aristocrat, "I am suspected, thou art suspected, we are suspected." Chaumette did not again leave his room. Beside him were confined the constitutional bishop, Gobel, who had recently abjured the priestly function before the Convention, and a Prussian banker, Anacharsis Clootz, elected member of the Convention at the same time as Thomas Paine, enthusiastic in his dreams of the universal Republic and a mystical atheism, condemned beforehand for his great wealth. The sentence of the conspirators had not long to be waited for; on the 24th of March they were all conducted to the scaffold, as resolute in the presence of death as they had been in murder. The bishop had repented, and had done penitence for his abjuration; Hébert alone betrayed the baseness of his soul by his ignominious terror. Insulters, stirred up by Camille Desmoulins, pursued even to the guillotine the former editor of the *Père Duchesne*.

Robespierre was resolved to establish his government on solid bases; he wished for peace or silence in France, and although he did not attach to the foreign struggle the same importance as several of his rivals, he however wished for the national defence and the victory of the country over the foreigner. He hesitated at no falsehood and no crime to arrive at this end. He pursued the ultra-revolutionists under pretext of a conspiracy with England; the same pretext served him with still greater reason against those moderate men who ventured to ask for a committee of clemency. He felt that his empire was not yet established; the patronage that Camille Desmoulins obstinately sought for him had compromised him; he defended himself with the Jacobins from all complicity in the editing of the *Vieux Cordelier*, and proposed to burn the numbers. The vanity of Camille Desmoulins as an author was wounded. "To burn is not to reply," cried he. The report of Saint-Just to the Convention had replied beforehand to the indulgent as well as to the fanatic: "There is a certain man who, like Erostratus, would burn the temple of liberty to make himself a name; he pretends that the Revolution is finished, and that we must grant an amnesty to all the scoundrels. Others pretend that the Revolution is not up to their level. Every folly has its stage; one leads the government to inertia, the other wishes to push it to extravagant action, the design of both being to make themselves leaders of opinion. The government is revolutionary, but the authorities ought to be so only in executing the revolutionary measures which are presented to them. If they act in a revolutionary manner by themselves, it is tyranny and misfortune for the people."

To obtain this order in the Revolution, to become the absolute chief of a power anarchical in its nature, Robespierre and his disciple Saint-Just had successively struck down all their rivals, overthrown all their enemies; sustained by the scum of the populace, too violent, and too disreputable ever to pretend to empire, they only found in their way Danton and his friends, discouraged and sad, dangerous still by those unexpected returns of eloquence and talent which would suddenly exercise their influence on public meetings. Danton had been advised to fly the danger which menaced him. "Never!" said he; "does one carry his country on the sole of his shoes?" He still counted on a certain stock of timidity that he had been able to discover in Robespierre. "They dare not," he repeated.

It is often a mistake to count upon the cowardice as well as upon the courage of men. In the night of March 31st and April 1st, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, with their friends Lacroix, Philippeaux, and Westermann, were arrested. Hérault de Séchelles had preceded them to the Luxembourg. Fabre d'Églantine, Chabot, Bazire, and Delaunay were accused of having been concerned in the affairs of the stock-jobbers and of having received money for their services. Robespierre included them all in his haughty accusation, but it was against Danton that he struck his principal blows. Legendre for a moment raised his voice in favor of his friend. "We shall see," cried Robespierre, "if the Convention will know how to break a pretended idol, rotten long ago, or if in its fall it will crush the Convention and the people. In what is Danton superior to his colleagues, to Chabot, to Fabre d'Églantine, his friend and confidant. Is it because several individuals who were deceived, and others who were not so, have grouped themselves about him, and have marched in his train to reach fortune and power? The more he has deceived the patriots the more he ought to incur the severity of the friends of liberty.

"I was the friend of Pétion; as soon as he was unmasked, I abandoned him. I had dealings with Roland; he was a traitor, and I denounced him. Danton wishes to take their place; he is no more in my eyes than an enemy of his country."

The report of Saint-Just, severe and trenchant as was his custom, was equally dead set against Danton. "Your friends have made you a celebrity; they place your name in the foreign papers, and it is to be found in all the daily reports addressed to the Minister of the Interior; all Paris speaks of you, your least words are made famous." Barère divided into three periods the glory of the Convention: it had condemned the king, sent the Girondins to the scaffold, and delivered Danton to the revolutionary tribunal. "Be inflexible," concluded Saint-Just; "it is indulgence which is ferocious because it menaces the country. It is necessary to destroy the guilty, so that there may remain in the Republic only the people and you."

At the Conciergerie, to which the accused had been transferred, Danton had already found an audience astonished at his fall, curious to hear and to look upon him. "Gentlemen," said he to the prisoners, "I expected to get you out of this; unfortunately, you see me shut up here like yourselves. I do not know what will be the end of all this." Not content with the public of the prison, Danton kept constantly leaning on his elbows at the window talking with his companions in a loud voice; the passers-by sometimes caught his words, which were repeated in the crowd. "A year ago I instituted the revolutionary tribunal," said he; "I ask pardon for it from God and from men; it was to prevent the renewal of the massacres of September, not to be the scourge of humanity. I leave all in a frightful mess. There is not one who understands anything of government; if I could leave my legs to Couthon and my brains to Robespierre, the Committee of Public Safety might still go on some time." He reassured and encouraged Camille Desmoulins, who broke out into sobs or invectives, lamenting the lot of his wife, his well-beloved Lucile, or in anger against the perfidy of Robespierre. "He is a Nero," said Danton to him; "he never exhibited so much friendship to you as on the day before your arrest."

The accused had cited sixteen representatives as witnesses for the defence; they wrote to the Convention to ask permission to make revelations against the Committee of Public Safety. The letter was not sent, and the witnesses were not called. To the question of the president as to his name and his dwelling, Danton replied, "My dwelling will shortly be in nothingness; as to my name, you will find it in the pantheon of history. The impertinence of the journalist still inspired Camille Desmoulins. "I am thirty-nine years," said he, "the age fatal to Revolutionists, the age of the *sans-culotte* Jesus." Before the witnesses who deposed against him, Danton defended himself with a proud irony, refusing to address himself to the jury. "A man like me replies before the jury, but does not speak to them," said he. "I have served my country too well, and if my life is a burden to her, I will still give her my body to devour! My name is linked to all the revolutionary institutions,—committees, army, revolutionary tribunal,—it is I who have decreed all, it is I who will have caused my own death—I whom they call a Moderate! You refuse me witnesses, I will defend myself no more!"

He defended himself, however, in the manner of the lion attacking his enemies; the crowd which pressed into the hall, the still greater crowd which surrounded the tribunal, and which was prolonged in serried files across the Pont Neuf as far as the Rue de la Monnaie was thrilled by the words of the accused, repeated from mouth to mouth among the multitude. As the excitement threatened soon to become sympathy, the president invited Danton to take some repose: "To-morrow," he assured him, "you will continue your discourse." The examination of the other accused was also cut short, and the audience was suspended.

"You have run the greatest danger that has ever menaced liberty," cried Saint-Just, who was at the Convention, "but she will not retreat before her enemies. Dillon (who had been prisoner for several months) has declared that the wife of Desmoulins has received money to excite a movement—the patriots and the revolutionary tribunal are to be assassinated; we demand of you a decree which will authorize the president to outlaw every one accused of conspiracy, who resists or insults the national justice."

Fouquier-Tinville waited with anxiety for the arm he had himself demanded. The hearing had been at first retarded, then suspended; the accused violently demanded the witnesses they had cited; Danton wished to resume his speech. "Here is the decree that you ask for," cried, at last, Amar, who arrived in great haste. "Faith, we had need of it," said the public prosecutor. Silence was imposed on the accused: "We have not insulted justice," repeated they with violence. Desmoulins threw far from him the notes prepared for his defence: the danger which threatened his wife had succeeded in weakening his courage: "You are all assassins," cried he to the jury. Danton raised once more his powerful voice: "We are devoted to death, but we are not conspirators. The people will one day know the truth. Great evils will burst over France; the dictator has lifted the veil, and shows himself without disguise." And as the president rung his bell violently, "The voice of a man defending his life ought to impose silence on your bell," cried Danton disdainfully. When he sat down, waiting the decision of the jury, he threw little balls of bread at the judges.

The debates were closed,—"Without a scrap produced against us, without a witness being heard?" protested Danton. "There is a decree," said the president. After a long debate the jury affirmed the fact of a conspiracy. "Yes, a conspiracy had existed tending to re-establish the monarchy, to destroy the republican government and the national representation. Lacroix, Danton, Hérault, Philippeaux, Desmoulins, and Westermann are convicted of having been concerned in this conspiracy." A registrar went to read the sentence to the accused, who had been taken back to prison; their anger and indignation still inspired their conquerors with some fear.

On the same day, the 5th April, towards evening, the condemned were led to the scaffold. Camille Desmoulins had not recovered either calm or courage; he contended in the cart as he had contended with the jailers. With torn shirt and bare shoulders he looked at the Palais Royal, and cried, "There five years ago I called the people to liberty and to this revolution which kills me." "Be quiet," said Danton, erect at the side of his friend broken down and discouraged; and he threw his looks on the hideous populace who accompanied the condemned to punishment. "The infamous wretches!" said he. At times a tender memory took possession of his soul. "My dear poor wife, I shall never see thee more! Come, Danton, no weakness." The latter wished to embrace Camille Desmoulins at the foot of the scaffold, but the executioner separated them. "Wretch," said he, "you will not hinder our heads from kissing in the basket presently." Then throwing back his terrible visage, his eyes burning with long-suppressed anger: "Presently you will show the people my head," said he to the executioner; "it is well worth while."

So Robespierre thought, as formerly did Cromwell when weighing in his hands the head of Charles I. He knew what sort of an enemy he had vanquished; he was not ignorant that the indomitable, inexhaustible genius of the revolution resided in that unequal and violent nature that could not be stopped or settle itself even in an anarchical power; always at the head of uprisings, clever in combining them without ever succeeding in directing them or of making them serve a determined purpose. Vanquished in fact since the origin of the Convention, Danton had perceived the dangers which menaced France, without ever retracing his steps, even in his own thought, without having the force to arrest himself on the slope which conducted him to the abyss. Danton unchained the sanguinary passions of the revolution; Robespierre set himself to enslave them.

He reigned alone, surrounded by men who had carried him to the summit, and the Committee of Public Safety became the sole instrument of his government; the revolutionary army might be an arm in the hands of enemies, and was disbanded by a decree: the authority of the ministers had more than once escaped from the control of the Committee; they were replaced by twelve commissions. At the same time, and to deliver himself by a single blow from the remnants of the nobility, a decree of banishment was passed against the ex-nobles. "Whatever you may do," said the report of Saint-Just, "you will never be able to satisfy the enemies of the people, unless you re-establish tyranny. They must go then to seek elsewhere for slavery and kings. Drive them away, the universe is not inhospitable, and the public safety is, among us, the supreme law." Many gentlemen had preserved some influence over their communes and their revolutionary committees which administered them; these committees were abolished, and the district committees were alone preserved. Already since the 1st February, 1794, a decree had commanded the destruction of the chateaux. The traces of our history were effaced under the axe of the destroyers. The law of the *maximum* was extended to all commodities; commerce was fettered, and the depreciation of the assignats continued to increase. But all the various claims against the State which had been the object of the speculation of stock-jobbers had been reduced by Cambon to the unity of the ledger of the public debt. Those who were not paid had the consolation to know that their claim was recorded; the incessant confiscations renewed their guarantee, and furnished a pretext for new emissions of assignats. The abundant harvest diminished the misery. At Paris the revolutionary powers succumbed one after the other, or they concentrated themselves in the hands of the Committee of Public Safety and the Jacobins, its faithful allies; the committees of the sections, subjected to revision, were dissolved. The societies affiliated in the departments since the 10th August has been abandoned; they languished in obscurity, like the Club of the Cordeliers. The Convention voted without objection, without discussion, with a submission shamfully eager, all the decrees which the dictators demanded. Robespierre believed himself at last assured of that supreme authority which he had pursued through so many crimes; the State possessed henceforth a government, he resolved to make it the gift of a religion.

It had been for long his pretension to preserve in the Republic a certain religious liberty, and to moderate the fanaticism of the assassins of priests. Personally a disciple of Rousseau, and too sensible not to understand the supreme power of the idea of God, he had opposed in the Convention the violence of Chaumette and his partisans. "By what right," had he said, "do you come to trouble the liberty of religious observances in the name of liberty, and attack fanaticism by a new fanaticism? Why make the solemn homage rendered to the pure truth degenerate into ridiculous farces? We have denounced the priests for having said the mass; they will say it still longer if they are hindered from saying it. He who wishes to prevent them is more fanatical than he who says the mass.

"There are men who wish to go still farther, who, under the pretext of destroying superstition, wish to make a sort of religion of atheism itself. Every philosopher, every individual may adopt on this subject the opinion which pleases him; whoever would make this a crime in him is without sense. But the legislature would be a hundred times more foolish which should adopt a like system. The National Convention is not a bookmaker, a maker of metaphysical systems; it is a political body charged to make not only the rights but the character of the French people respected. It is not in vain that it has proclaimed the Declaration of the rights of man in presence of the Supreme Being. Atheism is aristocratic, the idea of a Great Being who watches over oppressed innocence and who punishes triumphant crime is entirely popular. It is the sentiment of the French people; it is not attached either to priests, or to superstition, or to religious ceremonies; only to that of worship itself. That is to say, to the idea of an incomprehensible power, the terror of crime, the support of virtue, to whom it is pleased to render homages which are so many anathemas against injustice and against the success of crime."

The reason of Robespierre and his political foresight were shocked in vain; he was unable to hinder the violent breaking loose of anti-religious passions. In many departments, as in Paris, the priests had been the first victims of the revolutionary fury; the abolition of the Catholic religion was pronounced, but the Convention still refused to suppress the salary which it had assured to the constitutional priests. Their number was diminishing every day; some, like Bishop Gobel or the Abbé Sieyès, had solemnly pronounced their abjuration; others had shamefully rejected the moral yoke at the same time as that of their ministry; several had at last re-entered silently the bosom of the Church, eager to brave the persecution they had formerly fled. Already, on the 10th August, 1793, the entire Convention, accompanied by the authorities of Paris, had celebrated at the Champ de Mars the Feast of Nature; Hérault de Séchelles had drunk the wave of regeneration at a gigantic fountain erected by David. On the 10th November, the Convention was invited by the Commune of Paris to celebrate the Feast of Reason in the church of Notre Dame; an actress, Mdlle. Maillard, was borne in triumph even to the altar. "Legislators," cried Chaumette, "fanaticism has given way; it has given place to Reason, its blinking eyes have not been able to support the brightness of its light; an immense people have assembled under these gothic arches, which for the first time have served as an echo to the truth. There the French people have celebrated their real worship, that of Liberty, that of Reason. We have abandoned inanimate idols for Reason, for this living image, the masterpiece of nature."

From masterpiece to masterpiece, the adorers of Reason paraded their profanations in all the churches. I leave to Mercier, the member of the Convention, author of *Nouveau Paris*, the task of relating what he saw in the Saturnalia. "The wife of the vile Momoro, the singer Maillard, the actress

Candeille, lent themselves at first to these triumphs, to these adorations. But Reason was generally a divinity chosen from the class of the sans-culottes. The tabernacle of the high altar served for footstool to her throne. The gunners, pipe in mouth, served her as acolytes. The cries of a thousand confused voices, the noise of drums, the shrill voice of the trumpet, the thunder of the organ, made the spectators believe that they were transported among Bacchantes. The people, suddenly enfranchised from the political and religious yoke, was nothing more than a mad populace, dancing in the sanctuary and howling the Carmagnole, and the dancers, with neck and arms bare, stockings down, imitated in their rapid circlings a whirlwind, harbinger of the ravages of the tempest. Drunk with wine and blood, issuing from these scenes of debauch, returning from the spectacle of the scaffolds, the priests and priestesses of Reason followed with staggering steps the car of their impure divinity. The air resounded with the roaring of these tigers. The words of *guillotine*, *national razor*, *patriotic abridgment*, ordinary jokes of the Mountain, resounded in the streets. The spectators, pale, trembling with fright at the sight of the red caps and menacing inscriptions carried by these paid brigands, showed no resistance, no objections when the spies posted on their way forced them to prostrate themselves before the image of Liberty."

So much disorder and shameful license shocked the governmental instincts of Robespierre. For the first time, even in the history of revolutions, the field was clear; the ancient faith had been abjured without a new religion being substituted for it, the national conscience was delivered to utopias and to systematic ideas: Robespierre wished to found the worship of the God of Nature. Already the republican calendar had transformed the ancient physiogomy of the year and destroyed the traditions attached to it. The 21st September, 1793, had become "the first day of the first decade of the first month of the second year of the French Republic." The decades replaced the weeks; equal months of thirty days bearing the names "imposed on them by nature," left at the end of the year a remainder of five days, consecrated to *sans-culottides*, great national feasts. The days were distinguished by their order in the decade; Monday became *primidi;* to each name, instead of the name of a saint or of a religious festival, they affixed the name of a domestic animal, of a plant, of a manure, or an agricultural implement. All this system was the work of Fabre d'Églantine: scarcely was his calendar in vigor when he mounted the scaffold.

Fabre d'Églantine had not measured the strength of human powers in delaying by three days the repose necessary after fatigue. Robespierre misunderstood the wants, the deepest as well as the most sacred rights of human nature, when he wished to found a new religion by a decree. He had, however, the honor of proclaiming openly an explicit belief, and the duties which devolve from this belief. "The French people," said the law of the Convention, "recognizes the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. It acknowledges, that the worship most worthy of the Supreme Being is the practice of the duties of man." In the same decree the liberty of worship was anew declared; a derisive measure, when all liberty was unknown and all respect for conscience profaned; an important principle, however, and which we must attribute to the remains of the philosophic thought of the eighteenth century, floating painfully in the midst of an abyss it had contributed to open.

Long ago, Robespierre had prepared the discourse which should inaugurate the establishment of his political and religious empire. Constantly occupied with his oratorical success, without brilliancy and without real talent, at an epoch and in assemblies which presented such brilliant examples, the dictator had, however, slowly acquired a certain force of speech. He spoke in doctoral fashion, and sometimes as a master, convinced of the truth of what he taught, when after the picture of the foreign victories of the Republic and of its internal prosperity, he brought forward the religious ideas that he desired to place at the head of his decree and the republican legislation. "What matters to you, legislators, the various hypotheses by which certain philosophers explain the phenomena of nature? You may abandon all these subjects to their eternal disputes. The idea of the Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul is a continual appeal to justice; it is then social and republican. O thou who are enthusiastic for the arid doctrines of atheism and who art never enthusiastic for thy country, what advantage findest thou in persuading man that a blind force presides at his destinies and strikes at hazard crime and virtue, that his soul is only a faint breath extinguished at the entrance of the tomb? Will the idea of his annihilation inspire him with sentiments purer or more elevated than those of his immortality? The priests have created a god in their own image, they have treated him as anciently the mayors of the palace treated the descendants of Clovis, to reign in his name and put themselves in his place. They have banished him to the heavens as to a palace, and have only called him to earth to ask for their own profit, tithes, riches, honors, pleasures, and enjoyment. The real temple of the Supreme Being is the universe; His worship virtue; His festivals the joy of a great people assembled under His eyes to strengthen the bonds of universal fraternity and to present Him the homage of pure and sensitive hearts."

It was to strengthen these bonds of fraternity, so cruelly broken every day by his hands, that Robespierre proposed to the veneration of the French people a series of fêtes: the *human race*, *truth*, *benefactors of humanity*, the *love of country*, the *hatred of tyrants and traitors.* A solemn ceremony was, on the 20th Prairial (8th June), to consecrate the homage of the Republic to the Supreme Being. David was entrusted with the organization of the festival.

This was the triumph which Robespierre had reserved for himself; he asked the honor of presiding over the Convention for that day, and it was at the head of the representatives of that sole authority, the wills and the votes of which he ruled at his pleasure, that he slowly descended the steps behind the pavilion in the centre of the Tuileries. He had kept them waiting. His costume differed in some manner from those of his colleagues; the bouquet of flowers and ears of corn which he carried in his hand was the largest of all. A pulpit had been set up at the foot of the steps; the immense crowd which encumbered the garden of the Tuileries hung upon his lips. He raised his voice and was heard from afar. "The ever happy day has at length arrived that the French people consecrates to the Supreme Being; the world which He has created has never offered Him a spectacle equally worthy of His regard. He has seen tyranny, crime, and imposture reign upon the earth; He sees at this moment an entire people in arms against the oppressors. It is He who from the beginning of time decreed the Republic, and placed on the order of the day, for all ages and for all peoples, liberty, good faith, and justice.

"Perish the tyrants who have dared to break the chain of love and of happiness with which He has bound all human beings. Let us abandon ourselves to-day to the transports of a pure gayety; to-morrow we will fight with vices and with tyrants. We will give to the world the example of republican virtue and that will again honor the divinity."

Robespierre descended from his platform, a lighted torch in his hand; in accordance with the singular taste for theatrical decorations which David had always shown, a group of colossal statues in canvas and pasteboard, representing all the enemies of public felicity, had been raised at the foot of the platform. "The desolating monster of atheism towers on high," said the programme, "supported by ambition, egotism, and discord; false simplicity, covered with the rags of misery, shows to view the ornaments with which the slaves of royalty adorn themselves." On the front of these figures was inscribed:—"Sole hope of the foreigner." The president of the Convention set it on fire, the fireworks bursting out from all parts, and in the midst of the smoke appeared a statue of Wisdom, calm and tranquil. At sight of this, all friends, all brothers, all relations, were to embrace "and their long cries of joy recalled to memory the noise of the waves of the sea, agitated by the sonorous winds of the south, raising and prolonging the echoes in the valleys and forests afar off." Tears of tenderness were to flow from all eyes, cruel derisions of the bitter tears which flowed in silence in many homes.

Robespierre advanced towards the theatre of the festival of Agriculture situated in the Champ de Mars, walking in front, not without affectation; his colleagues having slackened their pace, he turned round, crying in an imperious tone, "Well! why do you not follow me?" A slight murmur ran through the ranks of the Convention; the revolutionists had for a long time forgotten the accent of a master. Lecointre, of Versailles, dared to approach the triumpher with the words, "I like the moral of your discourse, but as for you, I have little respect for you." In the haughty satisfaction of his personal vanity, Robespierre had forgotten how fragile are revolutionary grandeurs: the throne on which he had just mounted already began to totter.

Self-love had been wounded, and personal fear began to work as well as self-love. Amidst these sentimental ceremonies and religious declarations decreed by the dictator, the scaffold did not cease to be daily inundated with the blood of the victims. The Committee of Public Safety had adopted the contrivance of including together, arbitrarily, a certain number of accused accomplices in an imaginary conspiracy, to send them together to execution; thus perished twenty-five magistrates of the Parliament of Paris and the Parliament of Toulouse, majestic still among their keepers, and preserving the firmness of their attitude before the judges charged with their trial. "I recognize this place," replied a member of the Parliament to Fouquier-Tinville; "it is here that virtue judged crime, and that to-day crime assassinates innocence." Several days after her husband, formerly president of the Parliament of Paris, Mme. de Rosambo, daughter of Malesherbes, ascended the scaffold with her father. "You have had the happiness of saving your father," said she to Mdlle. de Sombreuil, "I die with mine, and I go to rejoin my husband." "If that had but common-sense!" quietly said M. de Malesherbes, on reading his act of accusation. Stumbling at the moment of entering the revolutionary tribunal, "This is a bad omen," said he, "a Roman would have returned home." The administrators of the department of the Moselle, and those of the town of Sedan perished in a single day. They had up to that time forgotten those of the inhabitants of Verdun who had endeavored to soften the victors by sending a deputation of women to the Prussians. The representative on mission recalled this crime, and the guilty were sent off to Paris. Thirty-five prisoners, of whom fourteen were women, were condemned to death. The revolutionary tribunal commuted the punishment of two young girls who were not yet seventeen years old; they were placed in the pillory with the inscription, "For having delivered the city of Verdun to the enemy by furnishing him with provisions and munitions of war." Public compassion triumphed over terror; everywhere the condemned were pitied. "They seemed like young virgins adorned for a fête," says a prisoner of the Conciergerie, "they suddenly vanished from sight and were gathered in their spring. On the day after their death, the court of the women looked like a garden despoiled of its flowers by a storm. I never saw such sorrow amongst us as was excited by this barbarity."

As it pursued women and young girls, so also did the Committee of Public Safety pursue men who had most honored France in the eyes of Europe. Thirty-two farmers-general were accused by an old employé of having misused the moneys of the State. It was said that the enormous and increasing debt was a witness against them; the wealth they lavished caused disastrous prejudices against them. They were condemned regardless of the peremptory explanations they had given, and their lot decided that of the celebrated chemist Lavoisier. Farmer-general like them, but consecrated by his free and powerful genius to the noblest labors of science, he had refused in 1792 the Ministry of Public Contributions which Louis XVI. offered him, asking for no other favor than the right to "enlighten the people as to their duties." In 1794 he refused to poison himself in prison. "I set no more value on life than you do," said he to the friend who made this proposition to him; "but why seek death before its time? It will have no shame for us. Our true judges are neither the tribunal that will condemn us, nor the populace that will insult us. We are stricken down by the plague that is ravaging France. The madmen who send us to our death would be absolved by our seeking it ourselves."

On May 10th, twenty-five of the condemned were assembled in a hall of the Conciergerie. In the midst of them, possessing the respect of all, was Madame Elizabeth, for a long time immured in the Temple, where she had acted as mother to her unfortunate niece. The previous evening she had been snatched from the weeping girl. "Do not weep," she said, "I am about to return." "No," said the municipal guards, "thou wilt not return; take thy bonnet and descend." The examination of the princess was short. "What dost thou call thyself?" "Elizabeth of France." "Where wast thou on August 10th?" "By the side of the king, my brother, at the palace of the Tuileries." "At the side of the tyrant, thy brother?" "If my brother had been a tyrant," said Madame Elizabeth, proudly, "neither you nor I would be where we now are at this moment. What is the use of so many questions? You desire my death; I have made to God the sacrifice of my life, happy in going to rejoin in heaven those whom I have loved so much on earth."

The Princess mounted the scaffold after all her companions. Many of those who surrounded her had been formerly at the Court; she encouraged them to die piously, without the scoffing levity or stoical apathy which philosophy had substituted in many minds for the consolations of religion. When the executioner seized her in his brutal hands, the kerchief of Madame Elizabeth became disarranged. "In the name of your mother cover me, sir," said she. The executioner obeyed. The Princess Royal was henceforth alone at the Temple, the only survivor of all her relations, separated from the unfortunate child who, by the overwhelming burden of his name, was predestined to punishment and to death.

All this was not enough, the prisons became too narrow and the jailers too few to guard the victims. Besides, awkward or puerile attemps at assassination had menaced Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois. Legendre had proposed a guard for them; republican indignation became aroused; the dictator resolved to protect himself by the destruction of all his enemies. "It is only the dead who do not return," said Barère. A decree was proposed to accelerate the movements of the Committee of Public Safety, and open for them a shorter route to the guillotine. "The activity of justice," said Couthon, "has been out of proportion to that of its enemies and their immense numbers. The revolutionary tribunal has been paralyzed; the forms of its organization have permitted conspirators to embarrass it with legal quirks and quibbles. The only delay in punishing the enemies of the country should be the time required for recognizing them; it is less a question of punishing than of annihilating. Under the ancient despotism, philosophy demanded counsel for the accused. It would have been far more worth while to institute such laws and judges as to render this course unnecessary. The natural defenders and friends of accused patriots, are juries of patriots; but neither defenders nor friends should be permitted to those who, by any means, or in any disguise whatever, shall have made an attempt upon the freedom, unity, or safety of the Republic, or shall have labored to hinder its consolidation."

No more delay, no more witnesses, no more advocates for the defence! The Mountain itself recoiled with dismay. "If this decree be adopted without adjournment, I shall blow my brains out," cried Ruamps. Saint-Just was away executing his commission in the provinces; he approved the proposition, but perceived the danger. "A few more chastisements," said he to Levasseur, "and we will make clemency the order of the day." Much later, Levasseur himself wrote, "That abominable law of the 22 Prairial caused torrents of blood to flow." Robespierre insisted, and the decree was voted.

It is a hideous spectacle to contemplate the enthusiasm of crime, and see men madly intoxicating themselves with their own atrocities. The revolutionary tribunal was in operation from March, 1793; the registry of condemnations had reached the number of 577. From 22 Prairial to 9 Thermidor (June 10th to July 27th, 1794), 2285 unfortunates perished on the scaffold. Fouquier-Tinville comprehended the thought of Robespierre. For the dock he had substituted benches, upon which he huddled together at one time the crowd of the accused. One day he erected the guillotine in the very hall of the tribunal.

The Committee of Public Safety had a moment of fright. "Thou art wishing them to demoralize punishment!" cried Collot d'Herbois. A hundred and sixty accused persons had been brought from the Luxembourg under pretence of a conspiracy in prison. The lower class of prisoners were encouraged to act as spies, thus furnishing pretexts for punishment. The judges sat with pistols ready to hand; the president cast his eyes over the lists for the day and called upon the accused. "Dorival, do you know anything of the conspiracy?" "No!" "I expected that you would make that reply; but it won't succeed. Bring another." "Champigny, are you not an ex-noble?" "Yes." "Bring another." "Guidreville, are you a priest?" "Yes, but I have taken the oath " "You have no right to say any more. Another," "Ménil, were you not a domestic of the ex-constitutional Menou?" "Yes!" "Another." "Vély, were you not architect for Madame?" "Yes, but I was disgraced in 1789." "Another." "Gondrecourt, is not your father-in-law at the Luxembourg?" "Yes." "Another." "Durfort, were you not in the body-guard?" "Yes, but I was dismissed in 1789." "Another."

So the examination went on. The questions, the answers, the judgment, the condemnation, were all simultaneous. The juries did not leave the hall; they gave their opinions with a word or a look. Sometimes errors were evident in the lists. "I am not accused," exclaimed a prisoner one day. "No matter; what is thy name? see, it is written now. Another." M. de Loizerolles perished under the name of his father. Jokes were mingled with the sentences. The Marechale de Mouchy was old, and did not reply to the questions of President Dumas. "The *citoyenne* is deaf (*sourde*)," said the registrar; "put down that she has conspired secretly (*sourdement*)," replied Dumas. It became necessary to forbid Fouquier-Tinville to send more than sixty victims a day to the scaffold. "Things go well, and see the heads fall like slates with my file-firing; the next decade we shall do better still, I shall want at least four hundred and fifty." The lists were prepared in the prison itself, by the class of informers known as *moutons*. The Public Accuser, like the judges and the jailers, was often ignorant of the names of the human flock crowded in the dungeons. Death recalled them to recollection. In the evening, under the windows of each prison, the list of the victims of the day was shouted out.

"These are they who have gained prizes in the lottery of Saint Guillotine." The unfortunates who crowded to the windows thus learned the tidings of the execution of those they loved. The horrors of the unforeseen and unknown were added to the agonies of death and separation. Under the windows of the Conciergerie the names of the Marechale de Noailles, the Duchesse d'Ayen and the Vicomtesse de Noailles, who died together on the scaffold, were proclaimed. Amongst the prisoners was Madame La Fayette, herself awaiting death; happily she did not recognize in the coarse accents of the criers, the cherished names of her grandmother, mother, and sister. The peasants of the Vendée came to die at Paris, like the Carmelites of Compiègne, or the magistrates of Toulouse. It was astonishing that there still remained in the dungeons great lords and noble ladies, bearing the most illustrious names in the history of France; on the 8th and 9th Thermidor, the poets Roucher and André Chénier, Baron Trenck, famous for his numerous escapes, the Marechale d'Armentières, the Princesse de Chimay, the Comtesse de Narbonne, the Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre, the Marquis de Crussol, MM. de Trudaine, counsellors of the Parliament of Paris, perished upon the scaffold.

Insulters always surrounded the scaffold, but their number had decreased; the Committee of Public Safety no longer had recourse to the popular manœuvres of its early days. Terror was now sufficient to ensure the silence and submission of the victims. Paris grew weary of the horrors of which it was witness; the odor of blood had driven away the residents from the houses adjacent to the Place de la Revolution; a new guillotine had been erected upon the Place du Trône. Upon the route along which ran the fatal carts, shops were closed and passers-by endeavored to avoid meeting the procession. A few rare loungers of the lowest class alone walked in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs-Élysées. All was silent, but pity was growing in the minds of men. The distant sound of the horrors that were general throughout France, redoubled the terror of Paris.

The provincial sufferings were not uniform, and the fury of the representative commissioners was unequally distributed. Either by a happy chance, or it might be by an instinctive knowledge of the character of the population, the revolutionary scaffold was never set up in Lower Normandy; the Vendée, on the contrary, expiated its long resistance in its blood, and Carrier filled with terror the city of Nantes, always favorable to revolution. He had tried guillotine and grapeshot, but both were too tardy in their action to suit his zeal. He conceived the idea of crowding the condemned into ships with valves, launched upon the Loire: the beautiful river saw these unfortunates struggling in its waters. Henceforth the executioners tied the prisoners together by one hand and one foot; these "Republican Marriages," as they were called, ensure the speedy death of the victims. The waters of the Loire became infected; its shores were covered with corpses; the fishes themselves could no longer serve as nourishment for human beings; fever decimated the inhabitants of Nantes. The fury of Carrier bordered on madness: he caused the little Vendean infants, collected by Breton charity, to be cast into the water. "It is necessary," said he, "To slay the wolves' cubs."

The same terror also, and the same atrocities which desolated the west, reigned in the north and the south. In the department of Vaucluse, Maignet, in the Pas-de-Calais, Joseph Lebon had obtained the erection of local revolutionary tribunals. "The arrests which I have ordered in the Departments of Vaucluse and the Bouches-du-Rhône amount to twelve or fifteen thousand," wrote Maignet to his friend Couthon. "It would require an army to conduct them to Paris; besides, it is necessary to appal, and the blow is only terrifying when struck in the sight of those who have lived with the guilty." They had felled the tree of liberty in the little town of Bédouin; sixty-three of the inhabitants were executed, the rest fled. "I have wished to give the national vengeance a grand character," wrote Maignet to the Committee of Public Safety, "and I have ordered that the town should be given to the flames. If you think this new measure too rigorous, let me know your wishes, and do not read my letter to the Convention." To the complaints of Rovère, representative of Vaucluse, Robespierre replied, "We are content with Maignet, he knows well how to guillotine." Joseph Lebon established an orchestra close by the guillotine; he caused the *Ça ira* to be sung during the executions, which he witnessed from his balcony. Formerly a priest and well esteemed, he was moderate at the outburst of the revolution, but his reason had yielded to the dizziness of despotic power; it was of a veritable madman that Barère said, "Lebon has completely beaten the aristocrates, and he has protected Cambrai against the approaches of the enemy; besides, what is there that is not permitted to the hatred of a republican against the aristocracy? The Revolution and revolutionary measures must only be spoken of with respect. Liberty is a virgin whose veil it is culpable to raise."

For some time, Robespierre had appeared but rarely at the Committee of Public Safety; he reserved himself for the department of general police, that is to say, the direction of "the Terror" throughout France. Underhand dissentions and jealousies began to creep in amongst these criminals, secretly disquieted by projects of which they were reciprocally suspicious. Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois dreaded Robespierre, and began to conspire against him. Robespierre established himself with the Jacobins, as in an impregnable fortress. The President and Vice-President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the Commandant of the armed forces, Henriot awaited his orders. They pressed him to take action against the enemies whom he had himself denounced to the Jacobins. "Formerly," said he, "on the 13th Messidor (July 1), the underhand faction that has sprung from the remnant of the followers of Danton and Camille Desmoulins, attacked the committees *en masse;* now they prefer to attack a few members in particular; in order to succeed in breaking the bundle, they attribute to a single individual that which appertains to the whole government. They dare to say that the Revolutionary Tribunal has been instituted in order to swallow up the National Convention; they have spoken of a dictator, and named him; it is I who have been thus designated, and you would tremble if I told you in what place."

A dictatorship had, in fact, been spoken of, but it was Saint-Just, on returning from the army, who had uttered this terrible word, in a conference of the Committees of Public Safety and General Security expressly convoked by Robespierre. The latter had proposed the institution of four great revolutionary tribunals, in order to forge new weapons for himself; but the conference refused. Robespierre went out irritated and gloomy. "Misfortune has reached a climax," cried Saint-Just. "You are in a state of anarchy. The Convention is inundating France with laws inoperative and often impracticable. The representatives accompanying the armies, dispose at their will of the public fortune and our military destinies; the representatives sent as Commissioners to the Provinces, usurp all power and amass gold for which they substitute assignats. How can such political and legislative disorder be regulated? I declare upon my honor and my conscience, I see only one means of safety; and that is the concentration of power in the hands of one man who has enough genius, force, patriotism, and generosity to become the embodiment of public authority. It is necessary, above all to have a man endowed with long practical knowledge of the Revolution, its principles, its phases, its modes of action, and its agents. Finally, he must be a man who has the general good will and confidence of the people in his favor, and who is at once a virtuous and inflexible, as well as an incorruptible citizen. That man is Robespierre; it is he only who can save the State. I ask that he be invested with the Dictatorship, and that the Committees make a proposition to this effect at the Convention to-morrow." The imprudence of the speech equalled the audacity of the act. The members of the two councils looked at each other, hesitating to accept the declaration of war. A few of them contended for their lives against the vengeance of Robespierre and his friends. "This Robespierre is insatiable," said Barère, with anger. "Let him ask for Tallien, Bourdon de l'Oise, Thuriot, Guffroy, Rovère, Lecointre, Panis, Barras, Fréron, Legendre, Monestier, Dubois Crancé, Fouché, Cambon, and all the Dantonist remnant, well and good; but to Duval, Audouin, Léonard Bourdon, Vadier, Vauland, it is impossible to consent." The two parties waited face to face, shrinking from the blows they were about to exchange, counting on the impatience or temerity of their adversaries. The boldest amongst the opposition ventured on a circuitous attack by denouncing the sect of mystic dreamers led by a demented woman, Catherine Théot, styled by her followers, Mother of God. Her principal disciple was Gerle, formerly prior of the Chartreuse, and a member of the Constituent Assembly. When the papers of this handful of maniacs were seized, the copy of a letter to Robespierre was found; he was to have been the Messiah of the sect. Vadier denounced at the Convention, this elementary school of fanaticism, discovered on a third floor in the Rue Contrescarpe," and who were connected, he said, with the machinations of Pitt; but he dared not speak of the letter to Robespierre. The latter undoubtedly took some interest in Catherine Théot, for he did not allow the affair to be followed up; the prophetess died in prison soon after.

Robespierre had said to a deputation from Aisne: "In the situation in which it now is, gangrened by corruption, and without power to remedy it, the Convention can no longer save the Republic: both will perish together. The proscription of patriots is the order of the day. For myself, I have already one foot in the tomb, in a few days I shall place the other there; the rest is in the hands of Providence."

Nevertheless he began the attack, urged forward by men who had attached their fortunes to his own, and by the disquietudes which agitated his sour and dissatisfied spirit. He could no longer put up with advice even from his most faithful friends, and the inflexible Saint-Just told him to calm himself; "Empire is for the phlegmatic." A menacing petition from the Jacobins preceded by a few hours a grand discourse from the dictator. He always reckoned on the effect of his discourses, and all the committees one after another had suffered from the asperity of his attacks. "The accusations are all concentrated upon me," said he; "if any one casts patriots into prison in place of shutting up the aristocrats there, it is said that Robespierre wills it. If the numerous agents of the Committee of General Security extend their vexations and rapine in all directions, it is said that Robespierre has sent them; if a new law irritates the property holders, it is Robespierre who is ruining them; and meanwhile, in what hands are your finances? In the hands of feuillants, of known cheats, of the Cambons, Mallarmés and Ramels. Survey the field of victory, look at Belgium; dissensions have been sown amongst our generals, the military aristocracy is protected, faithful generals are persecuted, the military administration is enveloped with a suspicious authority; they talk to you of war with academic lightness, as if it cost neither blood nor labor. The truths that I bring you are surely equal to epigrams. . . . There exists a conspiracy against public liberty; it owes its force to a criminal coalition which intrigues in the very bosom of the Convention. That coalition has its accomplices in the Committee of General Security, and in the bureaux, which they control. Some members of the Committee of Public Safety are implicated in this plot; the coalition thus formed seeks to ruin patriots and the country. What is the remedy for this evil? To punish the traitors, to purify the Committee of General Security, and subordinate it to the Committee of Public Safety; to purify this committee itself, and constitute it the government under the authority of the National Convention, which is the centre of authority and the chief judicial power. Thus would all the factions be crushed by raising on their ruins the power of justice and liberty. If it is impossible to advocate these principles without being set down as ambitious, I shall conclude that tyranny reigns among us, but not that I ought to hold my tongue; for what can be objected to a man who is right, and who knows how to die for his country? I am put here in order to combat crime, not to govern it. The time has not yet come when good men can serve their country with impunity."

They listened in silence; no applause, no complaint had interrupted the orator. For a long time the Convention had been unaccustomed to see the masters of their fortunes and their lives making appeal to their supreme authority. Their rôle had long been limited to taking part in oratorical tournaments and voting decrees. They did not yield, however, to the seduction, and their faces remained grave and sombre. No one rose to speak, but they began to exchange a few remarks, and a murmur ran from bench to bench. The glove was thrown down, but as yet no champion advanced to take it up. At length, and as if the courage of all was reanimated at once by the same resolution, Vadier, Cambon, and Billaud-Varennes rose together to mount the tribune. Cambon had been wounded in his just pride as a financier and an honest man; he could scarcely wait his turn.

"It is time," cried he, "to speak the entire truth. Is it I who need to be accused of making myself master in any respect? The man who has made himself master of everything, the man who paralyzes our will, is he who has just spoken,—Robespierre." At the same moment, and from all lips came the same cries. "It is Robespierre," said Billaud-Varennes: "It is Robespierre," repeated Panis and Vadier. "Let him give an account of the crimes of the deputies whose death he demanded from the Jacobins." And as he hesitated, troubled by the vehemence of the attacks,—"You who pretend to have the courage of virtue, have the courage of truth," cried Charlier to him; "name, name the individuals." In the midst of a growing confusion the Assembly revoked the order to print the discourse of Robespierre. It was to the two committees, filled with his enemies, that the denunciation of the dictator was referred.

Robespierre took refuge with the Jacobins; he was troubled by the opposition he had encountered, without being able to draw from it new forces for the struggle. He re-delivered his discourse, this time welcomed with loud applause. "My friends," said he, "that which you have just heard is my dying testament. I have seen to-day that the league of the wicked is too strong for me to hope to escape it. I am ready to drink the hemlock." "I will drink it with thee," cried David. The men of action were less resigned. Henriot spoke of marching on the Convention, but Robespierre still wished to speak; it was the course of the 31st of May that he wanted to follow. The hall was crowded; people entered without ticket. "Name thy enemies," they shouted to Robespierre; "name them, we will deliver them to thee." Collot d'Herbois arrived, attempting a few protestations of devotion; he was hooted and constrained to retire. Hesitation and doubt still troubled every spirit and paralyzed every hand. Collot and Billaud-Varennes returned to the Committee of Public Safety. There they found Saint-Just, who had to read a report, but he had not brought it with him. The two new comers apostrophized him with violence. "Thou art the accomplice of Robespierre; the project of your infamous triumvirate is to assassinate us all, but if we succumb you will not long enjoy the fruit of your crimes, the people will tear you in pieces; thy pockets are full of denunciations against us; produce thy lists." They advanced menacingly; Saint-Just shrank back, very pale. As he went out he promised to read his report next day. Neither of the two parties had as yet taken any effectual measure; they had contracted the habit of being very prodigal of words. Tallien had endeavored to gain over all that remained of the Left; three times he was repulsed by Boissy d'Anglas and his friends. As he returned once more to the charge, "Yes," they at length replied, with an ingenuousness almost cynical, "yes, if you are the strongest." Tallien was entrusted to direct the attack in the Convention.

Saint-Just had just entered, he had not appeared at the Committee of Public Safety. "You have blighted my heart," he wrote to his colleagues, "I am about to open it at the National Assembly." He presented himself, however, as reporter of the Committee. In seeing him pass, Tallien, occupied in assembling his forces, said loudly, "It is the moment, let us enter." Saint-Just commenced, "I am not of any faction, I fight against all. The course of events has brought it about that this tribune should be perhaps the Tarpeian rock to him who shall come to tell you that the members of the government. . ." Tallien did not leave him time to finish, he demanded leave to speak upon a motion of order. "Nor I either; I am not of any faction, I only belong to myself and to liberty. It is I who will make you hear the truth: no good citizen can restrain his tears over the unfortunate condition of public affairs. Yesterday a member of the government was here alone and denounced his colleagues, to-day another comes to do as much by him; these dissensions aggravate the evils of our country. I demand that the veil be torn away." Applause echoed from all parts of the hall. Saint-Just wished to continue his speech. "Thou art not reporter," shouted the members. He remained motionless in the tribune, while Billaud-Varennes came and stood beside him. He cast his eyes over the hall. "I see here," said he, "one of the men who yesterday, at the Jacobins, promised the massacre of the National Convention; let him be arrested." The officers obeyed. "The Assembly is at the present time in danger of massacre on every hand," continued Billaud; "it will perish if it is feeble." The contagion of courage spread from man to man; all the deputies stood up waving their hats. "Be tranquil," they cried to the orator, "we will not give way." "You will tremble when you see in what hands you are," continued Billaud, "the armed force is confided to parricidal hands. The chief of the National Guard is an infamous conspirator, the accomplice of Hébert; Lavalette was a noble, driven out of the army of the North and saved by Robespierre, whom he obeys. The revolutionary tribunal is in his hands; everywhere he has made his will supreme, and has sought to render himself absolute master; he has dismissed the best Revolutionary Committee of Paris, he has ceased to frequent the Committee of Public Safety since the day after the decree of the 22nd Prairial, which has been so disastrous to patriots. He excites the Jacobins against the Assembly." A few feeble protestations were now heard. "There is some murmuring, I think," said the speaker, insolently.

He was about to continue the course of his accusations; but beside him in the tribune Robespierre had replaced Saint-Just. His natural pallor had become livid, rage sparkled in his glance. "I demand liberty to speak," he cried. A single shout echoed through the hall. "Down with the tyrant! Down with the tyrant!" "I demand liberty to speak," Robespierre violently repeated. Tallien dashed into the tribune. "I demand that the veil be torn away immediately," he cried; "the work is accomplished, the conspirators are unmasked. Yesterday, at the Jacobins, I saw the army of the new Cromwell formed, and

I have come here armed with a poignard to pierce his heart if the Assembly has not the courage to decree his accusation. I demand the arrest of Henriot and his staff. There will be no 31st May, no proscription; national justice alone will strike the miscreants." "I demand that Dumas be arrested," added Billaud-Varennes, "as well as Boulanger (formerly lieutenant of Ronsin in the Vendée); he was the most ardent yesterday night at the Jacobins."

Meanwhile Robespierre was still in the tribune. Several times he strove to begin speaking, but the same cry drowned his voice, "Down with the tyrant." The little group of those who were faithful to him, close pressed together, followed him with their eyes without speaking, without seconding his efforts; the mass of the Assembly, so docile a few days before, was agitated with a violence that became more and more hostile. Barère hesitated no longer. It is said that he had prepared two statements; one favorable to and the other hostile to Robespierre. He proposed to abolish the grade of commandant-general, and to call to the bar the mayor Fleuriot and the National agent Payan, to answer there for public tranquillity. The decree was voted; on all sides arose accusations against Robespierre, every one hastening to denounce him. "I demand liberty to speak, to bring back this discussion to its true end and aim," said Tallien. Robespierre raised his head; "I shall know well how to bring it there," said he, in those imperious accents which formerly cowed the Assembly. Tallien continued without noticing the interruption. "The conspiracy is quite complete in the discourse read and re-read yesterday. It is there that I find arms to strike down this man, whose virtue and patriotism have been so much vaunted; this man, who appeared three days only after the 10th of August; this man, who has abandoned his post at the Committee of Public Safety, in order to come and calumniate his colleagues. It is not necessary to discuss in any particular detail of the tyrant's career; his whole life condemns him."

Robespierre clutched at the tribune with both hands. He no longer sought aid from the Mountain, henceforth roused against him; he turned his face towards the Plain. "It is to you pure and virtuous men, that I address myself; I don't talk with scoundrels." "Down with the tyrant," responded the Plain. Thuriot, who presided, rang his bell. "President of assassins," cried Robespierre, "yet once more I demand liberty to speak." His voice grew feebler. "The blood of Danton is choking him," cried Garnier de l'Aude. "Will this man long remain master of the Convention?" asked Charles Duval. "Let us make an end! A decree, a decree!" shouted Lasseau, at length. "A tyrant is hard to strike down," said Fréron in a loud voice. Robespierre remained in the tribune, turning in his hands an open knife, alone, exposed to the vengeful anger of them all. "Send me to death!" he cried to his enemies. And the voices replied, "Thou hast merited it a thousand times. Down with the tyrant!"

The decree was voted in the midst of tumult. "I ask to share the lot of my brother," cried the younger Robespierre. "It is understood," said Lanchet, "that we have voted the arrest of the two Robespierres, of Couthon, and Saint-Just." "I ask to be comprised in the decree," protested Lebas, faithfully devoted to Saint-Just. "The triumvirate of Robespierre, Couthon, and Saint-Just," said Fréron, "recalls the proscriptions of Sylla. Couthon is a tiger thirsting for the blood of the National representatives; he has dared to speak at the Jacobins of five or six heads of the Convention; our corpses were to be the steps for him to mount the throne!" The paralytic made a gesture of bitter disdain. "I *mount* the throne!" said he.

Thuriot proclaimed the decree; the acclamations that reechoed were furious, intoxicated with the joy of triumph. "Long live liberty! Long live the Republic! Down with the tyrants; to the bar with the accused." The officers, still bewildered with such an abrupt and sudden change, had not dared to lay a hand upon the fallen dictator; rage broke forth in the ranks of the Assembly. Robespierre and his brother, Saint-Just, Lebas, descended slowly to the place lately reserved for their enemies. Couthon had just placed himself there. The decree of arrest dispersed them in different prisons; they had set out when the Assembly suspended its sitting for an instant. "Let us go out together," said Robespierre. The crowd, like the Assembly, gazed on them without acclamations and without manifesting any sympathy for them; their army was reforming elsewhere.

The Commune of Paris and the Club of the Jacobins had not laid down their arms. An officer was sent to the Hôtel de Ville to announce the decree, which dismissed Henriot and summoned the Mayor to appear at the bar. He naively demanded a receipt for his message: "On a day like this we don't give receipts," replied the Mayor. "Tell Robespierre to have no fear, for we are here."

The Commune, in fact, was active, whilst the Committees of the Convention, stupefied at their own victories, were letting precious time slip past. Already Henriot, half drunk, galloping along the streets, stirred up the people, crying out that their faithful representatives were being massacred, delivering over to insults Merlin de Thionville, and sending to death the convoy of victims for the day. These the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine set about delivering, from compassion and from a vague instinct that the arrest of Robespierre necessarily brought about a cessation of executions. The General Council had sent to the jailers of the prisons an order to refuse to aid in the incarceration of the accused. Robespierre and his friends were successively brought to the Mairie. They found themselves again free at the head of an insurrection precipitately got up, but directed by desperate men, who felt their lives in danger if power escaped from them. Henriot, arrested for a moment, and conducted to the Committee of General Security, had been delivered by Coffinhal at the head of a handful of men. He was again on horseback, and was menacing in the hall of their sittings the Assembly, which had again come together.

The tocsin rang forth a full peal; the gates of Paris were closed. The rising tumult of the insurrection reached the ears of the deputies; each minute some inauspicious news arrived. It was said that the gunners of the National Guard, seduced by Henriot, were coming to direct their artillery against the palace. Collot d'Herbois mounted slowly to the chair and seated himself there. "Representatives," said he with a firm voice, "the moment has come for us to die at our posts; miscreants have invaded the National palace." All had taken their places; whilst the spectators fled from the galleries with uproar and confusion. "I propose," said Élie Lacoste with a loud voice, "that Henriot be outlawed." At the same moment the dismissed commandant ordered his men to fire.

Fearful and troubled, the gunners still hesitated. A group of representatives went forth from the hall and cried, "What are you doing, soldiers? that man is a rebel, who has just been outlawed." The gunners had already lowered their matches, while Henriot fled at full gallop. Barras had just been named commandant of the forces in his place; seven representatives accompanied him. "Outlaw all those who shall take arms against the Convention, or who shall oppose its decrees," said Barère; "as well as those who are eluding a decree of accusation or arrest." The decree was voted; an officer of the Convention boldly accepted the duty of bearing it to the Commune. The National agent, Payan, seized it from him, and for bravado read it with a loud voice before the crowd that was thronging in the hall of the Hôtel de Ville. He added these words which were not in the decree, "and all those found at this moment in the galleries." The spectators disappeared as if struck with terror at the name of the law. Times were changed. The mobile waves of public opinion no longer upheld the tyrants overthrown by the accomplices who had now become their enemies.

It was, without saying it, and possibly without knowing it, the feeling of this public abandonment and reprobation which paralyzed the energy of the five accused. Robespierre had arrived pale and trembling in all his limbs; he had been tranquillized with difficulty. When Couthon, who alone was retained for a time in the prison of La Bourbe, was at last brought to the Hôtel de Ville, he found the Council solely occupied with the attack on the Convention, without making any efforts for rousing the populace or for the vigorous resumption of power. "Have the armies been written to?" he asked. "In the name of whom?" said Robespierre, disheartened but calm. "Of the Convention which exists wherever we are; the rest are but a handful of factious men, who are about to be dispersed by armed force." Robespierre reflected; he shook his head. "We must write in the name of the French people," said he. The words "Au nom du peuple" were found in his handwriting on a sheet of paper.

It was also in the name of the people that Barras and his companions reunited the battalions of the sections which slowly assembled; some had recalled their men from the Hôtel de Ville. The new military school, the École de Mars, had not appeared well disposed towards Lebas, who had written to the Commandant Labretèche to hinder his pupils from ranging themselves under the banners of the Convention; the young men marched willingly at the request of Barras. The gunners collected on the Place de Grève, permitted Léonard Bourdon to approach. "Go!" said Tallien to him, "and let the sun when it rises find no more traitors living." The crowd dispersed on hearing the proclamation which outlawed the Commune of Paris. The gunners abandoned their pieces; a few hours later they came to seek them to protect the Convention. "Is it possible," cried Henriot, as he came forth from the Hôtel de Ville, "that these scoundrels of gunners have abandoned me? presently they will be delivering me to the Tuileries!" He ran to announce the desertion to the assembled Council-General. Coffinhal, indignant at his cowardice, seized him by the shoulder and pushed him out by the window. The agents of the police arrested him in a sewer.

Meanwhile the section of the Gravilliers had put itself in marching order, commanded by Léonard Bourdon and by a gendarme named Méda, intelligent and devoted, and who had acquired an ascendancy over those around him. He advanced towards the Hôtel de Ville without encountering any obstacle. Méda cried, in mounting the flight of steps, "Long live Robespierre!" He penetrated into the hall, obstructed by the crowd; the club of the Jacobins was deserted, Legendre had had the door closed; all the leaders of the revolution were assembled round the proscribed representatives. They were discussing and vociferating, without ardor, however, and without any true hope. Robespierre was seated at a table, his head on his left hand, his elbow supported by his knee.

Méda advanced towards him, pistols in hand. "Surrender, traitor!" he cried. Robespierre raised his head. "It is thou who art a traitor," he said, "and I will have thee shot." At the same instant the gendarme fired, fracturing the lower jaw of Robespierre. As he fell, his brother opened the window, and passing along the cornice, leaped out upon the Place. He was dying when they came to pick him up.

Saint-Just, leaning over towards Lebas, said, "Kill me." Lebas, looking him in the face, replied; "I have something better to do," pressing the trigger of his pistol. He was dead when a fresh report resounded from the staircase; Méda, who pursued Henriot, had just drawn on Couthon; his bearer fell grievously wounded. The prisoners, formerly all-powerful, now dying or condemned, were collected in the same room; thither Robespierre and Couthon had been brought; the corpse of Lebas lay on the floor; the crowd who besieged the gates wanted to throw the wounded into the river. Couthon had great difficulty in making it understood that he was not dead; Robespierre could not speak, and was carried on a chair to the door of the Convention. A feeling of horror manifested itself in the Assembly, "No, not here! not here!" was the cry. A surgeon came to attend to the wounded man in the hall of the Committee of Public Safety; he recovered from his swoon, and walked alone towards his chair; until then he had been extended upon a table, a little deal box supporting his wounded head. The blood flowed slowly from his mouth, and at times he made a movement to wipe it away; his clothes and his face were smeared with it. Robespierre appeared insensible to the injuries of those who surrounded him; he made no complaint, inaccessible and alone in death as in life. They carried him to the Conciergerie, where Saint-Just and Couthon had just arrived. All had been outlawed; no procedure, no delay retarded their execution. Saint-Just, looking at a table of the Rights of Man hanging in the hall, said, "It is I, however, who have done that."

The Conciergerie slowly filled; with Dumas, Fleuriot, Payan, Lavalette, a large proportion of the members of the Council-General had been arrested. The prisoners already retained here were pressing to the bars of their windows, curious as to the noise that reached their ears, and the vague rumors which had already excited mortal fears amongst the informers. Before the room where were imprisoned Mme. de Beauharnais and Mme. de Fontenay (afterwards Mme. Tallien), a woman appeared, who, in a marked manner, held up a stone (*pierre*), enveloped it in her dress (*robe*), and then made a gesture of beheading. The prisoners comprehended, a thrill of joy pervaded their gloomy abode; all the oppressed believed themselves already delivered.

It was five o'clock, and the carts had just drawn up as usual at the gate of the prison, but this time they waited for the executioners. The procession defiled before a dense crowd; all the windows were full of spectators, all the shops were open, and joy sparkled in every countenance. Robespierre and his friends had wearied with executions the people of Paris; the sanguinary emotions to which they had been so long accustomed regained their first relish; it was Robespierre that they were about to see die. He was half stretched out in the cart, livid, and with a blood-stained cloth round his face. When the executioner snatched it from him on the scaffold, a terrible cry was heard, the first sign of suffering the condemned had given. To this shriek cries of joy responded from all around, which were repeated at each stroke from the fatal axe. In two days a hundred and three executions violently sealed the vengeance of the Convocation. The justice of God and of history bide their time.

Robespierre had successively vanquished all his enemies; clever and bold, protected and served by his reputation for virtue, seconded by the growing terror which his name inspired, he had usurped the entire power, and confiscated the Revolution for the profit of despotism. He succumbed under the blows of those who had constantly pushed him to the front; wearied or frightened by the tyranny whose vengeance they themselves dreaded. The hands which overthrew the terrible dictator, were not pure hands, and revolutionary passions continued to animate many minds, but the public instincts did not err for an instant. The conquerors of the 9th Thermidor could in their turn seize upon power, and the greater number of them had had no other intention; but they might no longer spill blood at their pleasure without hindrance and without control. The culminating point of sufferings and crimes had been attained. Without wishing it and without knowing it, from envy or from fear, the *Thermidoriens*, as they began to be called, in striking down the Triumvirate had changed the course of the Revolution. The nation, always prompt to concentrate upon the name of one man its affections or its hatreds, panting and lacerated as it was, began to breathe; the prisoners ceased to expect death daily; their friends already hoped for their liberty; timid people ventured forth from their hiding-places; the bold loudly manifested their joy. People dared to wear mourning for those who had died on the scaffold; widows came forth from houses in which they had kept themselves shut up; absent ones reappeared in the bosom of their families. Robespierre was no more.

The Convention had revolted almost unanimously against the tyrant; scarcely was he struck down, when it found itself again a prey to divisions. Public demonstrations of joy and relief were manifested everywhere, and this disquieted some of the leaders of the conspiracy formerly directed against Robespierre; they had thought to overthrow him in order themselves to occupy his place, and already they perceived that two tendencies were manifesting themselves in the country. The one, feeble as yet in the Convention, and with no other point of support than the remnant of the Right, disposed to retrace the course of events, and even to visit upon their authors the iniquities committed; the other, disquieted and gloomy, determined to defend the Revolution at any hazard, even though it might be at the price of new sacrifices. The small party of the Thermidorians, Tallien at their head, began to form themselves between these two irreconcilable parties.

The reaction as yet bore no definite name, it did not and could not exercise any power; desired or dreaded, it was at the bottom of every thought, it influenced all decisions, often rendering them apparently contrary. The terrible glory of Robespierre, and the crushing weight that rests upon his memory, is due to the sudden transformation effected by his death. In outward semblance, and for some time longer, the customary terms were employed, but the character of the situation was radically changed.

The first significant symptom of this important change was the renewal of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The law of the 22nd Prairial was repealed. Fouquier-Tinville figured upon the list of new members presented for the approbation of the Convention. "I see here, with an astonishment mingled with horror," said Fréron, "the names of men condemned by public opinion; I observe the name of Fouquier-Tinville, whilst all Paris is asking you to send him to the execution he has so justly merited. I demand that he be despatched forthwith to the infernal regions, to expiate all the blood that he has spilt; I propose against him a decree of accusation." Fouquier-Tinville was sent to prison; he remained there a long time desperately vindicating his miserable life. When he was at last condemned, after a more protracted and more equitable procedure than he had formerly accorded to his victims, he threw the responsibility of his crimes on the Convention itself. "I have only executed your orders, citizen representatives, and yet you accuse me! Which of you has ever addressed to me a word of reprimand? Your orators were the source of all the bloodshed, and by your decrees you even outran your tribunes. If I was culpable, you must all be so, and I accuse the entire Assembly. I have simply been the axe of the Convention. Does one punish an axe?" Fouquier-Tinville was executed, and the axe of the Convention struck less frequently. Already, at the instigation of Mme. de Fontenay, or Thérèse Cabarrus (for since her divorce she was known by her maiden name), Tallien had ordered the liberation of several prisoners. The members of the government were besieged with solicitations. The Committee of General Security was obliged to excuse itself to the indignant Mountain for its indulgence. "Freed aristocrats have been met with during the last few days," cried Duhem. "Before the 22nd Prairial the tribunal pressed forward with vigor along the path of justice. Because a miscreant has overpassed the bounds of this salutary institution, must we destroy its vigor? Formerly the organization of the tribunal did not threaten innocence, and it maintained the energy necessary for the salvation of the Republic."

The Committee of General Security, and the Committee of Public Safety were renewed. Affairs henceforth were confided to sixteen independent commissions amenable directly to the Convention. "We have smitten down the Triumvirs, we will not replace them with Decemvirs," said Tallien, whilst depriving the Committee of Public Safety of its supreme authority. The Committee of General Security resumed the direction of the police. Outside the Convention, a heavy blow was given to anarchy by the suppression of the salary of forty sous a day granted to members present in the assemblies of the sections. This allowance was the recompense of idleness and disorder, and at the same time the source of the most shameful abuses; Cambon called it, "the civil list of adventurers." The workmen now applied themselves to seek for work.

In spite of the resistance of the Montagnards in the Convention, and the Jacobin societies in Paris and the departments, hope everywhere revived, and with hope courage was also restored. The tyrants under whose yoke people formerly suffered in silence, were now loudly denounced. "We need no longer sit beside Lebon," was said in the Assembly. Petitioners from the south complained of the power that Maignet was still exercising. "Every day blood is still flowing in the departments of the Bouches-du-Rhône, Vaucluse, and Ardèche; fathers of families are imprisoned; we live under the tyranny of one of Robespierre's executioners." The trial of 232 Nantais, sent to Paris by Carrier to be tried, was the occasion of the most frightful revelations as to the cruelties of which he had been guilty. The accused became accusers; they had with them documents which they produced. An order in these terms had been sent to the Revolutionary Committee of Nantes. "The commandant of the city is required to furnish three hundred men who are to proceed to the prison of Bauffray to seize the prisoners designated in the annexed list, to tie their hands two and two, and transport them to the military post of L'Éperonnière, where they will take possession besides of the prisoners there detained, and shoot them all indiscriminately in such a way as the commandant shall judge suitable." The military authority refused to carry out the execution; the Nantais were all set at liberty. Three months later Carrier was in his turn cited before the Convention, and the witnesses of his crimes crowded round, piling up their denunciations and accusations. "It forms a part of my projects, and it is the order of the Convention," he had written, "to lay waste all means of subsistence, all provisions and forage; in a word, everything in this accursed province; to deliver to the flames all its buildings and exterminate all its inhabitants." The whole defence of Carrier turned upon the necessities of the situation; he alleged that at Angers, Brest, and Saumur, the same things were being done by the hands of his colleagues, constrained like him by the public safety. He described in exaggerated terms the cruelties committed by the Vendeans, and the massacres of Machecoul. "The air seemed still re-echoing the civic songs of a hundred and twenty-thousand martyrs of liberty who had cried 'Vive la République!' in the midst of torture. How could dead humanity make its voice heard in these terrible crises? Could cold reason exactly limit its measures? What would those who rise up against me have done in my place? I have terminated a terrible war; I have sworn with hand extended over the altar of the nation, to save my country; and I have kept my oath. I now face the braiser of Scævola, the hemlock of Socrates, the death of Cicero, the sword of Cato, the scaffold of Sydney. I will endure all these torments if the safety of the people requires it. I have only lived for my country, I shall know how to die for it."

Legendre had spoken against the accused with the some violent emphasis. "You demand material proofs; well! make the water of the Loire flow to Paris, let them bring here the ships with valves, let them bring the corpses of the unfortunate victims, and there will soon be no more room in this hall for the living. Reckon up the days that Carrier has passed in Nantes and you will have counted the number of his crimes!" The excitement continued increasing on both sides. The executioner, ferociously fanatical, showed no tendency to repent of his crimes. The accusations were envenomed by the rage of political struggles and the ardent desire for vengeance. Carrier received his condemnation with immovable firmness, two only of his accomplices sharing his doom; twenty-eight were acquittal by the following strange verdict: "The jury is convinced that the accused have been the author or accomplices in the aforesaid acts, in giving and signing the order for two hundred and thirty-two prisoners to be shot, in giving and signing the orders to construct vessels with valves which have served for different *noyades*, in signing an order of removal for one hundred and fifty-five individuals who have been drowned, in spreading terror by arbitrary acts, in causing peaceable citizens to be imprisoned without examination, in levying arbitrary taxes, in treating with derision the unfortunates they incarcerated, etc., etc.; but not having done it with any criminal or revolutionary intentions, the tribunal acquits them, and orders them to be set at liberty."

As far as Carrier was concerned, the pressure of public opinion had forced the hand of the Revolutionary Committee; its natural instincts betrayed themselves by the acquittal of his subordinates. Louchet said to the Convention, "There exists no other means for drying up the source of our internal troubles than by maintaining terror everywhere as the order of the day." Cries of "Justice! justice!" resounded through the hall. "Justice for patriots, terror for aristocrats," said Charlier. But the voices grew more and more numerous that responded "Justice for every one!" Lecointre went so far as to ask that those whom he termed the accomplices of Robespierre should be arraigned, viz., Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Barère, Vadier, Amar, Vaulland and David. The proposal was rejected; the time was not yet ripe, and the Mountain still had a majority in the Convention. But the schism manifested itself more strongly day by day. Tallien advocated at once the liberation of a certain number of prisoners, and the abolition of the system of terror. "I make," said he, "this sincere avowal: I would prefer to see at liberty twenty aristocrats whom we might seize again to-morrow, rather than see a single patriot remaining in captivity. What! shall the Republic with its twelve hundred thousand armed citizens be afraid of a few aristocrats? Shall the government continue to keep all minds in fear, or shall it repose upon justice? Shall we understand by revolutionary government a government suitable to complete the revolution or a government agitated in a revolutionary manner? The popular movement which has put that above which was below, was an act of force and popular right, it was an act of war. To ask if the government will act according to the revolutionary manner, is to ask if we shall continue insurrectional action, if we shall still regard France as a field of battle, if we shall act for the people by maintaining the people in a state of insurrection. If we wish to continue to see at every step a snare, in every house a spy, in every family a traitor, assassins on the tribunal, all our citizens tortured by the execution of some, all society divided into two classes, the persecutors and the persecuted, those who spread fear and those who feel it; such is the art of ruling by terror. Does it appertain to a regular, free, and humane government?"

Principles as well as time were changed, men stained with all the crimes of sanguinary tyranny divined or outstripped the popular sentiment. Tallien had formerly exercised at Bordeaux a most oppressive dictatorship; now he proposed at the Convention to declare that "the terror which weighs upon all is the arm of tyranny, that justice is the terror of evil-doers, and it alone ought to be the order of the day." He even added, "Persecution directed against writers who freely express their sentiments would be a means of terror likely to restore tyranny."

It was in fact, in 1794, that the complete liberty of the press recently voted by the constitution, became a new weapon for justice and freedom. By sincere conviction or want of foresight, the Montagnards did not oppose the decree. The old Jacobins were not deceived as to the decisive and definitive effect of a struggle between truth and falsehood in the face of the world. "Is it for patriots or for aristocrats that you claim the freedom of the press?" had been asked at the club. "It would be madness to ask it for the latter; the former have no need of it, since they have the indefeasible right of crying, 'To arms!' against tyrants, and they will be always strong enough to prevent the aristocrats from imposing silence upon them. The whole transaction is as if reeds should raise their mud-stained heads to ask permission to insult an oak beaten by the tempest."

The struggle became every day more intense, within and without the Convention, between the Thermidorians and the Jacobins; an attempted assassination of Tallien furnished his friends with a pretext for a decisive attack. "It is time to tell the Convention all," cried Merlin de Thionville; "it is time to open its eyes; it is upon the edge of a precipice, and it is necessary to take one backward step in order to strike more surely the enemies of the people. Would you like to know the would-be assassins of Tallien and those who meditate fresh crimes? Hear then this message to the Jacobins. 'Measures of general security have been taken, and others are still being prepared in silence.' And this also, 'The toads of the marsh raise their heads and will be all the sooner annihilated.' The people will no longer have two authorities; it is time for the reign of assassins to terminate." "I ask," added Durand Maillane, "if liberty is not put in danger by the existence of the corporation of Jacobins in Paris, with forty-four thousand affiliated societies corresponding with it?" The Jacobins energetically defended their tottering power, but the public, like the Convention, directed its blows against them. Since the death of Robespierre, there had been formed in Paris little groups of idle and debauched young men, who by chance or management had escaped the military requisitions, and who had rallied round Fréron as a leader worthy of them, and were called his *jeunesse dorée.* They noisily paraded their opposition to the terrorists and responded with vociferations to the furious speeches of the Jacobins. Several times they violently assailed the doors of the club, and scenes of disorder were the result. The Jacobins protested; their complaints decided their fate. "Where has tyranny been organized?" said Rewbell, charged with the report before the Convention. "Where has it its supports and its satellites? At the Jacobins; they have covered France with mourning, carried despair into families, rendered the republican government odious! Jacobins! If you have not the courage to assert yourselves at this moment, there will be no longer a Republic, and you will have only Jacobins." The Montagnards rose up furious, but the opinion out of doors, that popular will of which they had talked so much, and which had aforetime blindly served their purpose, henceforth weighed upon them and fought against them with an irresistible power; as it had often done before, the Convention yielded to outside pressure. On November 11, the Committees of Public Safety, of General Security, of Legislation, and of War, proposed the suspension of the sittings of the Society of the Jacobins. "The hall shall be closed at once," said the decree, "and the keys deposited with the Committee of General Security." Loud acclamations welcomed the fall of this hated and dreaded power. An orator of the Left asked liberty to speak. "The decree is impolitic," he said, "but if it is necessary for the safety of the people, I support it." The Mountain accepted the defeat: at the vote, nearly every hand was held up against the Jacobins. "If you kill the mother, you kill the children," said Levasseur. The affiliated societies in the provinces languished and fell into inaction. Nearly everywhere in France the reactionary movement showed itself more rapid than had been the case in Paris.

It was under the weight of this external pressure that on the 8th of December, 1794, the Convention reopened its doors to the sixty-three deputies imprisoned since the 31st May, 1793, as a consequence of their protests against the acts of that day. Four other members (amongst them Thomas Paine), had ceased to sit, or had been excluded: they were at the same time recalled to the bosom of the Assembly, thus definitively modifying the majority by the re-entry of a numerous group of moderate representatives, themselves astonished at the transformation which had taken place all round them, and the progress of which they had not followed. Their first effort tended to reinforce their ranks. A proposal was made to recall to their posts twenty-three outlawed deputies, sorrowful remnants of the Gironde, like Louvet and Isnard, or courageous, independent members, like Lanjuinais and Defermon. The opposition was lively; the first decree was limited to declaring free from all pursuit the fugitive representatives, without admitting them to sit in the Convention. Their friends returned to the charge. The Mountain protested furiously against this justification of its mortal enemies, and against this condemnation of all its acts. Sieyès rose; he had sunk out of notice as a member of the commission of twenty-one charged with the examination of business; for two years nobody had heard him speak. "What have you done during the Terror?" he was once asked. "I have lived," he replied. Cold and indifferent he had judged it useless to waste his forces and risk his head in an unequal combat; with the reviving chances of victory he took up once more his long-interrupted arguments, pronouncing in the name of pure reason the sentence of all the chiefs of the Revolution successively cut down by the scaffold. "Have we any title, any right, any duty, that any one of our colleagues has not had in common with us? To recognize in us what we deny to them would be an act of most revolting aristocracy. We will not confound the work of tyranny with the power of principles. Men, supported by the authorities that anarchy had rendered your rivals, furnished with all the material means of force, constant conspirators since the opening of the Convention, succeeded when you were isolated and incapable of resistance in organizing the greatest of crimes, the fatal days of the 31st May and the 2nd June. This was the work of tyranny and not of patriotism. The exclusion of our colleagues had no other cause. What! you have found once more your own liberty since the

10th Thermidor; you have re-entered upon the exercise of your legislative powers; and are you still deliberating whether this liberty shall be the appanage of those amongst you whom history will regard as the most honorable victims of that tyranny which you have vanquished?" The twenty-three representatives were admitted to resume their seats, and as a solemn homage to their principles the Assembly dared, for the first time, to disown an insurrection; the celebration of the anniversary of the 31st May was abolished.

This was a victory of the constitutional party over the terrorists, a more profound and more fruitful victory than even those who won it were aware of; it was not the appeasing of old hatreds, neither was it a return towards that phantom of the ancient régime, which was alternately set up by the opposite parties as a scarecrow against their enemies. The representatives of the South and of Alsace had for a long time declared against the law, which confounded with the aristocratic emigrants the multitude of workmen or small shopkeepers, driven from their dwellings and their native soil by the tyranny of Maignet or Saint-Just. The violence of the hatred against the emigrants was still as intense as ever, mingled with rancor against the nobility, an ardent desire for vengeance on Frenchmen bearing arms in the ranks of the enemy, and that theoretical passion which then inspired so many severities. "What matter particular families?" said Legendre. "It is the great family that you have to consider; he who flies is a coward; all those who have emigrated, whether through fear or through aristocracy, ought to be equally struck down by the law. The Convention must declare that the emigrants shall never re-enter France except to lay down their heads upon the scaffold." The decree was voted with acclamation next day, and by an amendment, cleverly conceived, the unfortunate fugitives of the frontier provinces obtained an alleviation of their ills. "Workmen and laborers, not being priests or ex-nobles, working habitually with their hands and living by their daily toil, with their wives and their children under eighteen years of age, are not to be considered emigrants, provided that they left the territory of the Republic since the month of May, 1793, and that they return to it before the 20th March, 1795." By this clause, in Alsace alone, forty thousand persons profited, it is said, to re-enter France. "The amendment of Bourdon de l'Oise will not save them," said their representatives sorrowfully; "in returning to their country they will find nothing in it to subsist upon."

This material desolation, which weighed upon Alsace, made itself felt over all France. Already, and on the day after the 9th Thermidor, the Convention had abolished the law of the *maximum*, more fictitious than real, for merchants had everywhere established two prices, one based upon the true value of the commodities, and always payable in gold; the other in accordance with the legal price current, and accordingly reserved for deteriorated articles delivered to poor consumers. This double commerce, secret and open, had trammelled the progress of business and brought about such a depreciation of assignats, that distress was increasing in the cities. In the country it was frightful, and it resulted in an irritation diversely directed according to the tendencies of the population. Almost everywhere there was violent anger against the remnants of the government of Robespierre, to whom the evils that overwhelmed France at home were ascribed. Already in Paris, as a sequel to reiterated insults inflicted on the busts of Marat, the Assembly had decided that the remains of the anarchical and sanguinary journalist should be exhumed from the Pantheon, where they had been solemnly deposited. Several times the proposition had been made to prosecute Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Barère, and Vadier, all four members of the Commitee of Public Safety under the reign of Terror. Fréron presented a decree thus worded: "The Committee of Legislation will at once report concerning all laws in which tyrannical tendencies are involved; the Law of Suspects is repealed. All those who in consequence of this law are now under arrest shall be immediately set at liberty, and the sequestration placed upon their property shall be taken off. A commission shall be charged to prepare the means for carrying out the Democratic Constitution of 1793, as soon as under the auspices of a glorious peace the moment shall arrive for setting it in action. The present government shall only be replaced by a definitive government upon the bases of the constitution. After the trial of those now accused, no representative of the people shall be brought before the revolutionary tribunal, but shall be judged by the Convention itself."

This was in order to forestall the report of the Committee of Twenty-one that was to be presented next day. Sieyès had summed up the misdemeanors of the Committee of Public

Safety in this terrible formula. "Guilty of having oppressed the French people by the Convention, and the Convention by the French people."

The accused defended themselves in the name of the safety of the French people, and took refuge behind the decrees of the Convention, which by their number and incoherent violence were easily placed in contradiction. Collot d'Herbois cynically established the theory of Terror. "Every arbitrary act, every extraordinary measure useless for saving the country is condemnable; that which is necessary is legitimate: without it the revolution would no longer inspire confidence; that which was good last year may be a crime to-day." Carnot and Robert Lindet, former members of the Committee of Public Safety, and whose special functions had attached one to the administration of war and the other to that of supplies, insisted upon the solidarity of their acts with those of their colleagues. Carnot maintained the theory subversive of all government, that the will of the people alone made the law, and that it ought to be the only rule of its representatives "It is not your own opinion that you ought to utter," said he, "but that of your constituents; that is to say, the opinion which in your conscience you regard not as the best, but as most conformable to the will of the majority of Frenchmen. It is thus that the members of the Committee of Public Safety have acted. I have more than once blindly signed acts which I had not read. But if there are crimes so great that justice and national clemency will never know how to abolish them, there are also misdemeanors which may have been the transports of a soul exalted by the delirium of liberty, or rather the effects of a torrent of circumstances which could neither be calculated nor controlled; it is part of the greatness of a people to absolve the errors and pardon the excesses which have been committed only in its service."

The trial of the Committee of Public Safety was long drawn out, confused and dolorous, a tissue of accusations exchanged between the Thermidorians and the Montagnards. Some of the accused tried to excuse themselves in a cowardly way, mingling lies with insults. The situation of France, and especially that of Paris, complicated the discussion; the difficulties of subsistence became each day more pressing. Boissy d'Anglas, charged with the duty of procuring supplies, was everywhere known among the people by the name of Boissy-Famine; the bread supplied in Paris at a lower price than in the neighboring departments drew into the capital a crowd of outside consumers. Government had been compelled to assign rations to the inhabitants, and to issue in the different sections orders on the bakeries. The arrivals were irregular and the distributions often failed. Crowds of women besieged the doors of the Convention, loudly demanding bread. Brawls took place in the garden of the Tuileries, sometimes between popular mobs and the police, armed by a new law; sometimes between the Jacobins and the *jeunesse dorée.* It had become necessary to forbid the entry into the galleries of the "furies of the guillotine," as those women were called who were formerly habitual spectators of the reign of terror. The excitement reached the provinces; petitions rained in upon the Assembly, some calling for the chastisement of tyrants, others painting in heart-rending terms the misery of the people. The Montagnards more and more disquieted, arrived at the point of asking for a general amnesty. "How will the Convention be able to judge?" said Guyton-Morveau, "there are here only accusers, accused, and witnesses. This procedure is a scandal. The peril of the country requires that it be put an end to. How shall we get out of it? Shall we judge the representatives who have made propositions yet more sanguinary than those which are alleged against the accused? Shall we judge those who have sent the most victims to the revolutionary tribunal? I don't know whether we are completing or commencing a Revolution." Merlin de Thionville proposed to proclaim the Constitution, and to convoke at the same time the primary assemblies. The new Corps Législatif was to be charged with the duty of completing the process against the accused.

In the midst of this incertitude of the Convention, tossed by diverse passions, as violent as they were confused, the Montagnards had recourse to a means which had so often efficaciously served their purpose. On the 12th Germinal (1st April, 1795), a crowd of men, women, and children from the faubourgs, everywhere forced the guard, and precipitated themselves into the hall of the Assembly, loudly shouting for bread and for liberty to the patriots. "Long live the Republic," responded the majority of the representatives; but the Mountain applauded, saluting its allies with voice and gesture. The president could not succeed in making himself heard. The real desire of the insurgents rose above the lesson they had been taught. They repeated now and then, "Liberty! Liberty for the patriots and the Constitution;" but distress wrung from them the more sincere exclamation, "Bread! Bread!" There was no violence of attitude, no personal insult to the representatives, but a crowd constantly increasing, and a disorder every minute more clamorous. The women installed themselves in the seats of the deputies. "We have your places!" said they to the Montagnards, who had at first mingled in the ranks, and who wished to regain their seats. They circulated amongst the insurgents, seeking to excite still further the anger they had stirred up. "There sits Royalism," said Choudieu, pointing to the chair of the President. "You must disarm the National Guard; they wish for a king," said Foussedoire. They had placed in the tribune a popular orator named Van Eck, formerly mixed up with the revolt of the 31st of May. "Sacred Mountain," he exclaimed, "thou who hast so often fought for the Republic, the men of the 14th of July, of the 10th of August, and the 31st of May are here; they entreat thee in this moment of crisis, thou wilt find them ever ready to sustain thee."

The tumult increased; the moderate sections began to arrive; the Montagnards themselves set to work to try to get the hall cleared. "It is necessary that we should be able to speak," said Duhem, "at the moment when the general is beaten in all the sections, and the tocsin of the flag of unity has sounded." Barras turned imperiously towards the multitude: "The Convention will not quit its post as some have tried to make you think," said he, "it will do everything for the people, but you must go out."

The crowd surged out with violent clamor; the aid which the Jacobins had sought from the mob was turned against themselves, and increased at once the power and the anger of their adversaries. As on former occasions, all formalities and rules of justice were scorned; Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barère were condemned to transportation; Paris was put in a state of siege; General Pichegru, who happened to be at Paris, was appointed commandant of the armed forces. The Assembly voted by acclamation, the protests of the Montagnards were stifled by the majority, denunciations succeeding to denunciations; already the arrest of three representatives had been voted. Paris was still agitated; there was much debating in the faubourgs; the carriages which were conveying away the transported deputies were stopped at the barriers. Conspiracy seemed spreading, and new accusations were decreed, rising at length to seventeen; the accused were nearly all sent to the castle of Ham. Amongst the number were Maignet and Joseph Lebon, Thuriot and Cambon. General Pichegru appeared at the bar of the Convention, simply saying, "Representatives, your orders are executed." "The conqueror of tyrants could not fail to vanquish factions," replied the President. Order was re-established; the Jacobins had lost the chiefs in whom they had the fullest confidence, and the last remains of their power. Always blindly passionate, drawn on by personal ambition and the thirst for power, they had successively overthrown all that hindered their progress, even to Robespierre himself, when he had sought to concentrate supreme power in his own hands. They succumbed under the weight of their errors and their crimes. The Convention felt itself delivered from a yoke; a truce was established, dubious and transient; however, under the clever management of General Hoche, the pacification of the Vendée was completed; the negotiations with Prussia promised peace; the Assembly set itself to the task of governing.

All the questions which had been stirring in men's minds, and all the theories long stifled by the reign of terror, again broke out. Since the close of the Constituent Assembly, the Revolution had constantly destroyed without rebuilding; the laws which it had decreed were oppressive, the ruins with which it had strewn the soil of France had not been replaced by new institutions. Public instruction had disappeared along with the religious orders devoted to the education of the young. The necessity for elementary instruction had been recognized by all parties. A project of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau excited the admiration of Robespierre and Danton; but the Left were obstinately opposed to the development of secondary instruction. "It would be to revive the abuses of the ancient régime," it was asserted, "and to re-establish the aristocracy of *savants* and philosophers, when one ought only to found a democracy of *sans-culottes.* It is a scheme of the Brissotine pack. The cities would have privileges above the country. The civil code shall be placed within reach of every one, and we shall no longer need attorneys and advocates and *savants.* Would you wish us to believe that a pair of compasses is necessary for taking the measure of a shoe. Shoes are made in a shoemaker's shop and not in an academy." In vain Fourcroy, Romme, and Prieur defended science. Free and compulsory education for young children was first decreed. "My child does not belong to me, but to the Republic," said Danton; "it is for it to dictate that child's duties." "We will proscribe forever all idea of academic bodies, scientific sosieties, and pedagogic hierarchies," added the report. "Free nations have no need of a caste of speculative *savants;* sciences detach individuals from society, and enervate and destroy republics." "They regarded knowledge as one of the enemies of liberty," says Thibaudeau, "and science as an aristocracy; if their reign had lasted long enough, or if they had dared, they would have burnt the libraries, murdered all scholars, and plunged the world into darkness. Their declamations flattered the multitude; the ignorant were enemies of instruction, as the poor are enemies of riches." After the 9th Thermidor, one of the first cares of the Convention was to place the public edifices under the protection of the law; the foundation of the national museum was at the same time decreed. It also set itself to establish institutions for advanced education, a normal school, which was not destined to last, and central schools which subsequently underwent numerous transformations. From this time the teaching of science began to have at least equal value with literary studies; the study of law received no encouragement. Elementary instruction for young children was no longer free and compulsory; the function of the State was limited to the direction of the choice of instructors; no means were afforded for supplying the insufficiency of private or communal resources, and the law remained without effect.

The *savants* and men of letters were released from prison. Fourcroy presented a report on the foundation of a central school of public works, destined hereafter to become the Ecole Polytechnique; the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, the courses of lectures on Oriental languages at the National Library, the courses of the Jardin des Plantes, of the École de Médecine, of the Bureau des Longitudes, date from the same era of return towards solid studies. Before finishing, the Convention re-established the Institute (25th October, 1795).

It entered at the same time on a path of comparative justice. One decree raised the sequestration imposed upon the property of the fathers and mothers of emigrants; another decree ordered the payment of their debts; it was also proposed to make restitution to families of the confiscated property of condemned persons not emigrants. The discussion was lively, and touched political feeling very closely. "In time of peace," said Rewbell, "and in an organized state where there are no parties, confiscation is unjust and atrocious; but in a time of revolution, in a time of factions and of war, the conquerors of one party ought not, I think, to leave to the descendants of the conquered party the means of renewing the war." "No one ought to be punished twice for the same offence," replied Pontécoulant. "The loss of life is the greatest punishment that the state can inflict upon the criminal. That reparation is sufficient and ought not to be followed by any other. One need not shrink from acknowledging that in war the spoils of the dead belong to the conquerors; the camp-followers of an army know well how to despoil the corpses, but surely you will not say to the children, Yes, you are innocent, but your fathers were culpable, and you shall be punished. This would be a response worthy of Tiberius or Nero, but not of the representatives of the French people." Lanjuinais grew angry at the length of the discussion. "We will speak later on," said he "of the general principle of confiscation; to-day we have to declare that all the individuals condemned during the revolution have been, not judged, but assassinated." Some murmurs rose from the Left, but applause from the greater number of benches. "I say *assassinated*," continued Lanjuinais, "and we ought to restore their confiscated property to their families."

The decree bore the impress of the fears and hatreds which still animated the Assembly. "The principle of confiscation is maintained as regards conspirators, emigrants and their accomplices, the fabricators and distributors of false assignats and of false money, dilapidators of the public property, and the family of the Capet Bourbons; nevertheless, considering the abuses that have resulted from the revolutionary laws, the property of individuals condemned since the 10th March, 1793, shall be restored to their families, without the necessity for revision of the procedures."

The same tendency to make reparation got the better of the systematic hatred of priests and religion; already Boissy d'Anglas, a Protestant from the south, accustomed to the fetters imposed upon conscience by intolerance, had proposed in the month of February, 1795, a measure of indulgence sanctioning religious exercises in the family. Baudin from the Ardennes opposed the law in a pamphlet entitled "Fanaticism and Religions," affirming that the majority of the nation objected to the free exercise of religion. "The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau have been the habitual reading of the classes possessing ease and leisure," said he; "among them has been formed that irreligious opinion which for the most part has not investigated the proofs of a belief from which it frees itself on trust. The agriculturists, the artisans, the laborers have not read these books. It is these, that is to say, the very great majority of the nation, who object to liberty of worship." A great effort was made in the Convention against this change of legislation. Chénier had just made a report violently hostile to the priests; the troubles which had recently spread over all the south, and which had imbrued with blood Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon, were attributed to ecclesiastical influence. The new current of ideas, however, won the day, and upon a report of Lanjuniais, it was agreed that the churches not sold should be restored to the faithful for the exercise of their religion. Mass was already being said in Paris; fifteen churches were now given over to the services of religion. "It is only the hairdressers' assistants who now scoff at the mass," says Mercier in his *Tableau de Paris.*

The hatreds were more inveterate, and the evils much deeper than Mercier thought; but the returning reign of justice now beginning to manifest itself so conspicuously, procured respect for those rights of conscience formerly ignored by arbitrary power. The violence and perseverance of the attacks against public order served the cause of true liberty. A conspiracy discovered on the 29th Germinal, resulted in the arrest of the deputy Montaut. The attempts at a new organization of the National Guard, introduced and directed by the military authorities, had miscarried. The revolutionary army of the Commune of Paris no longer menaced the Convention; but in the midst of the agitations and plots which incessantly assailed it, the Assembly found itself with no other protection than the undisciplined and tumultuous *jeunesse dorée*, among whom the spirit of reaction manifested itself more forcibly day by day; the Assembly could neither invoke its aid nor restrain its excesses. It was in this perilous and unlooked-for situation that the Assembly found itself on the 19th of May, 1795, when Paris was suddenly inundated with copies of a manifesto bearing the title, "Insurrection of the people to obtain bread and reconquer its rights." All the clubs resounded with appeals to revolt; on the morning of the 20th (1st Prairial), at five o'clock, the tocsin sounded in the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau. Upon the order of the Committee of General Security, the *rappel* was beaten in the sections that were considered well-disposed. The women marched at the head of the mob with shouts of "Bread! bread! and the Constitution of 1793." They first invaded the galleries, mounted on the benches, and loaded with insults the members of the Convention. Vernier, who presided, was old, and as his feeble voice could not be heard above the tumult, Boissy d'Anglas took the presidential chair. Behind the women came the rioters, numerous, and for the most part armed. Several representatives advanced towards them to bar the passage. One of them named Féraud, deputy from the Hautes Pyrenées, young and courageous, had made several futile endeavors to get the hall cleared. The women demanded his name, and believing they had to do with Fréron, their rage redoubled. The furies were chased from one gallery by the aid of a superior officer whom the president did not know, but whose aid he had requested. He was a Scotchman named Fox, who had long been in the service of France; he had no troops, and the door began to crack at the hinges. It gave way and the multitude poured into the first hall. A certain number of deputies were armed, and a few National Guards arrived; the section of the Grenelle, with bayonets fixed on their guns, made the crowd recoil. But the constantly returning waves of people pressed upon the combatants, and the struggle raged in the very gates of the Convention. Féraud was always in the first rank of the defenders. "Kill me," he said, uncovering his breast, "I do not fear death, I have confronted it before the enemy; respect the sanctuary of the laws." He fell and was trampled under foot, the crowd passing over his body to enter the hall of meeting, which was invaded, sabres gleaming above the sea of heads. No one had as yet been wounded; the firing of the insurgents against the gates had not reached the representatives. The people kept shouting, "Bread and the Constitution of 1793." One woman made a mistake, and demanded the Constitution of 1789; they wished to massacre her as a royalist. The multitude surrounded the tribune, pushing back the representatives driven from their seats. A young man, son of the president Mailly, was wounded by a ball; guns were presented at the officers of the Assembly. Féraud advanced tottering, half dead with the blows he had received, to cover the president with his body, but he was pushed aside. An officer of the National Guard seized the rioter, who fired, and Féraud fell at the foot of the tribune. The women precipitated themselves upon him and finished the deed with their knives, trampling him under their feet. His corpse was dragged out of the hall, and a few minutes later a man entered bearing on a pike the head of the unfortunate deputy. Boissy d'Anglas had not stirred from the chair, though threats and cries re-echoed round him. On the head of Féraud being presented to him, he half raised himself from his seat, took off his hat with an air of grave respect, then pushed aside with his hand the man with the pike. He wished to speak. "They want to send us to sleep for three months," cried the rioters, "we want bread immediately. Call over the names, and we shall easily know well which deputies it is necessary to arrest! Give us back the patriots! Bread! bread! What have you done with our money? Go about your business! We are the Convention."

The Montagnards were mingled in the crowd striving to organize the disorder, and get the multitude to leave the hall. The National Guards, few in number, who had arrived at the sound of the rappel, dared not engage in the struggle without officers, and without orders; the women refused to go out, several of them mounting the tribune and attempting to speak. Meanwhile the leaders of the Left, Romme, Duroy, Goujon, had resumed their seats on the benches; the rioters occupied all the superior seats, and pretended to deliberate. Boissy d'Anglas had retired, and Vernier had resumed the presidential chair; the rioters voted the decrees proposed by the representatives of the Mountain; the majority, immovable in their places, waited in silence. Four commissioners were appointed to replace the Committee of General Security; they left the hall to seize the papers, and a detachment of the National Guard entered at the same instant, a few deputies, Legendre, Auguis, Kervelegan, marching at their head. Prieur of the Marne wished to arrest them. "Have you the order of the president to enter the hall?" he demanded impudently. "I have no account to render to thee," said the leader, Raffet, pushing forward. "Help, Sans-culottes!" cried Prieur. The rioters, only just transformed into a deliberative assembly, suddenly rushed down the steps, repelling the little body of National Guards. The ebb and flow of the struggle forced first one party and then the other out of the hall. The Montagnards believed themselves masters of the situation, and were already shouting "Victory! victory!" But there was heard from outside the regular beating of the drum, and the firm step of the soldiery, and ever and anon the cry "Long live the Convention!"

The columns of the National Guard entered the hall with bayonets fixed, showing no signs of irritation or weakness; at once the assailants fell into disorder, trying to climb to the back seats, to scale the galleries or pass out through the windows. The crowd was almost stifled in the gates it had previously besieged. Poor famished creatures, workmen out of employ, had been drawn together by a few leaders of revolt. They asked for bread; their patriotic ardor was in part factitious, and they retreated before the armed force. The Montagnards saw their soldiers melting away, and they remained alone exposed to the vengeance of their enemies, as eager as they had been themselves to seize definitively upon power. Humiliation mingled with their wrath. The most moderate of the deputies were mad with indignation. "You have as yet only taken half-measures," said Thibaudeau. "There is no longer any hope of reconciliation with a turbulent and factious minority. Well! since the glove has been thrown down, since the scabbard has been thrown away, so far it is necessary to fight, we must profit by this circumstance to re-establish peace in the Convention and the Republic. I demand that the unfaithful representatives, who have by their blarney excited a portion of the people against the entire nation, that the men who have made these proposals, be arrested. I demand that the Committee of the Government prepare severe measures against the deputies who have broken their oath."

The anger that springs from fear is cruel; the Convention had seen itself menaced without defence; some of its members had joined under its eyes in a comedy of deliberation forming part of the revolt; a deputy had been massacred in its precincts; justice no longer protected those who had permitted or directed these outrages. All the crimes of their past lives were one after the other thrown in the face of the accused, by men whose hands were not more pure than theirs. Bourbotte, Goujon, Albitte, Duroy, were already arrested; Prieur, Romme, Puyssard, Soubrany, were subjected to the same lot. The representatives of the departments formerly desolated by the commissioners of the Convention, called for their chastisement. Pontécoulant remarked that they had not taken any active part in the events of to-day, but the matter was proceeded with. Pinet, Borie, Fayan, Lecarpentier, were indicted. Already the gentleness of which Fréron had boasted at the time of the arrest of Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes and Barère had disappeared; Tallien apostrophized the accused after their descent to the bar. "In spite of the assassinations, in spite of the proscriptions which you wretches have organized, the Republic will live. But, representatives, remember that the movement of to-day sought to reopen the Jacobin Clubs and re-establish the infamous Tribune. It is necessary to exercise justice in what remains of it; it is necessary that Pache and Bouchotte, the leaders of that abominable faction, should perish."

The field of battle was no longer in the hall of the Convention; but the popular emotion was not yet calmed, and the uneasiness excited the violence of deliberations and revolutions. Already, after the 12th Germinal, the disarming of the "patriots" had been decreed. The new sedition proved the inefficacy of the measure, but it was renewed, and the sections were charged with carrying it into execution. The beat of the drum was heard perpetually in the distance; whilst the Assembly solemnly voted impracticable laws,—a return of the quantity of grain in the country, and the transport to Paris of all surplus of provisions,—the rebellion was still resting on its arms in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The forces sent against the rioters found their progress arrested by barricades, and themselves in danger of being surrounded. General Dubois, who was in command, retreated, allowing the rebel sections to pass him; the Carrousel was invaded, the gunners charged with guarding the Convention fraternized with the people; for the second time the Assembly was in danger. A deputation of ten representatives descended to the place to confer with the rebels. "If this measure fails, we shall have done our duty," said Legendre, "and it will be for destiny to decide." Lanjuinais raising his head, "For God alone!" he said in solemn tones.

As the multitude did not appear animated with violent intentions, the petitioners were introduced. In addition to their former demands, "Bread and the Constitution of 1793," they now added the liberation of the patriot deputies. The President read the decree of the Convention on grain, embracing the popular orator; little by little the crowd melted away, the gunners removed their pieces; the Assembly was delivered. But in the evening the assassin of Féraud, going to his execution, was rescued under the eyes of the executioner and in spite of his resistance. The patience of the Committees of Government was worn out, their distrust of the Jacobins at last surmounting the older and deeper distrust with which royalist plots had always inspired them. The faithful sections were collected, provided with artillery and munitions, and placed under the orders of the brave General Kilmaine, who had been released from prison on the day following the 9th Thermidor. A decree of the Convention ordered the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine to deliver up immediately the assassin of Féraud, and to surrender their cannons to the general in command; in default of which it was ordered, that all the sections of Paris should unite to reduce the rebels by force. A small army marched against the Faubourg St. Antoine; bombardment was freely spoken of.

The seditious populace were neither so resolute nor so imprudent; they attempted no resistance and obeyed all the requisitions. A certain number of rioters were delivered up, and an extraordinary commission was appointed to try them; thirty-one were condemned to death, six to transportation, five to a year in irons, nineteen to imprisonment. Fréron came to announce to the Convention the completion of its victory; henceforth all its anger was turned against the Montagnards. Twenty-seven had already been decreed to be arrested since the 12th Germinal. The chiefs of the revolt were indicted before a military commission. A sanguinary insurrection had taken place at Toulon; four representatives of the Left were accused of agitating the South. Pache and several obscure agents were brought before the tribunal of Eure-et-Loire. Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Vadier, and Barère were subjected to a new trial before the tribunal of Charente-Inférieure. Larivière asked that all the members of the former committees should be arrested. "Not to punish crime is to commit it," he cried, addressing Carnot. "I do not demand thy head, but I wish that thou shouldst sit no more amongst us." Carnot, astonished, defended himself with embarrassment. A cry rose from the Assembly that he arranged the victory, a statement that was current throughout Europe. The Assembly passed to the order of the day. Robert Lindet and Jean Bon St. André were less fortunate; in spite of their important services they were indicted, as well as Jacot, Élie Lacoste, La Viconterie, David, Dubarron, and Bernard de Saintes. The conduct of the representatives sent as commissioners to the provinces became the object of a sad investigation. Until then the horrors committed by Carrier, Joseph Lebon, and Maignet had put out of sight the less startling crimes of their colleagues. The list of these crimes that was drawn up was appalling in its monotony, while at the same time the number of the accused increased daily. A few moderates claimed regular jurisdiction on behalf of the accused; the revolutionary tribunal had been abolished. "Be just, always just," said Lesage of L'Eure-et-Loire, "that is the only means of ensuring the success of a republic. They wish to deliver you to the knives of assassins; conduct them before the tribunals, and let all the forms protective of innocence be strictly observed; the truth as proved concerning their crimes will alone decide their fate." The accused were sent before the military commission. A certain number had succeeded in evading pursuit. Ruhl was killed when the agents of police attempted to arrest him.

The same lot awaited the condemned. Six of them, Romme, Duguesnay, Bourbotte, Goujon, Soubrany and Duroy, were judged worthy of the highest punishment. Their trial lasted five days; they did not seek to deny the facts brought against them. As they were taken back to prison after the sentence, they sank down nearly at the same instant on the staircase; two bad knives, passed from hand to hand, had served them for suicide. Duroy and Bourbotte still lived; Soubrany expiring, implored to be killed; all three were carried to the scaffold. The exaltation of their political sentiments and the firm courage of their last moments almost effaced the cruelties of their lives. Those who perished at the first stroke by their own hands had only participated in the crimes of their epoch through the ill-regulated ardor of their opinions. At one time Soubrany might have escaped. He was intimately attached to Romme, a well-educated and studious man, who had just been arrested. "I cannot separate my lot from his," said Soubrany, and he allowed himself to be taken. Goujon was only about nineteen years old; he was handsome, and had displayed in the Assembly a certain amount of eloquence in the service of a false judgment and the most violent passions. Perhaps, had he been implicated in the insurrection of the 1st Prairial more effectively than his colleagues, no trace of their complicity with the previous plot would have been discovered. At the Convention he had accepted the insurrection and sought to aid it in usurping power; it was this crime that he expiated on the scaffold. Henceforward authority fell without a contest into the hands of the Thermidorians, soon to be divided in their turn and cast out by the reaction springing up in the ranks of the moderates, or amongst the remnant of the Jacobins.

The Constitution of 1793 had never been paramount in the country, and already it was declared inapplicable, even by those who had discussed and voted it. "Conceived by ambitious men, drawn up by intriguers, dictated by tyranny, accepted by terror, the Constitution of 1793 was only a formal consecration of all the elements of disorder, an organized anarchy; you should bury the odious work of your tyrants in the same tomb which has engulfed them." Such was the language of the report of Boissy d'Anglas, presenting to the Convention the project of the new Constitution, known as that of the year III. Eleven deputies, all chosen from among the more moderate, were entrusted with drawing it up after long discussions, divided between the fear of recalling the royal power, and the just terror of anarchy; the compilers of the Constitution decided on the idea of two chambers, so eagerly rejected by the Constituent Assembly. Their wisdom had not known how to grant to the new councils that varied origin and organization which would have assured an efficacious control to the government as well as to the legislative power. The Council of Five Hundred and the Council of Elders were to be elected directly by the primary assemblies. The members of the Council of Elders were to be of the age of forty years at least, married or widowers. The executive power was confided to a Directory composed of five members, one fifth renewable every year. "The supreme administration of the Republic shall be remitted to the Directory, with the execution of the laws, the disposal of the armed force, the care and conduct of negotiations; it shall have the power of declaring war, as has been ruled by the Constitution of 1791." By a precaution suspicious of the new power, the administration of the treasury remained independent. No army could be commanded by a director; a special article of the last chapter of the Constitution solemnly recorded the republican hatred against the emigrants: "The French nation declares that in no case will it suffer the return of those Frenchmen who, having abandoned their country since the 1st July, 1789, have not been included in the exceptions named in the laws enacted against the emigrants. The legislative body is prohibited from creating new exceptions on this subject. The property of the emigrants is irrevocably acquired to the advantage of the Republic."

It was the original flaw, stamped on the face of all the acts of the French Revolution, falsifying the noblest movements of the spirit of liberty and of justice, which reappeared in the last and great discussions of this Assembly, sullied by so many crimes, and buffeted by so many storms. It wished henceforth to be consecrative, but its solicitude being only fixed on the rights conquered or recognized by the Revolution, it left in the shade the history of France, as if it had never existed. In its idea, the existence of the country dated from the assembling of the States-general in 1789; only the inexorable suspicion and the constant rancor against the ancient régime betrayed the eternal truth of the indestructible solidarity of a nation with its past; Old France was dead, said they, and they still detested it as if living, formidable, and to be feared. The Convention had openly proclaimed the duties of men at the same time as their rights; it recognized no right for past ages, no duty of children towards their ancestors. The germs of tyranny and division remained hidden in the recesses of the Constitution of the year III., as in that of its precursors.

While they discussed in the Commission and in the Assembly the important questions relating to the Constitution, while Sieyès solemnly professed wise theories and proposed impossible institutions, the negotiations for peace with Spain, which were being carried on at Bâle, were suddenly and sadly facilitated by the death of a poor child who at last expired in the Tower of the Temple, after a martyrdom which had lasted nearly two years. The plenipotentiaries of King Charles IV. had been ordered by their master to demand the liberty of the children of Louis XVI. The Convention had obstinately refused. "An enemy is less dangerous while he is in our power than when he passes into the hands of those who sustain his cause," Cambacérès had said coldly in his report on this subject. M. d'Yriarte insisted constantly in the name of the King of Spain. "It is for us a duty, a religion, a fanaticism, if you will," said he to M. Barthélemy. A note at the bottom of a despatch, like a postscript without importance, cut short the difficulty and assured peace momentarily to the two countries. "The death of the son of Capet was announced this morning to the Convention; it was received with indifference, while the news of the capitulation of Luxembourg was received with the liveliest emotion."

The royal child, separated from his mother on the 3rd July, 1793, had been at first thrown into infamous hands. It was to a shoemaker known by Marat, his neighbor and passionate admirer, that the son of Louis XVI., but lately "the Child of

France," had been delivered. Coldly cruel, bent upon destroying in the child that superiority of race and education which irritated the jealous passions of his soul, Simon at first loaded him with bad treatment; one day, however, he became uneasy and went to the Committee of Public Safety. "The young wolf has learned to be insolent; I know how to break him in, but if he should die I am not responsible for it. Do you want to kill him?" "No." "To poison him?" "No." "To transport him?" "No." "To get rid of him?" Silence alone replied to Simon; he was free.

I am horrified at the recitals and spectacles of human cruelty, and this systematic cruelty exercised upon a child offers a character so odious, that I do not care to dwell on it long. Simon wished to degrade the soul, debase the mind of the royal child confided to him. He intoxicated him and forced him to repeat the songs which sullied his own lips; he had thus obtained a signature, perhaps by force, to the infamous question produced before the judges of Marie Antoinette. But little by little the child got weaker, the shame and horror of his situation overwhelmed him; he had no longer strength to resist, but he had sufficient to suffer in silence. He did not speak, he did not complain: suspicion of everything around him alone occupied this poor abandoned soul; he still said his prayers, in spite of the jugs of cold water that Simon threw over him at these times. When his tormenter had the honor to enter into the revolutionary tribunal, the members of the Commission did not grant even a jailer to the son of Louis XVI. The former chamber of the faithful Cléry was metamorphosed into a dungeon, the door was closed, and bread and water passed through a wicket: the child remained alone. His sister has related the sufferings of the little king, in a solitude which she was never permitted to break, and which oppressed her with grief in her neighboring prison.

"He had no other resource than a small bell, which he never rang, so much fear had he of the persons he would have called, preferring to want everything rather than to ask the least thing from his persecutors. He was in a bed which was not made for more than six months, and which he had no longer the strength to make. Fleas and bugs covered him, his linen and his body were full of them, and his shirt and stockings had not been changed for more than a year. His window, shut with a padlock, was never opened. It was not possible to stay in the infected chamber; the unfortunate child was dying with fear. He asked for nothing, so much he trembled at his keepers. He passed the days without doing anything; they gave him no light; it is not astonishing that he fell into a frightful consumption. To have resisted so many cruelties so long proves that he had a good constitution."

The day after the 9th Thermidor, Barras came to the Temple, recommending vigilance with respect to the prisoners; the Commune of Paris had been solely responsible for them. After its defeat they gave a jailer to the little prince; this man broke open the door of the cell, for the child did not reply to any call. The man retreated in terror on perceiving his prisoner pale, covered with rags, his large blue eyes open and still, almost without life. The body of the child was covered with sores; he could not support himself. The comparative mildness of those who surrounded him astonished him without drawing him from his apathy; to the first accents of pity which struck his ear for a long time, he only replied, "No, I wish to die."

Two keepers looked after him, and the commissioners of the sections came every day to the Temple to superintend them; the roughest, involuntarily softened by the spectacle offered to their eyes, saw themselves obliged to warn the Committee of Public Safety. The child did not speak, he could scarcely walk; the decomposition of his blood betrayed itself by tumors on his elbows, wrists, and knees. Several representatives were commissioned to go the Temple, and the little prince was at last properly lodged. His clothes were decent, and he played with cards; but he did not lift up his eyes when his visitors entered, and all their efforts, prayers, enticements, reproaches, could not obtain a word, scarcely a look. The child remained impassible, and as if enveloped in the long sufferings which he could not shake off. The commissioners were present at his meal, and found it insufficient for a sick child. "It was much worse before our time," said the keepers. "For the honor of the nation, which was ignorant, for the honor of the Convention, which should not have been ignorant of what passed at the Temple, for the honor of the culpable municipality of Paris, which knew all, and which allowed all," wrote Harmand of the Meuse, one of the representatives charged to visit the little king, "we limit ourselves to order provisionary measures. We do not make a public report to the Convention, but we render an account under the seal of secrecy to the Committee of Public Safety." The prison and the solitude gradually finished their work; no doctor had yet been called to the child.

He died at last. For a month anxious care had endeavored in vain to stay the illness; several doctors had succeeded each other at the Temple, and on the 8th of June the child expired. "We received the news at a quarter past two in the afternoon," said the reporter of the Committee of Public Safety to the Convention; "I am charged to inform you of it, all is verified; and I deposit here all the papers."

The poor little hostage of the Revolution had escaped from his chains. Henceforth the surviving princes of the royal house of France were in a foreign land, more or less mixed up and compromised with that emigration lately so fatal to the entire nation, pursued into exile by the constant hate of the Revolutionists. The Princess Royal alone was still in the hands of the executioners of her race, but the combined protestations of Spain and America now secured her liberty. One of the rare petitions of Louis XVII. addressed to his jailer Génin was, "I would like to see her again once before I die." The request had been refused, when the daughter of Louis XVI. took the road of exile which she was destined to follow more than once. She had not again seen the child who had just died in the Temple. Republican pride had not permitted the inscription in a treaty of the liberation of the princess. She was exchanged for the ambassadors Semonville and Maret, and the Commissioners of the Convention delivered to Austria by Dumouriez. "Without doubt, all is not equal here," said the negotiators: "in ordering the imprisonment of the family of Capet we have exercised an incontestible public right; we have obeyed the law of the people while the citizens we claim are held back by acts of violence which nothing can justify; but in this exchange we desist from a right to get rid of an injustice which weighs upon our hearts." At the same time, a decree of the Convention authorized the members of the house of Bourbon to quit the soil of the Republic. The Duchess of Orleans and her two younger sons, the Prince de Conti, and the Duchess of Bourbon, thus recovered their liberty.

In their prison at Marseilles, the Comte de Beaujolais and the Duc de Montpensier had been witnesses of a horrible massacre. The Company of the Sun, as the villains of the reaction called themselves, had exercised the most atrocious vengeance on the Jacobins vanquished and confined in the fort Saint Jean. "We heard them break in the doors of the cells," wrote the Dec de Montpensier, "and soon after frightful cries and heart-rendering groans, mixed with yells of joy. The commandant of the fort, disarmed, and his adjutant wounded and dying, were shut up in our chamber; we heard continually the cries of the victims, with pistol-shots, and blows from the sabres or clubs of the murderers. Towards seven o'clock we heard a cannon-shot; it was the assassins who had fired against the door of a cell, where the prisoners, to the number of thirty, were killed with grape-shot or burned; for, in order that the business might go on more quickly, to use their odious expression, they had arranged to set fire to the cell, after having put in a quantity of straw by the air-holes.

"It was nearly nine o'clock and dark, when we heard the cry, 'Here are the representatives; we must let fall the bridge, for they threaten to treat us as rebels.' 'I care nothing for the representatives,' said one of the assassins, with an oath; 'I will blow out the brains of the first coward who obeys them. Come along, comrades, to business, we shall soon have finished.' When the representatives arrived, Isnard cried, 'Wretches, cease your horrible carnage, in the name of the law, cease to give yourselves up to such odious vengeance.' Five or six assassins presented themselves all covered with blood. 'Representatives,' said they, 'let us finish our business, you will find yourselves all the better for it. The wine is drawn, it must be drunk; we have done no more than revenge our fathers, our brothers, our friends, and it is yourselves who have excited us.' 'Let these scoundrels be arrested,' said the representatives. At last several of them were seized. The next day the fort was strewed with corpses and dying men like a field of battle, and horrible pools of blood; the air was poisoned by the smoke which exhaled from the burning dungeons. Several victims still survived their wounds, and their sufferings were all the more frightful that no one hastened to give them succor."

While the cruelty of the "human beast" of every party and in every cause exhibited itself with so many horrors in the south of France, the war recommenced in La Vendée, seconded by the help of England, encouraged by the breath of reaction which commenced to manifest itself in France, and which the royalist agents represented under false colors to the emigrant princes. In vain Mallet du Pan, far-seeing and sensible, wrote to King Louis XVIII., as the Comte de Provence was called since the death of the little prince:—"We must not hope for any spontaneous insurrections at Paris, or elsewhere, in favor of the monarchy; the Convention is master of the people. All but the people tremble at the idea of a new shock. The civil war is a chimera of the same kind; there are neither princes nor great men, nor powerful generals to draw over to their party provinces or armies; all employment of force will counteract the slow causes which will turn back the revolution towards the monarchy. The royalists of the interior are in despair at the conduct of the king and the emigrants. They complain that these play at dice with the heads of their parents and their friends, that they do not form to themselves the least idea of what France has become. The monarchists defend themselves against the Convention much more to escape from tyranny than to establish royalty; they desire it without devotion and from without they do all that can be done to kill the seed." The attempt in La Vendée and Brittany had just terminated in a disastrous manner by the defeat and executions of Quiberon; the populations had remained deaf to the appeals of the emigrants.

Public opinion had formerly followed the Convention at the 9th Thermidor, the 12th Germinal, the 1st Prairial; now it was in advance of the latter, and caused it anxiety. The struggle became every day hotter in the Assembly, and it was excited outside by the decrees on the elections, which had just been published. At the same time that it had promulgated the constitutions of the year III. (15th August, 1795), the Convention had declared by a strangely bold pretension, that two thirds of the new assemblies were to be taken from its members, elected in the first place by the primary assemblies. On a second list freely formed the Assembly should itself choose by ballot the complement of the Council of Elders and of the Five Hundred. Beforehand, and as if to remove a certain number of their colleagues, the members of the majority had indicted most of the representatives on mission, convicted of odious tyranny. Finally, Joseph Lebon had just been subjected to the punishment of death.

A terrible and indissoluble bond united among themselves nearly all the members of that Assembly, which still exercised its authority in dissolving itself, and which aspired to impose its power on the nation in other legislative bodies, and under another name. Dubois-Crancé had said, in a violent speech against reaction and royalism, "Do not be deceived; there is a class of men in France for whom you are all terrorists, for you have all declared the king guilty of high treason, and voted the Republic; in the eyes of these men this great act of justice is an ineffaceable crime." In vain since the 9th Thermidor the Convention labored to retrace its steps from an anarchical past, and to re-establish the authority of justice; in vain the retroaction of the laws of succession was abolished, the requisitions suppressed, the law of suspected persons repealed, the popular societies prohibited; in vain in his great report on the Constitution, Boissy d'Anglais had appealed to union in the name of all that had been destroyed, in the name of all which remained to be restored. "Let us turn to good account the crimes of the old monarchy, the errors of the Constituent Assembly, the vacillations of the Legislative Assembly, the crimes of the tyrannical decemvirate, the calamities of anarchy, the misfortunes of the Convention, the horrors of the civil war." That cruel experiment did not encourage the nation to preserve power in the hands of men who had so often abused it, and the best of whom were in a great measure linked with the past. In Paris, above all, where men's minds were more quickly roused than in the provinces, where intrigues were more active and the reaction in consequence more marked, the sections were irritated to see their choice dictated to them by a decree. The troops who were approaching Paris again excited anger and anxiety; deputations succeeded each other at the bar of the Convention, protesting against the form and the hindrances imposed on the elections. "Since the 1st Prairial the nation has entered into its rights," said the section of the "Mail;" "it will not submit to an usurpation." "The insignia of terror should not appear in the midst of deliberations when the people exercises its sovereignty," declared the section of the Champs Élysées, by the mouth of Sacretelle. "Deserve the choice of the people, and do not command it." "We all wish liberty and the Republic," said the section Lepelletier, "but we wish it for all the French people, and not for the advantage of a few ambitious persons." The agitation became so violent that the Committees hastily took important measures for maintaining public order. The addresses sent to the Convention by the armies were menacing towards the promoters of reaction. What was more significant still of the state of mind in France, was that, while the decrees on the elections were rejected in Paris by all the sections except one, they were accepted in all the departments by an enormous majority. The Convention proclaimed, on the 28th September, 1795 (1st Vendémiaire), that the constitution was accepted, and had become the fundamental law of the Republic; a second declaration convoked the primary assemblies on the occasion of the legislative elections for the 20th Vendémiaire. The decrees sanctioned by the French people were to be the rule of the elections.

The sections of Paris contested the accuracy of the figures proclaimed, and refused to admit the application of the decrees; the irritation increased on both sides. The Thermidorians, masters of power, and not willing to renounce it at any price, uneasy at the agitation of the public mind, regretted the conciliatory measures that they had adopted, the permission to return that they had accorded to the emigrants, or *fugitives* as they were then called, doubtful friends of the Revolution. It was under this title, and thanks to the influence of Mme. de Staël, that Talleyrand had returned to France. The sections were indignant at seeing the terrorists, lately imprisoned as a measure of precaution, gradually liberated and mixing freely in the electoral assemblies. Already a certain disorder reigned in the streets: conflicts had taken place, and several shots had been exchanged. The Convention resumed its nightly sittings. Several assemblies of the sections were declared in permanent session; soon the Convention did the same. The movement of resistance to its long-continued authority, and the abuses that were dreaded from its expiring power, threw back more and more the majority of the Thermidorians towards the extreme party of the Revolution; the intrigues of the royalists had in reality little effect in Paris, and little share in the efforts at opposition attempted by the sections. The struggle was mingled with fear and anger, animated by confused and complicated passions; the insurrection was not skilfully contrived and prepared long previously, as Tallien and his friends declared in the Convention; its force increased slowly by the discontent and the public anxiety. The section Lepelletier had convoked for the 12th Vendémiaire the primary assemblies of the department of the Seine; and the same proposition had been voted by a great number of the sections. The majority of the Convention made an "appeal to concord," and solemnly celebrated the anniversary of the death of the twenty-two Girondins; at the same time it prohibited the assemblies convoked by the sections. In spite of its decree the electors had been designated by several quarters; forty-three sections in forty-eight, it was said, rallied to the manifesto of the section Lepelletier; they had chosen for president the old Duke of Nivernais, or the Citizen Mancini, as he was called at that time. This was sufficient to justify, at least in appearance, all the Thermidorian accusations against the royalist reaction. The committees of the Convention named a commission of five members whose duty was to maintain public order:—Barras and Colombel, of the Committee of General Safety; Daunou, Letourneur, and Merlin of Douai, in the name of the Committee of Public Safety. "The sacred battalion of 1789," the veterans of the former insurrections, reassembled against a new and rival insurrection, surrounded Barras when he marched against the meeting of the electors sitting at the Théâtre Français. But already the little assembly had dispersed; and a petition addressed to the Convention by twenty-six sections was now circulating in Paris. "Representatives of the people," it said, "you have been convoked to propose a constitution to the French people; this constitution is made, it has been universally welcomed; your functions are limited to-day to the action of the government. The odious word conspiracy is heard in Paris; it is heard in your committees. Do the people conspire against themselves? Does the Convention conspire against the people? Far from us be such an idea. Do your committees conspire against the people and the Convention? This is the question that we come to ask of you in the name of the sections of Paris. Battalions of troops of the line encircle this commune; the assassins arrested by your decrees are released by order of your committees. A new penal code is proclaimed against the presidents and secretaries of the primary assemblies. The deputies who are journalists preach civil war; Charette, they say, is at Paris; the Parisians are Chouans; a hundred and fifty thousand men who accepted a republican constitution are royalist plotters. On what is built all this edifice of crime? On the opinion generally spread in Paris that the decree of the 5th Fructidor has not fulfilled the wish of the majority of the French people. It matters little to us that several ambitious persons wish to perpetuate their power; the main point for us is to remain free and to save you yourselves from the plots of an audacious faction. The primary assemblies demand of you the reimprisonment of the robbers and assassins who were set at liberty without trial, and the examination of the conduct of your committees of government."

The movement of the troops against the Théâtre Français had increased the fermentation; everywhere it was repeated that the Convention was throwing itself into the arms of the terrorists and the blood-drinkers; horrible and recent remembrances excited the popular imagination. In vain the committees, justly alarmed at the indignation they had provoked, loudly declared the moderation of their intentions; they saw themselves compelled to call in the troops. On the 22nd Vendémiaire, about eight o'clock in the evening, General Menou advanced towards the former convent of the Filles Saint-Thomas, the meeting-place of the section Lepelletier. A considerable crowd encumbered the streets; seven or eight hundred men of the National Guard occupied the doors, and, on being summoned to give up their arms, a young man advanced and said, "What do you demand of us, our arms? We have never employed them otherwise than for your defence. Who are your defenders? Those who wish to massacre you and whom we have disarmed by your orders. What cannons do you bring against us? Ours, which we have voluntarily given up to you. What do you reproach us with? The legitimate exercise of our rights. We have, at the price of our blood, upheld the liberty of your deliberations, and you violate ours in contempt of all laws."

The National Guard had refused to surrender; the crowd becoming every instant more numerous, circulation was impossible in the adjacent streets, and the other National Guards ran together from all the sections. Finding the position bad, General Menou wished to negotiate; but the leaders of the section Lepelletier were no longer the masters. The general countermanded the charge which had been ordered by the representative Laporte. "The first who steps out of the ranks without my order I will pass my sabre through his body," he had said loudly; he soon saw himself forced to retreat. At the Convention they raised the cry of treason. It was four o'clock in the morning when Barras was named commandant of the armed force; the sections had chosen for chief General Danicau, lately employed in the war of Vendée and cashiered for moderation. He had protested against the decrees and given in his resignation when the army had been called to accept them. He counselled the sections to remain on the defensive; there was much animation in the assemblies, they felt certain that the soldiers would not fire on their fellow-citizens. From all parts the National Guards arrived in arms, massing themselves on the steps of Saint-Roch, at the Hôtel de Noailles, and under the galleries of the Théâtre Français. Their outposts extended by the Rue de l'Échelle up to a square which at that time was called the Petit Carrousel.

General Menou and his lieutenants had been arrested or cashiered; although a general, Barras had not the least military experience; but he had the good sense to be conscious of it. He had lately seen, at Toulon, Napoleon Bonaparte, quite young, but who had already given proofs of genius; backed up by Pontécoulant and Letourneur, the officer of artillery had made his way, and had brilliantly conducted the operations of the army of Italy. He cherished the desire of returning there. When General Hoche was sent to the West, Bonaparte had been chosen to direct the artillery. He had refused, and the Committee of Public Safety struck his name from the list of general officers, "in consequence of his refusal to report himself at his post." He had been recalled to the topographical bureau, and Barras having found him there, appointed him to organize the troops and combine the measures to be taken. The general of the Convention was unable to indicate either the menaced points or the extent of the danger.

Only five or six thousand men surrounded the Convention. Bonaparte had issued his orders in the name of Barras. As he went out early in the morning, with his faithful aide-de-camp Junot, to visit the Tuileries, he shrugged his shoulders as he followed with his eye the movements of the sections. "How easy it would be to lay hands on the Convention," said he; the measures, however, that he had taken commenced to secure their safety. He had just been named lieutenant-commander; the ante-chambers of the Assembly were encumbered with arms, prepared for the warlike zeal of the representatives; proclamations were exchanged; at four o'clock was heard the cry, "To arms!" The deputies were at their posts; several of them were mingled with the troops; the noise of musketry resounded in the city. The first shots, as usual, were fired without known order, and from an unknown hand; the combat began suddenly, and the battalion of the section Lepelletier had forced the troops which occupied the Pont-Neuf to retreat. But it was mainly against those posted at Saint-Roch that the efforts of the generals of the Convention were directed. The cannon swept part of the steps, and the sectionaries kept up a murderous fire against the gunners. A large number of dead strewed the steps of the church and the Rue Saint-Honoré; but little by little the ranks of the National Guards were thinned; everywhere the troops had triumphed. Soon a few volunteers, without chief and without support, alone remained as marks for the musketry.

Merlin de Douai entered the hall of the Convention, pale and with trembling voice. "I come," said he, "to announce to you the success of the defenders of the Republic against the rebels. It is not without grief that I speak to you, for the blood of Frenchmen has flowed." The president imposed silence on the applause which broke out in the galleries. Violence betrayed itself in the speeches and acts of the committees. A series of propositions, oppressive for the public liberty, favorable to the Jacobins still detained or accused, were successively presented, noisily supported by the populace which the men of the Mountain, old or new, had recommenced to pack into the galleries. Lanjuinais became angry, and turning towards the president, "Put an end to these howlings," cried he. In a discussion with Tallien he had spoken of the "massacre of the 13th Vendémiaire;" the moderate men of the Convention had not approved of the rising of the sections; they resisted with all their might the consequences that the little cabal of the Thermidorians, with Tallien and Barras at their head, wished to draw from it. An effort was made to compromise Lanjuinais, Boissy d'Anglas, and several others in the project of a plot; the armed force which obeyed Barras surrounded the Assembly; they began the trial of General Menou. A new commission of Five had been named, and instructed to prevent "the glorious Revolution, which had cost so much blood and treasure, from being stifled by a throne." They spoke of nullifying the electoral operations of Paris and of several other departments, to delay the meeting of the legislative body. Thibaudeau courageously attacked these attempts at a dictatorship. "Terror anew hovers over this place," said he; "before the end of this sitting it must give place to security. Some men, whose self-love is irritated because they are not the first in the national confidence, have not ceased for several days to insult the most respectable men of this Assembly. Some men, who have changed their masks at divers epochs of the Revolution, sitting on the right denounce the left, and sitting on the left denounce the right. It is of Tallien that I speak," added the orator in reply to the furious cries of the galleries; "I declare they may retain here the constituent power as long as they will, but no human power can force me to be, on the 5th Brumaire, a member of the Convention." The small faction had made a desperate, but factitious effort; in the Convention itself it only found a momentary favor; in the country exhaustion and alarm manifested themselves clearly. Lanjuinais had been elected in seventy-three colleges, Boissy d'Anglas in seventy-two, and Pehet in seventy-one. The army, though ardently republican and flattered by the Thermidorians, had an instinctive repugnance to the advances of the terrorists; the council of war, charged to try the accused of the 13th Vendémiaire proclaimed loudly its indulgence; the contumacious only were condemned, and for these they made no search. Bonaparte wrote to General Menou: "I have seen all; they wish to ruin you, but I will do my best to save you, in spite of the eagerness of certain representatives to make their vengeance fall on the heads of the generals." Menou was acquitted; the convocation of the legislative body was not delayed; the moderates triumphed without violence; they did not oppose themselves to a last effort of the persistent hatred of the Thermidorians and the Mountain against the emigrants. A decree was enacted in defence of the Republic. "Every individual who, in the primary or electoral assemblies, shall have provided or signed liberticide resolutions, shall not exercise any function until the peace. Individuals not struck out of the list of emigrants and the relations of emigrants are equally excluded from public functions. Those who do not wish to live under the laws of the Republic are authorized to quit the territory within the next three months. They can receive their revenues and even realize their property; but they cannot return to France unless under penalty of being regarded as emigrants. The divorced wives of emigrants not remarried must retire within eight days to the commune in which their house is, and remain there under surveillance. The laws against refractory priests will be executed within twenty-four hours. The administrators who neglect their execution will be punished by two years in irons." At the same time, and by another decree, which made a single exception against the accused of the 13th Vendémiaire, a general amnesty was proclaimed for the facts relative to the Revolution, and not being applicable to offences against common law. The prisons were opened for all parties; Barère and his friends had not had to submit to a second trial, which would have resulted in their condemnation to death. They had just been embarked for Cayenne; the era of the scaffold was finished. "What hour is it?" demanded Delleville. "The hour of justice," said a man of the Mountain. "No," cried the Right, "the hour of the Constitution."

For a month the Convention unceasingly voted new laws, scarcely read, rarely discussed. It neared the term of its career. On the 4th Brumaire, year IV. (26th October, 1795), at half-past two, Genissieu, who presided over the Assembly, rose, not without visible emotion. "I declare," said he, "that the sitting is terminated. Union, friendship, concord among all the French people are the means to save the Republic." He stopped a moment, till reminded that the official formula must be used: "The National Convention declares that its mission is fulfilled, and that its session is terminated," he pronounced. They cried, "Long live the Republic." The Assembly had completed the choice of the primary assemblies in designating on their lists the hundred and four deputies who were still wanting to the formation of the legislative body. The Council of Elders and the Council of Five Hundred were constituted.

The National Convention expired after a session which had lasted three years, the most stormy and perhaps the most actively destructive of all the revolutionary assemblies the world has ever seen. The Constituent was the first to lay the axe to the trunk of the ancient French social system; it had eagerly worked to constitute a new society, conformable not only to the wants, but also to the theories which agitated men's minds and hearts; human passions, good or bad, had often crossed its work; the hesitation, the mediocrities of the Legislative Assembly had more than once rendered barren the fertile and powerful germs sown largely by the Constituent Assembly; it had prepared the way for the absolutism of the National Convention, sometimes anarchical, sometimes despotic. This had accomplished the Revolution already commenced; it proclaimed the Republic and voted the death of the monarch at the same time as that of the Monarchy. It had allowed the empire to escape, usurped by the daring and cruel hands of a dictator; but the powerful and bold instinct of the Revolution, the natural horror of crime and the fear inspired by the tyrants were allied together to bring about their ruin. The Convention had stayed in its descent the Revolution, constantly tossed between anarchy and dictatorship; it had hindered that which it could not terminate; until its last day it struggled against violence, in turn carried away by contrary parties, incapable of re-establishing a regular state and of founding a stable government. It had inundated France with blood and tears, destroyed the finances, and shaken, even to their foundations, the institutions that it had been unable to overthrow. Through all the faults and errors, which even on this point had characterized its conduct, it had had the honor to attach itself passionately to the effort for the national defence, and to a display of courageous force which carried throughout Europe the terror of French valor, as well as the dreaded contagion of the Revolution. Its history moves us with a terror often mingled with a certain respect. Many "conventionals" among those who successively fell under the axe of the executioner had been sincere, passionately devoted to the country, even when striking it the most fatal blows; many had displayed great talent and great courage in the service of that unique divinity of public safety, which they had erected on the ruins of all the altars destroyed. For the supreme God of religious faith, governed and governing by immutable and superior laws, the Revolution and the Convention had substituted a divinity created in their own image, confused and unequal even in its grandeur, and capable at a given day of abdicating into the hands of a dictatorship, which was soon fatally condemned by the very origin of its authority to the irresistible intoxication and deep misfortunes of absolute power.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CIVIL WAR (1792—1796).

I WISHED to follow to its termination the history of the Convention, and retrace the parliamentary life of France during the three years of its authority; I did not wish to embarrass this recital by different episodes, sometimes concentrated on a point of territory, but which broke out also in various quarters, showing a general sentiment. I reserve as a powerful and necessary consolation the picture of the national defence and the efforts victoriously put forth by our country, bleeding and torn, to repulse the enemy which threatened her independence. Before mingling some sweetness, I wish to exhaust the bitterness of the cup; to the history of civil discord succeeds naturally that of the civil war of which France was the theatre, from 1792 to 1796.

The war of Vendée, and the war of Brittany, have remained the type of the royalist and Catholic resistance to the anti-religious and revolutionary power which had resolved to impose its yoke on souls as well as bodies, on consciences as well as lives. The attempts of federalist risings in Normandy and at Bordeaux; the resistance, heroic and for a moment victorious, of Lyons, the submission of Toulon to the English, the bloody disorders of the south, were nearly everywhere provoked by political passions, by the horror or dread inspired by the government and its acts. Before they became excited on account of their political opinions, before thinking to defend royalty, menaced and vanquished, the peasants of Poitou and Brittany resisted a double oppression, that of religious faith and individual liberty; they would not hear mass celebrated by priests who were strangers to their parishes; they would not quit their peaceable habitations to march, in the name of the Republic, against a distant enemy. In imposing on the French clergy engagements repulsive to their consciences, the Constituent Assembly had sown the germ of civil war in the west; the patriotic movement, which was one day to create in the large towns the noble impulse of voluntary engagements, was invariably unknown and without power in the scattered farms and isolated cottages of the Bocage. The country gentlemen had not emigrated, the peasants remained grouped around them; and, when the Revolution attacked families by its military requisitions, as it had attacked consciences by the overthrow of the religious state, the populations rose, passionately resisting demands which appeared to them equally unheard of and violent. The Vendeans, who afterwards shed their blood prodigally in the civil war, obstinately refused it for the national defence, of which they did not comprehend the necessity. They at the same time defended their priests and their children.

In 1791, two commissioners sent by the government, Gallois and Gensonné, had drawn up a report to the Legislative Assembly of the fermentation which existed in the departments of La Vendée, the Deux-Sèvres, and Maine-et-Loire. They attributed it exclusively to the attachment of the country population to their curés; the same sentiment did not exist, they said, in the small towns, these being nearly all favorable to the revolutionary movement, and disposed to act with rigor towards the priests who had refused the oath.

Already, in the month of August, 1792, a rising had taken place in the environs of Bressuire, but it was easily repressed by the National Guards of the little towns in the neighborhood, and was without ramifications or any general understanding. In the month of March, 1793, the call for three hundred thousand men immediately excited resistance throughout the Bocage, in the country which extends from Nantes to Saumur as far as the *Marais* descending towards the sea. The part of Anjou which touches the left bank of the Loire was several days before the general movement. In its first transports the insurrection obtained some important successes; though still without any leaders, Montaigu, La Roche-sur-Yon, the island of Noirmoutier, had fallen into their power. The taking of Machecoul was the signal of cruelties happily very rare in the history of La Vendée; three hundred republicans were shot on the edge of open graves which closed over them. The insurgents remained in possession of the conquered country.

At the commencement of the struggle the peasants had spontaneously assembled, under the orders of those of their own people, whose native superiority they recognized. The carrier Cathelineau, the game-keeper Stofflet, commanded the first attacks, and obtained the first successes. In the course of the extension of the insurrection, the populations addressed themselves to their natural chiefs, to the gentlemen who had lived with them from father to son in a confiding and simple intimacy, unknown to the other parts of France, and which had borne fruit since the first days of the Revolution. The relations of the lords and the peasants had not been changed by the new state of things; the feudal dues, legally abolished, continued to be voluntarily paid; the gentlemen had been named mayors of their villages. It was from the same right that they were asked to put themselves at the head of the insurrection. "What! Monsieur Henri, will you really go to draw for the conscription, when all the boys of Saint Florent will let their heads be broken rather than march?" they said to La Rochejaquelein. They went to seek Lescure, D'Elbée, and Bonchamps; this last cherished no false hopes as to the destiny reserved for him. "We shall not gather even glory," said he; "civil wars do not give it." He accepted, however, like his friends, the command of the bands of insurgent peasants, who, even before they had obtained arms, attacked and carried off cannons, rushing on them with their clubs. No one could prevent their dispersing after a victorious expedition to re-visit their homes, embrace their wives, give a look at their fields, and take a loaf of bread for the following campaign. The villages and little towns were everywhere in the hands of the insurgents; the gentlemen had chosen for general-in-chief Cathelineau, "the Saint of Anjou," as the peasants called him. The movement extended to the border of the Sèvre Nantaise; Sapinaud and Royrand commanded in that region. An old sailor, Charette, of a family of shipowners of Nantes, was at the head of the rising in the Marais. The three little divisions of the army acted without concert; attacking suddenly the posts of the National Guards or the volunteers sent against them, skirmishing behind the hedges, in the hollow roads, and frustrating all the efforts of the republican generals sent against them, by their knowledge of the country and their secret understanding with the population. The Convention had not yet weighed the gravity of the insurrection; it had also been obliged to face so many enemies, that soldiers were wanting; the recruits taken on the spot were bad; the boldest, the most respectable of the peasants fought in the ranks of the insurgents; the volunteers, who had come from far, took to flight before the shots of enemies, hidden behind trees or in houses. "I have had the grief to see the greater number of the volunteers run like cowards," wrote General Berruyer, who commanded on the left bank of the Loire; "it is very hard for an old soldier to command such soldiers; I cannot rely upon them; the greater number have only bad shot-guns without bayonets; very few know what an arm is like; I keep constantly saying, it is of the highest importance to make these troubles cease, it will not do to allow this rebellion time to acquire imposing forces."

The forces of the insurrection went on increasing. In vain General Quétineau had bravely defended Bressuire; the town had been taken, and Lescure, lately arrested at the chateau of Clisson with his family, had been delivered. Thouars was attacked by the *Christian* army, a glorious name, which the principal body of the army had taken. The peasants hesitated to pass a bridge over the Toué, Lescure sprang over first in spite of a shower of bullets; he carried along with him the troops, and the Vendeans mounted on each other's shoulders to escalade the walls. The place taken, Lescure endeavored to keep General Quétineau. "Remain among us, if it is only as a prisoner on parole," said he; "there they will make a crime of the defeats that you could not prevent." "I cannot, sir," gravely replied the republican general; "I must prove to all that I have done my duty." He returned to Paris, where the scaffold awaited him. Already General Marcé was in prison, Berruyer was recalled; the representatives Choudieu and Goupilleau undertook his defence and saved his life. General Canclaux kept the command of Nantes; the town was entirely favorable to the Revolution, and resolved to defend itself against the Vendeans. These were now near, marching from triumph to triumph; they had taken Fontenay and Saumur; General de Biron had just been called from the Alpes-Maritimes to command the republican forces, which were dispersed over a great extent, and almost exclusively composed of volunteers. Everywhere the movements of the generals were annoyed by the representatives on mission, arrogant and presumptuous, puffed up by their supreme authority, and without respect for the practical knowledge of the military men. "I have seen nothing more frightful or more frightened than the immense crowd taking refuge at Niort," wrote Biron to the Convention; "the drums beat to arms in vain, without being able to assemble a tenth part of the troops retired rather than lodged among the inhabitants. From what I learn of the rebels, their means and their manner of making war, they owe their strength and existence only to the frightful confusion and incoherent measures that have been partially taken against them; it must be that they are by no means so dangerous as people say, not to have profited more or made greater progress with such advantages."

After the taking of Saumur, Angers opened its doors to the Vendeans. "Our successes confound me, all comes from God," said Henri de la Rochejaquelein, judging sensibly the quality of his troops, heroic on certain days, impossible to retain long under colors, and as subject to panic as to enthusiasm. General Menou had succeeded General Leygonnier, and was beaten. General Berthier was occupied at Tours in forming a new army. The Vendeans had returned to their families before attempting a strong attack upon Nantes in combination with Charette. The agents of the representatives on mission overran the country. The Minister of War, Bouchotte, had sent there his lieutenant, Ronsin, whose scandalous abuse of authority increased the disorder. "A grievance that I ought to denounce," wrote Biron, "is the innumerable quantity of agents and sub-agents of the executive power; they go everywhere carrying off horses and carriages, and insulting the proprietors; this revolting pillage produces few supplies for the army. The desertions from the National Guards are so numerous that entire battalions have gone off in the night without leaving a single man." The volunteers of the Gironde had retreated the day after the 31st May, on learning the arrest of their representatives.

Up to that time, and in spite of the violences which had broken out on both sides at several isolated points, the war in Vendée and in Brittany was not characterized by cruelty and devastation. In convoking the National Guards, the administrators of Maine-et-Loire had recommended them moderation. "By making a bad use of victory, desolating the country, devastating property, you violate the laws that every citizen ought to respect, and render yourselves culpable in the eyes of all. The prisoners of the Vendeans will render homage to the humanity that has been employed towards them." "Our sick are as well treated as they could be in a military hospital," said the grenadiers of the National Guard, who had been taken at Saumur. A great number of captives were set at liberty, after having their heads shaved; they were prohibited from carrying arms against the "Christian army." The Jacobins, however, seized the direction of the war, which was now to change its character in their hands; defeat and bloodshed already menaced the revolted provinces. Westermann had just occupied Parthenay, and entered the Bocage, proclaiming that he would burn all the villages which furnished men to the rebels. "This is necessary to make the peasant tremble," said he, "and to stop the torrent which might ruin the Republic." Already the thirst of vengeance was excited among the Vendeans, and the generals had difficulty in restraining their anger. The two insurgent armies had failed in their effort before Nantes; Cathelineau had been killed; the Vendeans retired to their meadows and hollow roads. Saumur had been abandoned by La Rochejaquelein; Lescure had fallen back upon Châtillon in the Basse Vendée. An attack against Luçon had been repulsed. The peasants fought in small bodies, often dispersing in order to return home, but their obstinacy prolonged a desperate struggle, which might have been terminated more completely and rapidly but for the ignorance, presumption, and sometimes cowardice of the chiefs whom the Convention put successively at the head of its armies. Biron had been recalled, to be soon condemned to death as guilty of conspiracy. Westermann arrested a man named Rossignol. formerly a working goldsmith, whom he had sent to Paris, at the head of a legion of gendarmerie, and who sowed discontent among his soldiers. The Convention acquitted Rossignol, who was promoted in two days to the rank of general of division. Westermann was accused. The experienced generals, accustomed to maintain order and discipline among their troops, all demanded to be employed on the frontier, and to quit La Vendée. "I am sick at heart," wrote General Barollière, "of the disobdience of the army, the carelessness of the officers, the pillage and drunkenness of the soldiers; it is hard, when one has served thirty-six years with honor, to see the evil without being able to remedy it."

The Convention at the same time took what measures it judged efficacious for stifling the rebellion. The republican forces had just been beaten at Pont de Cé, and the Committee of Public Safety announced the following resolutions:—"To purify the staff and the commissioners of war by substituting in their place generals and commissioners of a decided patriotism. To choose companies of pioneers and laborers in the most patriotic communes. To make provision of combustibles for burning the woods, thickets, and heaths. To cut down the forests, destroy the retreat of the rebels; to cut down the crops by companies of workmen, and transport them to the rear of the army; carry away the cattle. To conduct into the interior the women, children, and old men, their subsistence being provided for. As soon as the army shall be reorganized, the representatives of the people shall arrange with the administrators of the circumjacent department to sound the tocsin in the neighboring communes, and lead all citizens between the age of sixteen and sixty against the rebels."

Rossignol himself doubted of his success, in spite of the new forces which the Convention were preparing for him. Like all the generals who had preceded him, he demanded fifteen thousand men of regular troops. They held out to him hopes of the regiments of the Mayence garrison. General Custine had just given up the place after the most courageous defence; the Committee of Public Safety was wise enough not to let its resentment fall upon the troops; the general alone was to pay for the humiliation of the Republic, "I feel happy to have caused the fall of Custine," wrote Ronsin to Vincent, employed like himself at the Ministry of War; "I have contributed a little to Biron's fall; make an end with Beauharnais, and all the nobles whose proscription is so necessary to the well-being of the Republic." "It will be fine," said Tallien to the Convention, "to see Rossignol, sprung from that class so disdained by the rebels, succeed to Monseigneur the Duke of Biron." It was by similar arguments, and appealing to the basest passions of human nature, that they defended before the Assembly the new general-in-chief of the "Rochelle army" who had been suspended from his command by the representatives Bourdon and Goupilleau. "He was one of the conquerors of the Bastille," continued Tallien; "I will not examine him if he has pillaged, or gets drunk, but if our commissioners had the right to cashier him. I know that Biron could not bear the frankness of his republican character; he has shown himself a hero. And what does it matter to me the pillaging of several houses of aristocrats? These are the effects of war." Rossignol was maintained at the head of the armies, and the representatives who had suspended him were recalled to Paris. The garrison of Mayence arrived in La Vendée under the orders of General Aubert Dubayet. At the head of their vanguard marched Kléber, adjutant-general during the siege of Mayence, who had made himself remarked by the brilliancy of his bravery and his military genius. The representatives, Rewbell and Merlin de Thionville, shut up in the place, had asked for him the rank of general of brigade, but Kléber refused. "It was," said he in his memoirs, "a brevet to march to the scaffold, or, what is still worse, to languish in prison with the sword suspended over head." The corps of the Mayençais was joined to the army of Canclaux. It was decided to protect Nantes, menaced by Charette and by the bands of the Basse Vendée. Rossignol and the corps which he commanded had been several times beaten by the Vendeans, who reunited all their forces for this supreme effort. The "favorite of the Convention" did not reply to the call, when the republican generals were effecting their junction beyond the Sèvre Nantaise. Charette arrived there at the same time, followed by all the population of the Marais, who were escaping the devastation and transportation with which they were menaced. The Vendean peasants had also risen; a confused crowd, dragging after them their furniture and cattle, constantly accompanied the army; the Vendean sharpshooters fought with fury at Torfou. "Never have I seen a ferocity more terrible," said Kléber: he had stopped the route with his division, by ordering Chevardin, the commandant of the Saône-et-Loire chasseurs, to defend the passage of the bridge of Boussay. "You will be killed," said he to him, "but you will save your comrades." "Yes, general," said Chevardin, who executed his orders to the letter. The artillery remained in the power of the Vendeans. The Mayençais, for a moment surprised by the mode of combat familiar to the peasants, had bravely resumed again the offensive;

Châtilion and Bressuire were reconquered, in spite of the prodigies of valor of the Vendean chiefs, and their army suffered seriously. "The army of Mayence had done more in six days than all the armies of the West in six months," wrote the representative Philippeaux to the Convention. "General Rossignol, who has for a month announced so many pretended victories obtained by his vigilant bravery, never left his bed, or his bath-room, and has, in fact, directed nothing but disastrous movements." Rossignol was sent to the army of Brest, Ronsin passed to the head of the revolutionary army, which was ordered to Lyons; but at the same time the Generals Canclaux and Grouchy were suspended. Aubert Dubayet was recalled to Paris, and the army of the West placed entirely under the orders of General Léchelle, who was deservedly unknown and obscure. "According to the witness, given without exaggeration, of all those who knew him, he was the most cowardly soldier, the worst officer, and the most ignorant leader that had ever been seen. He knew nothing of the map, could scarcely write his name, and never once approached within cannon-shot of the enemy. Nothing could be compared to his cowardice, and folly except his arrogance, brutality, and obstinacy."*

This general, chosen so anxiously by the Assembly, and solemnly announced by a proclamation of the representatives Hentz and Prieur of the Marne, had heard with displeasure the soldiers cry, "Long live Dubayet!" while he was reviewing them, and also saw presented by his officers General Canclaux's plan of attack. He did not even give himself the trouble to look at it. "Yes," said he, "this project is very much to my taste, but it is on the spot that we must show ourselves, we must march in order, with dignity, and all together." The Mayençais remained under the orders of Kléber.

Léchelle prudently kept himself far from the field of battle, when on the 17th October, all the army of the Vendeans, still forty thousand men strong, marched in a body to attack Cholet, where the republicans were entrenched; they fought even in the streets of the suburbs. Contrary to their custom, the peasants were formed in dense columns. "Never," said Kléber, "have the rebels fought a battle so well ordered, but which has been so fatal to them; they fought like tigers and our soldiers like lions. On the 15th and 17th October, I lost fourteen chiefs of brigade, chiefs of battalion, or officers of my staff in my division alone, all my companions in arms and friends." Lescure was mortally wounded; Bonchamps and D'Elbée were carried on litters following the Vendean army, which fell back slowly towards the Loire, ever courageous and resolute in spite of the grievous defeats which had one after another tried its valor. The women and children accompanied the soldiers, torn from their homes by the ruin of the hopes that they had so long cherished, ready to pass the river with them, and seek in a friendly country victory or a refuge against the vengeance of the Convention. All that remained of the country population were crowded into Saint Florent. The heights upon which the little town was built extend in a half circle to the banks of the Loire, leaving at their base a vast extent of sand, which was thronged with a compact crowd, carried away by terror, driven from villages in flames, and ravaged fields. Several boats crossed the river with difficulty, loaded to the edge with the most adroit or robust, hastening to save themselves. They brought five thousand republican prisoners to the river side whom they could not conduct beyond the Loire. The army cried that they must be shot, and all the chiefs were of the same opinion. Lescure was dying; Bonchamps raised himself upon his mattress, detaching himself by a supreme effort from the first agonies of death. "I demand that their lives be granted," said he; "it is certainly the last order that I shall give, assure me that it shall be executed." Even in the ruin of all that they had wished and tried for, the Vendeans still preserved the right to the glorious title of "the Christian army." The prisoners were spared.

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* Memoirs of Kléber.

Several wounded and dying alone remained in the ruined houses of Saint Florent. "A profound solitude now reigns in the country which was occupied by the rebels," wrote the representatives; "you may travel a long way in these countries without meeting a man or seeing a cottage . . . We have left nothing behind us but cinders and heaps of corpses." Rossignol had reappeared at the head of the army, to replace Léchelle, who had never been seen on a day of battle. "I use every endeavor," wrote he, "to destroy all that offends liberty; but there are still humane people, and in revolution this is a fault." The republican army crossed the Loire, in pursuit of the Vendeans.

These unhappy men still fought by small bodies, under the orders of the chiefs that death had not yet snatched from them. At twenty years of age, Henri de la Rochejaquelein found himself at the head of the army, struggling heroically in the midst of a confused multitude, without bread, without shelter, almost without arms and ammunition. Henceforth deprived of the advantages which the knowledge of the country and the vicinity of resources gave them, the Vendeans advanced without aim, employing in badly combined enterprises all the force and courage that remained to them. In the hope of receiving assistance from the English, they had made an inroad upon Normandy and attacked Granville; but the peasants refused to go farther, and imperiously insisted upon a return towards the Loire. On the road from Angers to Rennes, a small success gained at Pontorson opened to them the gates of Antrain; General Rossignol had been again repulsed; he presented himself before the council of generals and representatives on mission: "Citizens," said he, "I have sworn the Republic or death. I will keep my oath, but I declare to you that I am not made to command an army. Let them give me a battalion, and I will do my duty. If my resignation is not accepted, I shall think the ruin of the Republic is desired."

Upon this testimony, forced by humiliation from the not very scrupulous conscience of the general, the Jacobin Prieur of the Marne rose. "No," said he, "your resignation shall not be accepted, Rossignol, though you should lose twenty more battles, though you should go through twenty more defeats you shall be none the less the dear child of the Revolution. Woe be to the generals who will not aid you with their advice! If they lead you astray, we shall regard them as the authors of our reverses." Marceau and Kléber became angry. Rossignol was maintained. The Vendeans had vainly attempted to seize Angers, but had been obliged to fall back on Le Mans, which they entered by force, pursued by Westermann. When the combat was engaged in the next day, before the town, discouragement had at last seized on the peasants; they refused to support the attack attempted by Rochejaquelein. The night was passed in skirmishing in the streets; and at the break of day the main body of the Vendean army, disbanded and flying, had evacuated the place. All day, the republican army massacred the women, children, and wounded who had remained behind. "It is impossible to imagine," said Kléber, "the horrible carnage done that day, or the number of prisoners of all ages, of both sexes and every condition." The intoxication of blood of the representatives on mission enhanced still more the horror of the reality. "All that had remained in the town fell under the blows of our soldiers, the massacre having lasted fifteen hours. In the space of fourteen leagues there is not a yard where there is not a corpse stretched."

The Vendean chiefs rallied the unfortunate remains of their soldiers, and marched on Laval, where they had formerly found a refuge, to march afterwards towards Ancenis, in the hope of passing the Loire there. A detachment of the republican army watched them. Rochejaquelein and Stofflet threw themselves into a boat with several men, to carry off the boats they perceived on the other bank, but they did not come back. The Vendeans waited in vain for their generals and the boats; despairing, they fled at hazard, still commanded by Fleuriot, persistently fighting against Westermann, who pursued them.

Marceau had been made general-in-chief, owing to the hatred and rancor of the Jacobins against the Mayençais officers: he obtained, however, permission to keep Kléber near him. "In accepting the title," said he to his friend, "I take the disgust and the responsibility for myself, I leave you the real command and the means of saving the army." "Very well," replied Kléber, "we will fight and be guillotined together."

It was Kléber, in fact, who commanded on the 23rd December, 1793, when the republican army hemmed in the worn-out Vendeans near Savenay. The best officers had been killed or fled singly; the peasants who commenced the hostilities, now long replaced by recruits, were not there to sustain the shock of the republican troops; the Vendeans fought, however, with desperate energy. "I have well seen them, well examined them," wrote General Beaupuy to Merlin de Thionville; "I recognize my faces of Cholet and Laval, and by their bearing I can assure you that the only thing wanting was the soldier's coat. This war of ragamuffins and peasants, that was looked upon as ridiculous and contemptible, has always appeared to me as the greatest task for the French Republic."

The great war of La Vendée was finished, the war of combats and surprises, of assaults and escalades. The officers who still survived put themselves at the head of several bands, or rejoined Charette in Low Poitou. Every day several of them fell into the hands of the republicans; some died of their wounds, like D'Elbée, whom they were obliged to fasten on a chair to shoot; others remained proudly resolute to the last breath, like the Prince Talmont, eldest son of the Duke de la Trémoille, decapitated before his chateau of Laval, the gate of which long bore his bleeding head. "I have done my duty, exercise your trade," he said to his executioners, who led him about from town to town. Henri de la Rochejaquelein had assembled several hundred men around him, and still fought obscurely, till he was killed (28th January, 1794) not far from Cholet. He had fought with success in a small engagement; two chasseurs of the "blues," as the Vendeans called the republicans, remaining still on the road, the young general advanced to speak to them; one of them turned and fired when close to him; his men sprang forward; the republican and the Vendean were dead. They were buried in the same grave, almost under the eyes of a column of the enemy, which was already in sight. For three weeks, Charette and Stofflet, at the head of their bands, were ignorant of the death of Rochejaquelein.

They still fought, in spite of exhaustion and despair; exasperation supplied the place of force. Kléber had conceived the project of shutting up Charette in a narrow circle, where it would be easy to conquer him; and proposed to proclaim an indulgence in the rest of the country. But Marceau already was no more at the head of the army, General Turreau having been chosen to replace him; he appeared only after the affair of Savenay. Kléber laid his plan before him. "It is not mine," replied the new general; he had resolved to execute, and even go beyond, the instructions formerly drawn up by Ronsin for the Committee of Public Safety. Twelve incendiary columns were prepared to traverse the country in every direction; Carrier was at Nantes, formerly strongly republican, but now in consternation, and devastated by the horrors which were committed every day within its walls. The Vendean prisoners died by hundreds; sometimes the rigor of the proconsul reached the people of Nantes. General Turreau had asked from the Convention a final authorization. "My intention is decided to burn everything," he wrote to the Committee of Public Safety; "but it is you who ought to prescribe this great measure; I am only the passive instrument of the will of the legislative body represented by you. You ought to pronounce beforehand also upon the fate of the women and children. If they must be put to the sword, I want an order which will cover my responsibility." The Committee of Public Safety remaining dumb, Turreau at last decided to act. "If my instructions are well seconded," wrote he again, "in a fortnight there will not exist in La Vendée either houses, or food, or arms, or inhabitants, except those who, in the depth of the forests, have escaped the most scrupulous search. For I ought to observe that I despair of burning the forests; if you do not decide to have them cut very soon, they will long serve as an impenetrable asylum to a great number of rogues."

The forests remained standing, the rains of winter hindered the work of the incendiary columns. One after another the villages were delivered to the flames, but the inhabitants fled to take refuge in the woods, and the insurgent officers again found soldiers. "They told you," wrote Turreau, "that the war of La Vendée was finished; I believed nothing of it, and I was right enough. The truth must be told: there still exist numerous bands commanded by Rochejaquelein, Stofflet, and Charette. If they were together I could find them, beat and crush them; but dispersed as they are, it is impossible to reach them; these rogues have a perfect knowledge of the country, they hide themselves in the depths of the forests, slip imperceptibly between our columns, and come to annoy us in the rear. They have become highwaymen, intercept the roads, and render communication very difficult. No, certainly, it is not finished, this unhappy war!"

The Convention and its generals learned what a population naturally peaceable may become when pushed to despair by a blind and sanguinary tyranny; the bands were recruited every day more numerously and boldly. They had retaken Cholet, and the republicans were forced to evacuate Bressuire; the Vendean army sprang up anew from the ashes of the villages, by the side of the corpses everywhere left without burial. "I am astonished," said Turreau, "at the species of terror which has taken hold of our troops, and the few measures that the generals know how to take to oppose to the progress of the enemy." Charette could not be seized, neither his soldiers; disbanded one day, the bands reformed the next on the banks of the Sèvre, in the Bocage, or in the Marais. The republicans of the towns and large villages commenced to murmur loudly; they often found themselves involved in the devastation of the country. "The soldiers who call themselves republicans give themselves up to debauchery, to destruction of property, and many horrors of which cannibals themselves are incapable," wrote the president of the district of Cholet to Turreau. At Luçon the patriot municipality arrested General Huché, lieutenant of the commander-in-chief. "Is it possible," said the

Committee of Public Safety, "when we beat all the armies of Europe, that we should be perpetually tormented by rebels and ragamuffins who are without means?"

The truth was beginning to be seen, in spite of the ferociously declamatory protests of the commissioners, and the useless cruelty of the military authority. Turreau was deprived of his command like Rossignol, who commanded on the right bank of the Loire, where he was harassed by bands of *Chouans* now become very numerous. The situation of the armies on the frontiers demanded large reinforcements of troops; Carnot took advantage of the protestations of the representatives on mission in the West. "You have said," wrote he, "that La Vendée was nothing but a desert, which contained no more than twelve thousand living persons; you cannot therefore make any objection to the departure of twenty-five thousand men, who will go to fill up the ranks of the armies of the Moselle, the North, and the Pyrenees." The war continued under the orders of obscure generals, defensive, and every day less cruel, but persistent on both sides, on account of the obstinacy of the rebel chiefs, and the blind infatuations of the Committee of Public Safety. "There are still plenty of battles to fight, and rascals to destroy," wrote General Vimeux; "we not only find them in force, but they attack us. Without doubt this war is no longer dangerous to the policy of the Republic, but to predict that it will be finished in several decades,—one must be a wretched charlatan to hold such language."

All useless fighting had been forbidden to the republican troops. The cursed columns no longer ravaged the country, and henceforth the requisitions and exactions came mostly from the Vendeans. The peasants were weary of a war without hope, the safety of their lives was promised as the price of their submission. The chiefs of the bands were no longer men of family marching at the head of the rural populations in the midst of whom they had been born, fighting for the honor of their name as much as for the defence of their religion and their country; they had become rebels, still setting up the royal flag, with no help from without, or any hope of success, condemned to pursue to the end a struggle which could only finish for them in death. With alternations of ardor and discouragement, returns of rigor and indulgence, the situation was modified from day to day. The 9th Thermidor brought back the Convention decidedly to the way of good sense and moderation;

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the complaints of the local administrations began to be heard; the crimes of Carrier at Nantes, the devastations of Turreau in country districts appeared in their true light. "The disorganization, the insubordination of the troops, pillage, murder, go before the general conflagration," wrote the administrators of Cholet. "They begin by burning communes that the rebels have never occupied. They burn especially provisions, food and forage; more than a hundred thousand tons of grain have been the prey of the flames, nothing remains to the inhabitants of the country but a fresh insurrection. If he tries to live with good citizens, he finds certain death; if he stops at home he finds it also there. Our unhappy country, become a vast field of ruins, was entirely abandoned to our new enemies, who by the barbarities exercised against them, were animated with a rage and fury of despair." The new commissioners of the Convention confirmed the facts and made known the state of the country. "The rebel army," said they, "is composed of two elements; the first includes the hardened rascals who do not quit the flag, a collection of priests, game-keepers, poachers, deserters, and smugglers; the second is composed of farmers, and the country people misled by fanaticism whom royalism has made use of. The greater part only march at present under constraint. The act of the Convention which has cited Carrier before the revolutionary tribunal, the prosecutions ordered against the generals have already taken away a great number of partisans from Charette and Stofflet."

The decree of the Convention accorded a general amnesty "to all the persons known under the name of Rebels of La Vendée and the Chouans, without exception of the chiefs;" but the recent successes had excited the hopes as well as the pride of Charette and his lieutenants. A rivalry hitherto almost unknown among the Vendeans divided Charette and Stofflet; the representatives on mission understood that it was not sufficient to detach the peasants from the cause of the insurrection, but that they must at any price gain the leaders. Charette asked to treat with General Canclaux, who had just been recalled to Nantes, General Hoche commanding the army of the West. The commissioners of the Convention would not give up to the military authorities the care of the negotiations; ammunition as well as provisions was wanting in the camp of the insurgents; several of the lieutenants were hostile to the peace. "You have not sufficient for the subsistence of the army," said Charette; "you know that it is impossible to establish order in the distributions, and that a soldier consumes twice as much as a peasant. Give me bread and I will continue the war; since you cannot prevent my men from dying of hunger, I will make peace."

He received, in fact, the representatives of the people at the Château of La Jaunaye, not far from Nantes, on the 12th of February, 1795. A tent had been pitched on the moor: the Vendean chief arrived alone, leaving behind him his rude and poorly equipped escort: the deputies also abandoned their rich carriages. They discussed the conditions, at first exorbitant on the side of the Vendeans, but gradually softened, and finally accepted after a conference which lasted five days. The representatives had mixed up with it long discourses and professions of republican faith to which the Vendeans scarcely replied. The free exercise of worship; a complete amnesty; the raising of all sequestrations and confiscations; assistance in repairing the cottages and re-establishing agriculture: such were the articles of the pacification accepted by the insurgents, who made a formal declaration of the justice of their cause. The manifesto, however, terminated thus:—"United under the same tent, we have felt still more strongly that we were Frenchmen, and that the general good of the fatherland could alone animate us. It is with these sentiments that we declare solemnly to the National Convention and the whole of France, that we submit ourselves to the French Republiç one and indivisible. We recognize its laws, and we take a formal engagement not to make any attack on them."

Sapinaud and his staff signed with Charette and his officers. Cormatin, principal chief of the Chouans in Brittany and Normandy, had already engaged to accept the same conditions. This man was an ambitious intriguer, who had known how to gain the favor of Puisye, the indefatigable contriver of intrigues with royalists who were abroad. Stofflet arrived at La Jaunaye when all was concluded: the repugnance which he had manifested for the peace and his rivalry with Charette having prevented his being consulted upon the treaty, he was violently angry. "The devil take the Republic! The devil take Charette!" cried he. The army of Anjou continued to remain strangers to the pacification; it had even protested against it by two violent papers, drawn up by the Abbé Bernier, curé of Saint Laud, formerly ardently engaged in the war of La Vendée, and always intimately connected with Stofflet. This latter resisted alone; he finished, however, by accepting the peace and by evacuating the forest of Vezin, where he had hidden his military stores. False or sincere, this appearance of peace caused great joy in the countries formerly agitated by the civil war. Charette appeared at Nantes wearing proudly the white cockade, but surrounded by representatives on mission, along with the republican generals. Hoche did not believe in the pacification. "We ought not to disguise from ourselves that there will long remain in these countries bands of robbers and assassins," said he to his colleague Aubert Dubayet, who commanded the army of the Côte de Cherbourg; "the peace is signed, it is true; but if the troops continue to take the grain in the country places, which they never do without wasting, we ought to expect war. Even during the conferences we used to fight to obtain provisions; the country is not a rich one; the more troops are sent, the more risings will there be." In the regions to the right of the Loire most of all, the depredations of the Chouans had not ceased a single day; Cormatin promised foreign assistance, and tried to excite a new insurrection. The administrators of the districts complained bitterly. "While the Convention has shown clemency," they wrote from Vitré "the Chouans have shown fury and barbarity. They have robbed more, burnt more, massacred more republicans than they did previously. We have published the peace; gracious heavens, what a peace! The Chouans alone enjoy it, the republicans have it not." After long hesitation and at the solicitation of the generals, the Convention decided to give the order for arresting the chiefs of the Chouans, especially Cormatin; at the same time the war broke out again against the small bodies of men which continually overran Normandy and Brittany. General Hoche foresaw an attempt of the English upon our coasts; and was actively and ardently preoccupied by the desire of stifling beforehand the royalist movement which was preparing. A proclamation, published throughout the country places, announced his intentions; the firmness of its accent proved the growing weakness of the Convention and the part which the military began to take in the government. The columns of the "Mobiles" anew traversed the country; but the strictest discipline maintained the troops in their duty. "No, this country shall not be a Vendée," said the general; "during ten months I have been exposed to all the passions of humanity, I have combated against the royalists, the terrorists, and the robbers; in the name of humanity let the laws be in full force." A chief of the Chouans, named Bois Hardi, had been killed in a battle, and the soldiers carried his head on the point of a pike. Hoche wrote to the commandant, "I am indignant at the conduct of those who have suffered the head of a vanquished enemy to be paraded. Do they think, these ferocious beings, to make us witnesses of the frightful scenes of La Vendée? Without losing a moment, you will arrest the officers who commanded the detachment of grenadiers, and those who cut off and paraded the head of Bois Hardi." The decrees of the Convention seconded the efforts of the generals; hostilities continued, however, though reduced to the state of pursuit by armed men against bands of pillagers and vagabonds; keeping up, nevertheless, the agitation in a part of the departments of the West, and giving rise to a belief of a serious hostility to the government of the Republic. The proclamation addressed to the governor of Belle-Isle by the English Commodore Ellison was a proof. An English squadron had just appeared in our waters; it had defeated Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse, and prepared to protect the landing of a little army of emigrants on the coasts of Brittany. "The exhaustion of the resources of the Convention," said the commodore, "the rising of the royalists in every part of the kingdom, and more particularly in Brittany, against its oppressive power; the army of disembarkation, composed entirely of French troops, which comes to join itself to the royalists; the recent victory which has almost finished the destruction of the naval force of the Republic, all these circumstances ought to lead you not to prolong the calamities of your country."

General Boucret replied, "Sir, we have no want of either the protection or the provisions of the king your master. We want for nothing here, as you can easily convince yourself. To live free or die in defending the Republic one and indivisible; this is my wish, as it is also that of the brave republicans I command." The emigrants had already landed in the bay of Carnac on the peninsula of Quiberon (26th June, 1795). They were furnished with arms and money by the munificence of the English Government. Puisaye had long been in communication with Mr. Windham; alone in the ministry, this statesman was actively favorable to the emigrants and disposed to forward their enterprises. He had assumed that Brittany was not only royalist, but ready to rise up altogether, provided that she found from without pecuniary resources and a point of support; he had entered into relations with the chiefs of the Chouans; he had even attempted several negotiations with certain republican generals. The emigrant army, entrenched at Quiberon, and extending from there to the edge of the sea, was to support the Breton insurrection. Georges Cadoudal and his Chouans were already on the coast. A crowd of peasants came to ask for arms; the gentlemen arrived from England put themselves at their head. The regiments of emigrants in the pay of England were commanded by the Count d'Hervilly. The garrison of the little fort Penthièvre had surrendered, and the soldiers had been incorporated in the royalist army. The Chouans advanced without obstacle as far as Auray. The detachments of republican troops had retreated, struck with stupor.

A moment sufficed to reanimate their courage. General Hoche had everywhere sent orders to march on Quiberon, and asked reinforcements from Aubert Dubayet; disorder took place in the little army of the emigrants. Puisaye, the real leader of the expedition, possessed no regular authority, for he was not in the service of England. M. d'Hervilly refused to support the movement of the Chouans by the troops of the line. The former had already sustained several checks, and their number was much diminished when they wished to deliver an attack against the republican forces. Georges Cadoudal broke out in anger. "My people are furious," said he, "they will not fight; no one has come to their aid, and I regret to have facilitated this descent which will crush our party." The Chouans encumbered the little peninsula, already taken up by the population of the country flying before the republicans, who still kept advancing in spite of the assistance that the English gunboats brought to the emigrants. Under the shelter of the forts several detachments embarked to try an assault upon the coast. A new body of a thousand men, commanded by Sombreuil, had just arrived at Quiberon. Hervilly had not waited for them to attack the enemy; he was repulsed and mortally wounded; his lines were forced. The losses of the emigrants equalled their bravery; fifty-three officers of the regiment of the marine had remained on the field of battle. Scarcely disembarked, Sombreuil took the command of the sad remains of the expedition so lately surrounded by so much hope. At the same instant, during the night, two columns of the republicans, of which one advanced in the water breast-high, surrounded the little fort Penthièvre: they were guided by prisoners who, when captive in England, had recently been enrolled in the emigrant regiments, and rejoined with eagerness the service of the Republic. At break of day, Sombreuil perceived, from his entrenched camp, the tri-colored flag flying on the fort: the gunners had been killed on their pieces. The emigrants were left without resource or hope of resistance, and fell back upon Quiberon at the point of the peninsula; the republicans had seized the artillery. Already the re-embarkment commenced. Puisaye, full of anger and disgust, was the first to go on board the English vessel.

The boats were very few, the crowd was great; the peasants, their wives and their children, hindered the movements of the emigrants. The republicans had reformed their columns, and were approaching; an English corvette, lying broadside at a short distance, swept the little shore with its cannon. Already, in the ranks of the royalists, the men enlisted in England spoke of surrendering; the republican soldiers cried, "Lay down your arms, there will be nothing done to you!" Several officers had advanced. "Frenchmen, surrender," said they; "do not force us to massacre you; if one of ours is again struck, the general will command to fire; therefore make the English finish!" The boat of the squadron arrived, battling with great difficulty against the wind and the sea. The cannon of the republicans commenced to reply to the fire of the English corvette; it was under the weight of this double peril that the emigrants and the Chouans sought to embark. General Hoche and his troops were mingled already in this confused crowd. Quercy approached the general. "I will swim out to make the English cease firing," said he, "on condition that you will not fire upon me." Hoche inclined his head to this brave gentleman. "Go," said he, "and do not come back again." In a few minutes Quercy came back, resolved to partake the lot of his comrades. The little body of the emigrants surrendered, as incapable to fly as to resist, deceived by the promises of mercy of the republican officers and soldiers. Sombreuil had offered his life to General Humbert in exchange for the welfare of his comrades. He had conceived some hope; General Hoche had, however, replied that he could not permit the embarkation. The representatives on mission had just arrived. Sombreuil excused the conduct of the emigrants. "Sir," said Tallien, proudly, "we have all been under the knife, but we never thought of carrying arms against our country." The boats bore away loaded to the water's edge; several of them had several times made the passage, while the convoy of prisoners was sadly formed to be marched towards Auray. Their guards were few, and several of them could have escaped; they counted on a tacit capitulation; nearly all were shut up in the church. General Hoche had already gone; Tallien retook the rode to Paris, still hesitating between mercy and the cruel force of necessity. The representative Blad alone remained, charged with the horrible duty of punishment.

On arriving at the convention, Tallien had taken his decision; his speech emphatically savage, administered to the passions already excited against the emigrants. The military commissions, which were already formed at Auray and Vannes, received tardily from the Assembly several invitations to mercy; already the executions succeeded each other, not without repugnance on the part of the soldiers nor without resistance on the part of the officers. Blad was forced to renew his commissioners, who acted slowly. A little plot was formed in Vannes to allow the captives to escape; before the tribunal the Chouans met with some indulgence; all the soldiers formerly prisoners in England were anew incorporated in the army. A thousand emigrants remained exposed to the rigors of the revolutionary laws; they everywhere excited compassion. Sombreuil was particularly the object of this; young and charming, he was on the point of marrying, when he had accepted the command of the expedition which was to cost him his life. Brought before the military commission, he boldly pleaded the cause of his companions. "I have lived and I will die a royalist," said he; "ready to appear before God, I swear that there has been a capitulation, with an undertaking to treat the emigrants as prisoners of war. You know it well," said he, turning himself towards the grenadiers who guarded him, "it was before you that I capitulated."

He was condemned with the Bishop of Dol, Joseph de Broglie, the Count of Senneville, and twelve other emigrants or Chouans. When they were brought to Vannes, Sombreuil refused to kneel. "I bend the knee before God," said he; "I adore His justice; but you are nothing but assassins." When they proceeded to blindfold him, "I like to see my enemies," said he. He had scarcely cried to the soldiers, "Aim to the right," when he fell lifeless under the bullets. He had passed his last night in writing to Admiral Warren a letter full of bitterness with regard to Puisaye, deploring the abandonment in which he had been left, and affirming the fact of the conditions which he had obtained before surrendering. "I remained alone charged with the destiny of those who the day before had twenty leaders. I could not employ any other means than those they had left me; they were useless. Those who had prepared them ought to have avoided giving me this responsibility. At this last moment I still experience an enjoyment, the esteem of my companions, and even that of the enemy who have defeated us. Adieu, adieu to all the world!"

The soldiers were weary of the massacres, which had lasted more than fifteen days, and the public cry gave the name of the "Field of Martyrs" to the meadow where the remains of the victims reposed. At the same moment that the fatal expedition left the shores of England, Charette had anew taken up arms, solicited by *Monsieur* himself, who had formerly written to him. "At last, sir, I have found the means that I so much desired; I can communicate directly with you; I can speak to you of my administration, my gratitude, the ardent desire I have to join you, to partake your perils and your glory; I will fulfil it though it should cost the last drop of my blood. But till that happy moment arrives, an agreement between him whom his exploits render him the second founder of the monarchy, and him whose birth calls him to govern it, will be of the greatest importance. No one better than yourself knows the usefulness of the proceedings that I can take in the interior. It is for you to enlighten me on the means of arriving there. . . . . . If this letter is so fortunate as to arrive in your hands on the eve of an engagement, give for the watchword 'Saint Louis,' and for countersign 'The King and the Regency.' I expect to be among you the day when my name will be associated with your triumphs."

The little king was dead, and it was Louis XVIII. whom Charette proclaimed on the 23rd June, 1795, at the chateau of Belleville, where he had assembled most of his officers. He announced to them the orders of the princes, without enthusiasm, and without finding in them the echo of a hope which no more existed in their hearts. On the 27th June, the Post des Essarts was, however, carried; the old soldiers obeyed, but the little army received no reinforcements; the general published a manifesto as an apology towards the royalists, which excited the peasants to revolt; the proclamation produced so little effect, that most of the personal friends of Charette refused to believe in the rupture of the peace. Stofflet and the Abbé Bernier had remained inactive; the title of general-in-chief of the catholic and royal army, recently accorded to Charette, did not encourage his rivals to run risks that they knew must be disastrous. At the news of the defeat of Quiberon and the cruelties exercised against the captives, Charette brought before him two republican prisoners. "Go and render an account to the generals and civil authorities of the manner in which you have been treated up to the present time in my army, and the care that has been taken of you. It is with grief that I am forced to use reprisals to avenge the death of the prisoners. But I ought to prevent, if it is possible, the return of such barbarities; not one of your comrades will be alive to-morrow morning. I shall act in the same way as often as the royalist prisoners are massacred."

The Count d'Artois had long announced his intention of putting himself at the head of the risings of the West; and was expected towards the end of September, 1795. Charette and his troops found themselves on the 24th at the place of rendezvous, the village of La Tranche, in Poitou. They attacked the village of Saint Cyr, where a corps of republicans was entrenched. The prince did not arrive; one of Charette's lieutenants was killed. On the 2nd October, the Count d'Artois disembarked at the island of Yeu; the royalists thought themselves sure of his support. The discord and cowardice which struck with incapacity the counsellors of the prince, cooled his courage, and he put again to sea without having done anything, without having shown himself to the men who had fought so long for his cause. "Say to Monsieur that he sends me my death-warrant," said Charette, when he learned this fatal news: "there is nothing left for me but to hide myself or perish with arms in my hands; I will perish." The depredations recommenced in Poitou and the Bocage, and the soldiers of General Hoche often replied by reprisals, which struck horror to the heart of their chief. Hoche strove incessantly to detach the peasants from their old officers, and the lieutenants from their general. "It is not only the force of arms that we must use to restore to our fatherland this unhappy portion of its territory," said he; "persuasion, kindness, and clemency, ought also to be the arms which we shall use with success. Woe to him who uselessly sheds blood or who sees nothing but enemies in the peasantry! Woe to whoever does them the least harm! But at the same time no pardon to him who by betraying his duty, under whatever pretext, favors the enemy!"

This mixture of resolution and clemency, of severity and mildness, seconded by means less avowable, had gradually undermined the influence of Charette, who now kept round him only a handful of resolute men. Every success cost him several of his soldiers, and none came to replace them. At last, on the 23rd March, 1796, worn out by fatigue, ill, followed only by thirty-two faithful adherents, Charette fell among a party of the enemy, near the wood of the Chaboterie, in the Commune of Brouzels; a shot had wounded him in the head, three fingers of one of his hands had been struck off by a blow of a sabre, yet he still defended himself when he was seized. Dragged from town to town, he was condemned at last on the 29th by a military commission, and executed the same evening, intrepid and calm. "Why did you not try to quit the soil of La Vendée?" they demanded of him. "Because I would not abandon the cause I was fighting for," replied he with some disdain. On leaving the island of Yeu, the Count d'Artois had sent to the indomitable chief of the partisans a magnificent sabre with this motto: "I never submit." When dying, Charette never once reproached the princes whom the whole of Europe so long had in vain expected to see at his side. Faithful to the end to his traditional hatred, he exclaimed, "It is to this pass, then, those wretches of English have brought me."

A month before the day of Charette's execution, Stofflet was shot at Angers; he had tardily responded to the appeal of his companions in arms, and his rising was of little importance. Since the death of Cathelineau he was the only one of the old chiefs of the Vendean army who belonged to the inferior classes, and the cruelties which he often exercised betrayed the rudeness of his former manners. He fought more by taste for war and command, than by an impassioned and national royalist conviction. It was asked of him, "In whose name were you fighting?" "In the name of the king, that is to say, in the name of the first man who should succeed in being placed upon the throne." He did not forget at death the punishment to which, in concert with Charette, he had formerly condemned Bernard de Marigny, a leader of the Vendean army. For this both experienced remorse to their latest breath.

The war of the Chouans terminated as the civil war had formerly finished. Georges Cadoudal, and Scépeaux, were given up; the bands of plunderers who carried on brigandage under political pretexts succumbed, one after another, under the strict surveillance and rigorous repression exercised by

General Hoche. For a long time past resistance to the republican government had ceased in all the rest of France; nowhere had the leaders been animated by more noble and more disinterested sentiments; nowhere had the soldiers manifested more devotion to their cause than in Vendée. The reflex of this moral elevation long characterized the obstinate resistance of the provinces of the West; when it at length expired, the germs of civil war still existed, animosity was not yet entirely extinguished, but the minds of men had become subdued by exhaustion and discouragement. "The European powers everywhere recognize the Republic," said Cadoudal; "even the Pope treats with it. Our mother, La Vendée, is indeed dead. I wished to follow to its last hour, and to its brave death-agony, an attempt unique in the history of the French Revolution. I now quit the war of country gentlemen and peasants, the war of woods and fields remote from cities and important centres of population; I seek out in various quarters of France, the efforts at resistance in the great cities, which emulated or rivalled Paris." The Federalist movement in Normandy and Brittany, the sanguinary riots of Marseilles, the desperate resolution of Toulon, the strife of parties at Lyons, the temporary victory and the cruel sufferings of the moderate party in that city, present divers traits characteristic of the districts where the events took place. Looked at as a whole, they show that France did not servilely accept a hateful yoke; she succumbed under the terror, but she had fought and suffered much longer and more courageously than has been generally believed.

It is to the honor of the Girondins, for a long time led away by passions too ardent and hopes too extensive in proportion to the energy of their courage, that they, in the very midst of the Revolution, and always in its name, raised the standard of resistance and made a tardy effort to prevent or delay the Reign of Terror. More even than their eloquence, more even than their courage at the foot of the scaffold, this conduct has justified the grateful remembrance that has been blindly accorded to them. Never, in the interior, did the Jacobins consider themselves more seriously menaced than at the moment when the Girondins, proscribed by the Convention, sought a refuge in the already roused and agitated provinces. Normandy was not ardently Catholic and royalist, like La Vendée and Brittany; the constitutional and moderate Revolution, the Revolution of the Constituent Assembly had satisfied the mass of the population, who accepted without passion or repugnance the Government of the Republic. The province was resolved not to submit to the yoke of the Terrorists, and it was in its traditionally law-abiding and peaceable departments that the first attempt at regular resistance was organized. It did not last long, and exercised no influence upon the course of the Revolution; but it shows the spirit of the population, and explains how at a later date bands of insurgents collected and maintained themselves for a long period at certain points in Normandy. The people displayed an instinctive and unconquerable repugnance to the revolutionary violence as well as to the men who directed it.

Under the influence of Buzot, the General Council of L'Eure had been the first to give the signal for indignant protest against the occurrences which had brought about the proscription of the Girondins. A movement manifested itself at Évreux, where the inhabitants began to enroll themselves in small corps. At the same time a deputation from Calvados to the Convention returned irritated and troubled to Caen. The fugitive Girondian deputies also arrived there, astonished at the animated reception they met with, and the projects which they found surging up in all hearts. The first successes of the Vendeans inflamed their hopes. The idea was broached of assembling an army, in order to deliver the Convention from the yoke of the Jacobins. The republican administrations responded to the appeal of the Assembly of Resistance, which had just been formed at Caen; nearly all the public functionaries took part in it. Two representatives on mission, Romme and Prieur, were arrested; the adhesions were numerous, and widely scattered. Bordeaux, directly injured by the wrong done to its representatives, broke forth in violent protestations; Lyons had already passed from words to actions, and blood was flowing in its streets. The Bretons raised troops; several battalions arrived at Caen, and, in accordance with the prudent habits of the Normans, there was much deliberating at the Hôtel de Ville. The voluntary enrolments were not numerous; the frankly republican character of the protest did not inflame the courage of young royalists; several bands accustomed to disorder were collected. The Assembly of Resistance had chosen for its general, Wimpffen, formerly the valiant defender of Thionville; and he had chosen as his brigade-major, Puisaye. Both had been members of the Constituent Assembly, and being royalists of a moderate type, believed it possible to act powerfully on the Convention, and on the Revolution in the name of the revolted provinces. They speedily found that they had been deceived; the officers were without soldiers; and Wimpffen resumed with the Minister of War the intercourse which he had previously abruptly broken off. To the first order of his chief who recalled him to Paris, the general had replied, "I shall come there with sixty thousand men;" he shortly added, "for God's sake, revoke the decree; send here a man who is not absolutely hated; be still and leave me to act."

Meanwhile he advanced, driven forward by the impatience of the Assembly of Resistance; a few Breton battalions, a wretched corps of plunderers, composed his army as he marched towards Pacy-sur-Eure. Puisaye had at the same time evacuated Évreux. Wimpffen could not rally his people; he wrote from Lisieux to the general of the Convention, "Do you wish for civil war? Then advance. Do you not wish it? Then do not advance into the territory of Calvados. In a little while all will be explained. In the meantime read the proclamations. I have desired to prevent great misfortunes. Do you wish to create them?"

The whole bundle of desires and oppositions was now untied; Robert Lindet had undertaken the pacification of Calvados and was employing every means, open or secret. The Seine-Inférieure refused to take part in the movement. Charlotte Corday alone had set out from Caen as an advanced guard, independent and passionately devoted to her cause; her deed was accomplished, and she had already died upon the scaffold when General Wimpffen, without either reputation or soldiers, returned to Caen, after an insignificant demonstration. His name was already placarded on the walls as an outlaw. The agents of the Convention had concluded their treaty with the administrators of Calvados; the Assembly of Resistance was dissolved, nobody was prosecuted, and the revolutionary tribunal never exercised its odious empire at Caen. The military chiefs of the rebellion hid themselves; Puisaye had soon to return to Brittany, as well as the battalions of volunteers eager to take part in more serious engagements. The Girondin deputies dispersed; a few sought an asylum at Bordeaux. The resistance here was no more efficacious than in Normandy; the vengeance was more furious, Tallien reigned there as dictator. Superficial and without any important results, the great Federalist insurrection had vanished. The sanguinary strife of parties at Lyons, and the independence that Marseilles still preserved, remained as isolated and local facts. The agitation of public opinion in favor of the Girondins had been short-lived and unimportant. They were not yet tried, and had not yet paid with their heads for the rivalry with which they long menaced the Jacobins. Their friends had already abandoned them as leaders without energy, insufficient to contend with a terrible enemy. The Terror began to extend its fatal shadows over the whole of France.

Lyons still resisted. The honest, steady instinct of its people had from the first revolted against the institution of the revolutionary tribunal. The ardor of the two parties was equal. On seeing the guillotine reared, the men of order armed themselves; the Jacobin municipality was overthrown, and the mayor, Châlier, was put in prison; in vain the Convention placed him under the safeguard of the magistrates. Lyons loudly proclaimed its independence; the representatives sent on mission been constrained to moderation, and dared not call upon the National Guards. Sympathy for the Girondins was general; delegates were sent to Bordeaux, in order to cement "the holy alliance of good men, resolved to impose silence upon the horde who wish to live by pillage and slake their thirst for blood." Two proscribed deputies, Birotteau and Chasset, arrived at Lyons, and an assembly like that of Caen was formed under the name of "Popular Republican Commission of Public Safety for the Department of Rhône-et-Loire." The watchword of the new authority was, "Resistance to oppression, free and complete national representation." Its first act was the execution of Châlier, an event aggravated in horror by the violence of the Lyons populace, who had long trembled under his laws, and by the inexperience of the executioner, who only accomplished his task with five blows of the fatal knife. The unfortunate man pronounced the name of "Liberty!" with his expiring breath.

In braving the authority of the Convention, the rebels of Lyons had counted upon the support of all the southern regions, but Bordeaux remained inactive. A division of the army of the Alps, commanded by General Corteaux, repulsed the battalions of Marseilles. A small corps which had set out from Nîmes found the bridge at Saint-Esprit occupied; the Comtat-Venaissin was held by the troops established there. The great city, which had boldly seized upon its interior government, and dared to provoke resistance afar off, was now deserted all round. Dubois-Crancé, commissioner of the Convention attached to the army of the Alps, a timid and prudent man, formerly at Lyons, believed the day of chastisement was come. The courage of the administrators grew feebler, the Girondin deputies had fled, and the arrested representatives had been restored to liberty; already negotiations were attempted; General Kellermann advanced against Lyons at the head of twenty thousand men. A proclamation of Dubois-Crancé was immediately sent to the authorities: "Unless you open your gates within an hour, you will be treated as rebels." The decrees of the Convention placed the magistrates under accusation and outlawed the admistrators; the goods of all citizens who had taken part in the revolt by staying in the city were confiscated, and all payment of private or public debts due to inhabitants of Lyons was suspended.

So many menaces against their liberty and their property, so great vengeance thus unfeelingly denounced, roused once more the drooping courage of the people of Lyons. They had beforehand provided for their defence by assembling a little army of volunteers under the resolute command of Précy, who had formerly retired to his estates, whence the Lyons insurrection had drawn him forth. Unanimously and spontaneously, the administrators rejected the summons of Dubois-Crancé. They wrote to the Convention: "At the moment when our envoys prove to you our attachment to the Republic, by bearing to you our acceptance of the Constitution, you treat us as rebels. To-day hostilities have commenced; blood has flowed. Dubois-Crancé gave us an hour to deliberate upon his proclamation, and before the time had expired our advanced guard received a discharge of artillery. We have imitated this violence and repulsed the assailants. Your commissioners have exceeded their powers. Let justice be done to Lyons; bloodshed will necessarily follow your refusal. We shall all sooner perish than again fall under the yoke of anarchy."

Lyons was, in fact, resisting anarchy, and the insurrection was not a royalist one, as they pretended to believe. Précy had recently written to Turin, where the princes were staying. He knew that no one could come from thence. The population, consulted by the administrators, associated itself with enthusiasm in the effort for defence. In this great, rich, and commercial city, even the poorest were determined to protect their property against pillage. The masses had not yet come under the slow disorganizing sway of subversive theories. "It is no longer the delegates of the people of Lyons who write to you," they wrote to Dubois-Crancé; "it is the entire people. Forty thousand men shut up in these walls have sworn to defend till death the rights of man, their liberty, their property, and the safety of the citizens." The order for bombardment was given.

An attempt had been made to induce M. de Précy to surrender. "That does not depend upon me," he replied; "between you and us there is an abyss which death alone can fill. The Convention is thirsting for blood; it desires an expiation and an example. Lyons is condemned, I know, but your soldiers will enter it only over heaps of corpses. How many brave Lyonnese are, like myself, marked for the axe of the executioner! Better the ball of the soldier; we will go on to the end!" "Even to the scaffold!" replied his interlocutor Pâris, the commissioner of war. "Ah well! yes; we will mount it without shame and without fear. It is the road to heaven, as the confessor of January 21 said." "General," said Pâris, "the Vendeans are conquerors in their *Bocage;* foreigners have encroached on the frontiers; France is in danger of being dismembered." "Never," cried Précy; and the eyes of the chief of the insurgents and the commissioner of the Convention were lit up with equal ardor. "Never! the Lyonnese would be slain to the last man to defend the territory of the country. You see my cockade,—I took it when I saw my brothers in arms and my friends quit France; I remained to struggle against the dangers which menaced it. No, citizen, the foreigner will never divide France, it is too good for him; he may devastate it with fire and sword, but it will still remain upon the map of Europe."

This patriotic ardor, shared in by all the inhabitants of the besieged city, far from appeasing the Jacobins, increased their anger against these moderates of the Revolution, whom they rightly regarded as their most dangerous enemies. A triumvirate of representatives, Couthon, Maignet, and Châteauneuf-Randon, invested with unlimited powers, were delegated to accompany the army of Kellermann, who was already accused of weakness. The Lyonnese troops had made several sorties, protecting Montbrison and Saint-Étienne, which were allied with them, and even making an excursion into the Puy-de-Dôme. Couthon had just established himself at Clermont, which he loaded with requisitions and delivered to the revolutionary committees, urging forward the departure of the levies *en masse* which he himself directed against Lyons. He had called from the army of the Alps, and placed at the head of his recruits, General Doppet, formerly a doctor at Chambéry,—"a wicked man, the declared enemy of all who possessed talent, without any idea of war, and who was brave and nothing more."* Couthon and Doppet disputed the authority with Kellermann and Dubois-Crancé.

The bombardment meanwhile did not slacken, devastating the public edifices which adorned Lyons, pitilessly threatening the hospital itself, in spite of the charity which had opened its gates to the wounded besiegers. Each day the investment was drawn closer, provisions could no longer enter the city, the women worked at the batteries and displayed an invincible courage. In every quarter the burning houses were falling. "Attack this rebel city at the point of the bayonet and torch in hand," wrote the Committee of Public Safety; "if the emigrants, the dandies, and other rebels escape from Lyons have them pursued, and let the tocsin everywhere ring forth against the cruel enemies of their country."

The instinct of vengeance had not deceived the Jacobins of Paris. Lyons was about to succumb and its little army prepared for flight. On October 7 (1794) a proclamation of Couthon's, addressed to the assemblies of the section, decided the administrators of the besieged city to attempt a capitulation. Précy and his brave soldiers went out at the same time by the Burgundy road, badly defended by the revolutionary posts. The Lyonnese volunteers had bidden adieu to their wives and their children; a few of them had attended a mass for the dead, one of the soldiers having donned the sacerdotal vestments and acted as priest; it was in a cave that he celebrated the holy office. Already, in spite of their courage, the fugitives were dispersed and cut in pieces. Virieu, who commanded one of the columns, was killed; Précy wandered in the country, driven from one retreat to another; the anarchists of the villages fell upon the Lyonnese, whose resistance had drawn the armies to the district, and who were, it was believed, laden with treasure. They were brought back in platoons to Lyons to be shot; the city was in the hands of the republican troops. Whilst the administrators were still negotiating, the Porte St. Clair was surprised, Couthon and Dubois-Crancé entering as conquerors into the vanquished town after sixty-three days of siege. They remained always rivals in authority and divided in their action, less violent in consequence against the conquered party. The Committee of Public Safety recalled Dubois-Crancé, who was indicted. At the Convention Barère loaded him with accusations. "Would you allow to exist a city which by its rebellion has caused the blood of patriots to flow? That which is inhabited by conspirators is not a city; it ought to be entombed in its own ruins. What ought you to respect in your vengeance? The house of the poor persecuted by the rich, the manufactures of which the barbarous English desire the destruction, the asylum of humanity, the edifice consecrated to public instruction. The ploughshare ought to pass over all the rest. The name of Lyons ought no longer to exist—you shall call it *Ville affranchie;* and upon the ruins of this infamous city there shall be raised a monument which shall ascribe honor to the Convention, and bear witness to the crime and the punishment of the enemies of liberty. These words will tell the whole story: 'Lyons made war against Liberty; Lyons is no more.'"

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* *Mémoires de Napoléon.*

To Couthon had been assigned the task of carrying these menaces into effect and executing the threatened vengeance. Already the revolutionary tribunals were instituted; a military commission ordered the execution of rebels taken with arms in their hands. Couthon, solemnly carried on the shoulders of four patriots, traversed the principal streets of the city, striking with a little gilded hammer the magnificent edifices and rich hotels. "In the name of the law," said he, "I condemn thee to be demolished." A fête was celebrated in expiation of the death of Châlier; but as the workmen did not come forward to destroy the edifices, it was necessary to requisition them by force. The revolutionary tribunal proceeded sluggishly; the poor, like the rich, were deeply compromised by the resistance that had been made. The moderation of Couthon excited the anger of the revolutionists of Lyons, eager to enjoy their vengeance. "Forms ought to be banished," said they, "the facts alone shall be considered; let the assassins be brought forward; we will sit armed and kill them first and do our duty afterwards." "It will only be possible to establish the Republic on the corpse of the last of the respectable people," said the representative Javogues at a club. Couthon was called to Paris. The long spectacle of courageous resistance had inspired fears in his mind which betrayed him to an unaccustomed mildness.

He was replaced by Collot d'Herbois and Fouché, of Nantes, as yet little known, except for the sanguinary ardor he had displayed in the Nivernais, formerly placed in his dictatorship. On setting out, the two representatives made this solemn promise to the Jacobins: "We will return to tell you that the South is pacified and that there remain only patriots, or we will die in that city." Already, in honor of Châlier, a blasphemous procession traversed the streets of Lyons, trailing in the mud the cross of the Gospel. They celebrated the glory of the martyr of liberty, "of the Saviour God who died for the Republic." "Miscreants have immolated him," said Fouche; "the blood of miscreants is the only lustral water which can appease his angry manes. The blood of aristocrats will serve as incense to him."

The work had already commenced, and the Reign of Terror was establishing itself in Lyons. Every day an increasing number of fugitives succeeded in escaping, braving all dangers in order to seek security in Switzerland. Others, like M. de Fontanes, hid themselves in the obscure nooks of the great city, lost to all observation for many months. The three Committees of Sequestrations, Demolitions, and Denunciations had entered on their functions; avidity excited the zeal of the two former to assure its victims to the third. A tariff for informers was instituted; each denouncer received thirty livres; for the head of a priest, a gentleman, or wealthy person, the recompense was doubled.

The edifices and houses of Lyons fell before the hatchet and pickaxe before the distracted inhabitants were able to quit their dwellings, openly given over to pillage; but the representatives of the Convention found the work too slow. "The republican impatience," they wrote, "needs more rapid means. The explosion of the mine, the devouring activity of the flame, can alone express the all-powerful might of the people." The same destructive thought animated them as regards men. "Considering," they had proclaimed on arriving at Lyons, "that the exercise of justice has need of no other form than the expression of the will of the people, and that will, energetically manifested, ought to be the conscience of the judges, that nearly all those who fill the prisons of this commune have conspired for the overthrow of the Republic, and meditated the massacre of patriots, that, in consequence, they are outside the law, and their sentence of death is pronounced, the representatives ordain as follows:—There shall be established a Revolutionary Tribunal, before which the accused shall be brought; the innocent shall be set at liberty immediately, and the guilty sent to execution."

The grim agents of the Committee of Public Safety were henceforth reassured as to their personal safety, and as to the trembling submission of the Lyonnese population; the revolutionary army of Paris had just arrived under the orders of Ronsin. In his farewell address at the Cordeliers, the General, who formerly made the Vendée tremble, announced that the Republic, as true patriots understood it, could not be established without exterminating a third of the population. At Nantes, Carrier was more exacting, and said it would be necessary to go as far as two thirds. The Lyonnese became accustomed to the scaffold. "The Executions do not produce the effect that ought to attend them," wrote Collot d'Herbois to the Convention; "the siege and the daily perils that every one has experienced have inspired a sort of indifference as regards life. Yesterday, a spectator, returning from an execution said, 'That is not much to endure. What shall I do to be guillotined? Suppose I insult the representatives?' Judge how dangerous are such dispositions in an energetic populace. We are applying ourselves to forge the thunderbolt."

On September 4th the thunderbolts of Collot d'Herbois were ready. Sixty-four young men passed before the Commission, which it had been necessary to renew; three out of five of the members designated from amongst the Jacobins arrived from Paris had refused the functions which had been assigned to them. When the condemned were brought to the Place des Brotteaux, they found themselves placed between two ditches bordered by a hedge of troops. Two cannons stood ready at the end of this funeral alley. When the storm of grape shot burst upon the victims, their voices in haughty and resounding tones were joining in the words,—

Mourir pour la patrie,
C'est le sort le plus beau,
Le plus digne d'envie.

The thunderbolt had not accomplished its work; many of the wounded were still groaning, the cannon thundered a second time, and even then the soldiers had to despatch the dying with their sabres. Next day recourse was had to a fusillade *en masse*. Notwithstanding the proclamation of the representatives, horror, impossible to restrain, continued to increase. The colonel of the 5th regiment was indignant at having his troops twice ordered out for butchery; he was put in prison by Collot d'Herbois, but the regiment rebelled, and the colonel was liberated. Combats took place every day between the regular troops and the revolutionary army of Ronsin. A few bold petitioners, amongst others M. de Fontanes, complained to the Convention of the atrocities each day committed by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Collot d'Herbois had returned to Paris in order himself to defend his actions; all the measures taken by the representatives of the people on mission at the Freed Commune were approved. "Our energy and courage," said Fouché, "increase under difficulties; our enemies have need of an example. The southern part of the Republic has been enveloped in a destructive whirlpool; we must create the thunder in order to destroy it. It is necessary that all the friends of the conspirators of the South, all the correspondents which they have at the Freed Commune, should fall under the thunderbolt of justice, and that their bloodstained bodies, precipitated into the Rhone, should create upon its two shores, at its mouth, under the walls of infamous Toulon, in the eyes of the ferocious English, an impression of dismay, and give an idea of the all-powerful might of the French people."

Toulon succumbed, in fact, after a sanguinary struggle, which presented the unique and sorrowful example of a French city voluntarily opening its gates to the foreigner. The odious excesses of the Revolutionary Tribunal aroused at first a courageous resistance; with arms in their hands, the assemblies of the sections had driven away the Jacobin municipality, imprisoned the representative commissioners, and constituted a new tribunal, whose executions, in their turn, stained the city with blood. Toulon threw off the yoke of the Convention, all the time protesting its attachment to the republican cause.

Like Lyons and Toulon, Marseilles had been stirred up and had proclaimed an independence hostile to the Convention. Provisions failing, an appeal was made to Admiral Hood, who commanded the English squadron in the Mediterranean to allow the free entry of grain. "Let Toulon lend a hand in the matter," answered he; "I require the assent of all the towns along the coast, in order to bring you aid." A messenger presented himself at the same time at Toulon, the bearer of a monarchical proclamation from the English government, "Decide definitively and frankly, have confidence in the generosity of a loyal nation, and I will fly to your aid to break the chains that fetter you." The prudence of Admiral Hood required the disarmament of all the vessels found in the roadstead, and the surrender of the forts. "You know what vengeance threatens you," added he, "and what is the lot reserved for you by your enemies."

It was this terror of the Jacobin vengeance that weighed heavily upon the determination of the authorities of Toulon. Already the royalists, numerous enough among the masses in the South, were crying in the streets. "Long live the King!" The sword was suspended over the heads of all those who had taken part in the insurrection; the animosity of parties, personal fears, and cleverly conducted intrigues, triumphed over evident duty. The conditions of Admiral Hood were accepted; through a remnant of National pride the ships were not disarmed; the tricolor-flag continued floating from the mainmasts.

The marines long resisted; their patriotic ardor was stirred up by a jealous ill-will towards the English. Admiral Trogoff, who commanded the little squadron, was ill; his Brigade-Major, Rear-Admiral Saint-Julien, haughtily refused to surrender. "I will perish," said he, "if necessary in order to defend the city against the Jacobins, but I will never consent to the entry of the English." The squadron presented its broadsides in such a manner as to close the roadsteads, and cover Toulon with its cannon. The Committee had declared that the marines were free to follow their opinion. When Admiral Trogoff resumed the command, he adopted the resolution of the sections, and rallied the crews round him. The ships entered the port; Admiral Saint-Julien persuaded a few seamen to follow his example; sixteen vessels obeyed Admiral Trogoff. Admiral Hood took possession of Toulon in the name of King Louis XVII. Saint-Julien was made a prisoner of war. A garrison made up of soldiers from different allied nations occupied the forts and the place under the orders of General O'Hara.

Marseilles had just succumbed to the forces of General Carteaux; its short independence had given place to the strife of parties. Internal division had exhausted its resistance, the vengeance of the Jacobins filled the town with bloodshed. Exiles from Marseilles, Avignon, and Aix encumbered Toulon, the last refuge of the reaction against the Reign of Terror.

Already, Carteaux was marching against the place which had beforehand, by its surrender to the foreigner, given an excuse for rigorous measures. Doppet soon disputed with him the honor of the siege. "When will they make an end of sending us painters and doctors to command us?" said the soldiers.

It was on the 28th of August, 1793, that the English took possession of Toulon; on the 20th of November, General Dugommier, an old soldier, experienced and clever, was at last charged with the operations of the siege. The foreigners had profited by this long delay to fortify the place, when the major of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, proposed to attack the fort of Éguillette, pointing out the importance of this post which the recent works had rendered almost impregnable. It was, however, upon this point that the military genius of the young officer directed the efforts of the assailants. By the natural and free ascendency of his spirit he was able to triumph over all objections. "Attend to your trade," said he to the representatives of the people who embarrassed him with their counsels, "and leave me to attend to mine. I will answer for success with my head." Fréron and Barras wrote spitefully to the Committee of Public Safety, "After four months Toulon is not yet attacked; it is to be feared that we shall have to retire precipitately and in disorder, whilst at this moment we might accomplish it in an orderly and regular manner."

Nearly at the same time the attack commenced; a battery which covered the city had just been unmasked, cutting off the communications of Toulon with the sea. General Dugommier was repulsed at the head of the first column. "I am lost!" cried he, with the foresight of the cruel doom reserved by the Convention for unfortunate generals. Fortune seconded the next attack—the English gunners were killed at their pieces and the fort of Éguillette had been several hours in possession of the republican troops when the representatives, Salicetti and Robespierre, junior, arrived sword in hand. General Lagoype, at the same time, had seized fort Faron, the principal defence of the place on the east.

General O'Hara had been for two days a prisoner of the French, and the capture of the forts had rendered the defence of Toulon impossible, when Admiral Hood resolved suddenly to abandon it, without forewarning the population or the authorities, who would undoubtedly have placed obstacles in his way. In order to avoid the vengeance of the Jacobins, the sections of Toulon were delivered to the English; the English condemned them to bear all the vengeance of the Jacobins, aggravated by the weight of treason and by the disasters which threatened the French navy. The English sailors dispersed in the city quietly got on board their vessels; they commenced to embark the sick. The news soon spread through Toulon that the English were about to put to sea. The alarm grew intense; the governor remained deaf to all questions. The troops which occupied the forts re-entered the city, blowing up, one after another, the works which they abandoned.

A panic terror seized the inhabitants; the torches which lit up the countenances of the drummers proclaiming in the streets the tardy declaration of the English cast, at the same time, their flickering light upon mothers seeking their children, husbands calling for their wives, upon entire families running towards the fort, without knowing how it would be possible to flee from their dreaded enemies. The English at first disdainfully repulsed the suppliants: the distress and horror caused by their refusal, and the example of humanity given them by the Spaniards and Neapolitans caused them to revoke these cruel orders. "Poor French," said Admiral Langara, "we are come to assassinate them." The fugitives crowded into little boats, insufficient for their number; many of them capsized in the port; the bullets of the besieging batteries swept the decks. The soldiers were obliged to fix their bayonets in order to open a passage through the crowd. "The republicans are coming," was heard on every side, and fright aggravated the disorder. More than twenty thousand persons were crowded together at the port of embarkation.

The English squadron quitted the roadstead at the moment when Sir Sydney Smith with six gun-boats reached the quay. He marched straight to the dockyard and the arsenal, resolved to set them on fire. The convicts and workmen charged with guarding these establishments were ready, but the gates were forced and the cannon pointed against their defenders. The incendiary matches had been everywhere lit by the English, when the latter once more took to the sea. The French ships in the port had been loaded with combustible matter. The enemy had scarcely gained the open sea when explosions succeeded explosions; nine vessels of the line and four frigates were on fire. The republican advanced guard, as they entered the city, ran to the magazines and with the aid of the convicts they succeeded in saving the ropewalk; the arsenal became a prey to the flames.

Toulon was given up to the excesses of this advance-guard of scoundrels and pillagers when the general-in-chief entered the place. The representatives of the people marched at the head of the columns, "their faces illuminated with a ghastly joy, their eyes sparkling, and their nostrils dilated as if already revelling in the ardor of carnage."* "Our first letter shall be dated from the ruins of Toulon," they had written that day to the Convention. "Nearly all the inhabitants have escaped; those who remain will serve to appease the manes of our brave brothers who have fallen with so much valor." The first victims were taken from amongst the workmen of the dockyard who had snatched the remains of it from the flames; after the execution, the artillery wagons rolled over the corpses. A commission of patriots, prisoners upon the ships in the roadstead, was charged to designate the condemned. All that remained of the inhabitants of Toulon were crowded together on the public places; the Jacobins, hitherto in fear of their lives, circulated amongst the ranks. "Pass to this side," they exclaimed to all those whom, from motives of cupidity or personal revenge, they destined to death. The fusillade commenced each day without any form of process or indictment. "Already all the naval officers are exterminated," wrote the representatives. "Every one found in Toulon who has been employed in the naval or military administration has been shot amidst the thousand times repeated cries of 'Vive la République!' But for the fear of causing innocent creatures to perish, such as imprisoned patriots, all the inhabitants would have been put to the edge of the sword; as but for fear of destroying the arsenal and magazines, the city would have been given to the flames; but it will none the less disappear from the soil of liberty. To-morrow and on the following days we shall proceed to the demolition, we have requisitioned twelve thousand masons from the surrounding provinces to execute the work. All grand measures have been wanting at Marseilles; if only, as at Toulon, eight hundred conspirators had been shot at the entry of the troops, and a military commission created to condemn the rest of the miscreants, we should not be where we now are. Marseilles is forever incurable, unless it be by the transportation of all the inhabitants and their replacement by men from the North."

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* Memoirs of Maréchal Victor, duc de Bellune.

The work was completed at Toulon. Fréron and Barras were sent to Marseilles to consummate the vengeance left imperfect there. Danton had said, "It is necessary to give a lesson to the great commercial aristocracy in the case of Marseilles. It is necessary that the merchants, who have seen with pleasure the abasement of the nobles and the priests in the hope of fattening on their goods, and who now desire a counter-revolution, should be in their turn abased. It is upon them that the cost of this war ought to fall." The letters of the representatives were dated from "Sans-nom, formerly Marseilles." The Convention decreed that Toulon should henceforth be called "Le Port de la Montagne." In their fanatical passion, the Jacobins ignored the fact that there is nothing amongst men more difficult to destroy than memory, and that it is more easy to cause heads to fall on the scaffold than to suppress a name known upon the lips of women and little children.

The civil war had terminated; only the Vendée still resisted, bleeding and decimated, without being definitely conquered; bands of Chouans still traversed Normandy and Brittany. But the efforts of the moderates, sincere republicans or secret royalists, had been extinguished one after another in seas of blood. Terror had seized upon all minds, stirring up silent hatred, by stifling resistance and even complaints. The yoke of the Jacobins pressed with unequal weight upon different provinces; everywhere oppressive, it became terrible when cities or provinces were given over to the furies of a demoniacal fanaticism. Already were preparing the cruel reactions, which were about to steep with blood, under the Directorate, Marseilles, Toulon, and Avignon, dishonoring the cause of order and leaving upon hearts deep scars which time has scarcely yet succeeded in healing. Light and mobile in their opinions and attachments, the people long preserve the remembrance of evils they have suffered, and dread the return of them. When the flames appear extinguished, a name suffices to rekindle the flame smouldering in the ashes. Justly or unjustly, institutions have to carry long the weight of the crimes and faults committed under their flags.

# CHAPTER V.

## THE NATIONAL DEFENCE (1792—1795).

I QUIT with profound relief the theatre of mad and sanguinary political struggles; I turn my eyes from the odious spectacles of the crimes and cowardices which have stained the soil of our country; I forget the bitternesses of the civil war, less humiliating than the abasement of soul and the shameful submission which delivered France to the frenzied disorders of the most evil passions; I now concern myself with the only strengthening and consoling memories of an epoch troubled by storms of which the last successive outbursts have scarcely yet been swept from the horizon. The history of the National Defence by the French Revolution is mingled with sorrows and regrets: there remains, however, an ineffaceable title to glory that weighs heavily on our memories recently charged with other recollections.

The French Revolution did not deceive itself; the grand enterprise had scarcely commenced, the Constituent Assembly had only just raised its flag, and it already comprehended the agitation that the overthrow of a great state would necessarily bring to neighboring countries. Ever protesting its pacific disposition, it nevertheless foresaw war, imposed upon it or sought for. "If you send us war, we will send you liberty," such was the superb defiance of the Constituent Assembly to the sovereigns of Europe. All felt themselves threatened, the most prudent or the most timid confirmed or contracted their alliances, secretly agitated by the growing fame of the French Revolution. Already the treaty of Pilnitz (7th August, 1791), had united Austria and Prussia on the mutual ground of personal uneasiness and benevolent solicitude for King Louis XVI., deprived of his liberty of action. The assassination of King Gustavus, of Sweden, had retarded the more hostile movement of the powers of the North. England had been favorable to the first enthusiasm of the Revolution, as to the efforts of a people seeking that liberty which the English nation had itself acquired at the price of ancient struggles, crowned by two successive revolutions; but disquietude began to influence its moderate and wise government, firmly attached to liberal ideas as to conservative principles. Pitt still remained neutral, in spite of the contrary efforts of Fox in favor of the French Revolution, and those of Burke for an impassioned resistance to the development of new ideas. Spain had not yet renewed the chain of the Family Pact; the court of Turin was worked upon by the Comte d'Artois, and the habitual prudence of the House of Savoy alone kept back Victor Amadeus. Agitated and disquieted, the whole of Europe contemplated us with a curiosity often malevolent and always suspicious, ready to unite against us at the first pretext. The intrigues of the emigrants, and their military demonstrations, maintained the agitation; the number of French officers collected on their soil reassured foreigners by proving the disorganization of our army. Secretly instructed by King Louis XVI. as to the difficulties of his position with regard to the internal affairs of France, the Emperor Leopold II. had constantly used his influence on the side of prudence and moderation. He died in 1792, and the first proceedings of his nephew and successor, Francis II., King of Hungary and of Bohemia, irritated the Legislative Assembly and the revolutionary party in France. General Dumouriez, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, but who at the same time directed the affairs of war, conceived a plan of invasion of the Austrian Low Countries recently agitated by internal dissension, and still scarcely restored to the authority of the emperor. The state of feeling among a large portion of the population, led France to hope for a feeble resistance. An occasion was watched for, and was furnished by the awkward demands of Cobenzel, the prime minister of Francis II., in the name of the German princes having possessions in Alsace. War had long been imminent; it burst forth, destined in twenty-five years to decimate all the populations and devastate all the states of Europe. On April 20, 1792, King Louis XVI. himself proposed to the Legislative Assembly a war against the King of Hungary and Bohemia. Already three armies were found occupying the frontiers of the North and North-east. Marshal Rochambeau, General La Fayette, and Marshal Lückner commanded them, all three had been recently sent for to Paris. It was to General La Fayette that had been confided the honor of attempting the invasion of Belgium. "The question, then, is one of Revolution, and your Majesty knows that M. de La Fayette understands that sort of thing better than I," said Marshal Rochambeau to the king.

The war which opened was to be a glorious one for France; it commenced with a shameful repulse, a sorrowful sign of the disorder which reigned in the army, disorganized by the loss of a great number of officers, divided in opinions and tendencies, without as yet being animated by the powerful impetus of the Revolution. The dragoons of General Biron, after having occupied Furnes, fled towards Mons, without having seen the enemy, whilst the soldiers of General Theobald Dillon, seized with the same panic terror, cried, "Treason!" on perceiving near Tournay an Austrian detachment, and re-entered Lille in disorder, after massacring their general. The movement of General La Fayette upon Belgium became impossible; he fell back upon the frontier. Lückner evacuated Courtrai and Menin, which he had occupied. Marshal Rochambeau, sorrowful and discouraged, gave in his resignation. The French armies remained on the defensive. But they were not to remain long idle; the foreign invasion was preparing, thwarted and retarded by the diverse motives, inherent in the state of the allied nations as in the projects of their sovereigns. France prepared herself, however, and the Legislative Assembly did not over-estimate the hostile movement of Europe when on the 11th of July, 1792, it declared that the country was in danger. "The army of advocates will soon be annihilated in Belgium," said the King of Prussia, disdainfully, when holding a grand review at Magdeburg; "we shall be on the road home before the end of the autumn."

A new element, of which both friends and enemies ignored as yet the resources as well as the dangers, already had an important place in that army of the Revolution which the foreign sovereigns were so soon to learn to dread. Upon the almost unanimous appeal of the provinces against the conscription, the Constituent Assembly had recently substituted militia for the provincial troops, an auxiliary force to the army of the line which it had more than once actively seconded. The regular forces recruited only by voluntary enlistment not being sufficient in face of the eventualities of war, the Assembly had ordered the formation of a corps of twenty thousand auxiliaries; but this measure remained inefficacious, and on the 21st June, 1791, on the day after the flight of Varennes, the Assembly decreed the organization and active employment of the National Guard. A contingent of volunteers were to be joined to the active army in the proportion of one to twenty National Guards; the officers and sub-officers were to be appointed in each company by the majority of votes. The enrolments were numerous and bore witness to a sincere enthusiasm of patriotic zeal; in spite of the hindrances that attended the formation of certain corps, the disorder that reigned in the accounts, and the inexperience of the departmental administraitors suddenly charged with the equipment of the troops, a large number of battalions had joined the army at the commencement of the year 1792, when Marshal Lückner formally demanded of the Legislative Assembly authority for incorporating the volunteers with the troops of the line for periods of unequal length always freely agreed to.

Already Narbonne, the Minister of War, had arrived at the same conclusion. After a tour of inspection, rapidly carried out in all parts, he announced a deficit of more than fifty thousand men in the contingent of the active army. "Profoundly occupied with the means of recruiting the troops," he said, "I have upon my route sounded the soldiers of liberty with respect to my desire to see them come forward to reinforce the troops of the line, and hasten the moment which shall assure to the army its power and glory." The constitutionals supported the advice of the minister. "What are the objections that can be urged against the incorporation of the National Volunteers?" said Jaucourt. "It is the fear of enfeebling the army of liberty, by making those who compose it pass into the army more especially designed to defend the kingdom against external enemies. Lastly, it is the fear of substituting the military spirit for the patriotism of the National Guards. If this fear were well founded, it would be no longer necessary to recruit the army at all. We are surrounded by powers who have great armies perfectly trained, and at the disposal of men who hate our Revolution. Will you enfeeble our means of resistance by exposing yourselves to a certain danger in order to avoid a possible one? At the moment when the enthusiasm for liberty fills all hearts, how can we fear to see it disappear among the National Volunteers destined to complete the army of the line?" Aubert Dubayet proposed not the incorporation of National Guards in the regiments of the line, but the union of battalions. Both proposals were contrary to the illusions of public opinion, to the jealousies and revolutionary disquietudes concerning the army; they were noisily rejected. "The Military Committee," said young Carnot, "thinks it must endeavor to hasten, not the moment when the National Guards shall become troops of the line, but the moment when the troops of the line shall become National Guards." The theoretical hopes of the left side of the Assembly did not stop here, they demanded already a levy *en masse.* "What is the army?" said Carrier; "it is entire France. All French citizens are part of it. Why recruit the army? When the tocsin is sounding, all patriots will be under arms! . . ."

Practical necessity and hard facts definitely triumphed over erroneous theories; the volunteers had at length, and by the force of circumstances, to amalgamate themselves with the troops of the line on a method of brigading which often ended in placing the officers of the regular army at the head of nearly all the battalions; but the disastrous effects of false ideas made themselves deplorably felt for a long time. When in the month of July, 1792, the war decidedly broke out on the frontier, the generals called upon to command our armies found themselves still in charge of disordered and confused forces. The new decree (5th July), which ordered the National Guards to furnish contingents to march against the enemy, sent to the armies men badly equipped, strangers to military discipline, and who were no longer animated by the first enthusiasm of the volunteers of 1791. "It is not the recruits who have achieved our successes," said the Emperor Napoleon, much later, "it is the 180,000 men of the old troops, and all the old soldiers whom the Revolution sent to the frontier. Amongst the recruits, some have deserted, others are dead, and it is only a small number who, in the course of time, have been able to make good soldiers."

The judgment of the Emperor Napoleon was severe and probably exaggerated in meaning as in expression; having arrived at the realization of power and glory by the aid of these recruits, become the finest soldiers in the world, and concerning whom he now expressed contempt, he forgot all the bloody roads along which he and his lieutenants had scattered to the very last the old soldiers of the French army. In 1792, at the outset of the great continental war, the reproach was well founded, and General Dumouriez was the first to perceive it, when, on quitting the ministry, he took command of the camp at Maulde, under the orders of Marshal Lückner. As he was passing the troops in review a grenadier behind him cried out, "This is the rascal who causes war to be declared!" The general sharply turning round, "Do you expect to win liberty without fighting?" he cried; "is there any one such a coward as to be afraid of war?"

The insurrection of the 10th August had just overturned the throne. In spite of many personal and patriotic illusions, General La Fayette had constantly served the cause of constitutional monarchy; he did not wish to carry to other powers an allegiance assuredly destined to be badly received. His army, which was attached to him, was drawn into the revolutionary movement; he perceived himself deprived of the influence which had always been dear to him. He went into Germany with a few friends, intending to proceed to the United States, but was arrested and led from prison to prison; General Dumouriez was entrusted with the command. The Prussians had just crossed the frontier; at the demand of the king, Louis XVI., and in accordance with the advice of the allied sovereigns themselves, the emigrants had not been incorporated in the foreign armies, their columns of attack being commanded by the Prince de Conde and the Duc de Castries. The prudence and the delays of the Duke of Brunswick, general-in-chief of the allied army, had retarded the movements of the enemy; meanwhile Longwy had capitulated, after a bombardment of a few hours; Verdun was without defence, and could not resist long. General Arthur Dillon proposed to retire to Chalons in order to protect Paris by defending the passage of the Marne, and the Council of War was of his opinion. Dumouriez refused to go there. He showed to his aides-de-camp the map of the forest of Argonne, which extends over a space of fourteen or fifteen leagues, cutting the road to Chalons. "Here," said he, "is the Thermopylæ of France; if I can be there before the Prussians, all is saved."

The imagination of Dumouriez had been carried away by the glorious deed of the defenders of Greek liberty; he made forced marches, and occupied with his lieutenants all the passages of the forest. On the 4th September he entrenched himself at Grand Pré, confiding the Islettes to General Dillon, and repeating to the Assembly the terms on which he had before indicated the character of his operations, "Grand Pré and the Islettes are our Thermopylæ," wrote he, "but I shall be more fortunate than Leonidas."

So much boldness and so many clever combinations were baffled through an oversight of the general and the momentary terror of the troops. An unimportant passage was badly defended; the Duke of Brunswick became aware of it and seized it. He had long hesitated to accept the command of the allied troops, and his doubts had served the designs of Dumouriez; but the insolence of the manifesto which he had signed whilst totally disapproving it, the military reputation which he enjoyed and the firmness of his resolutions had carried afar the terror of his name. Dumouriez finding himself separated from his detachments, separated from Kellermann, whose aid he had invoked, resolved to beat a retreat to Saint-Menehould. Notwithstanding the contagious courage of the general during the march, the troops were twice over disheartened and demoralized; fear seized them, and several corps took to flight, carrying everywhere fright and confusion. It became necessary to halt in the middle of the night and bivouac in the rain. At break of day the march recommenced more happily than on the previous day; Kellermann waited still for two days. Dumouriez wrote to the National Assembly, "I have been obliged to abandon the camp of Grand Pré: the retreat was accomplished when a panic terror seized the army; ten thousand men fled before fifteen hundred Prussian hussars. The loss does not amount to a hundred and fifty men and some baggage; all is made up for, and I answer for all." Dumouriez held in small account the terrors which seized Paris, and made no more of the circumstance than of the panic of his troops. As the Executive Council was troubled about the march of the Prussians on Argonne, which they said threatened the capital, "The Uhlans worry you," wrote Dumouriez. "Ah, well! kill them, it matters nothing to me; I shall not change my plan for a pack of wretched hussars."

On the 20th September the two generals joined each other. Kellermann took a position at the mill of Valmy, facing the plateaux of Saint-Menehould and the Islettes occupied by Dumouriez and Dillon. The Prussians were posted on the heights of the dune and of Giraucourt, neglected by the French; the road to Chalons was cut by the army of the enemy, placed between France and its defenders. The Prussian artillery commenced firing on the position of Kellermann; a shell fell into a powder-wagon resulting in an explosion, which caused a moment of trouble in our lines; the King of Prussia wished to profit by it to attack. Kellermann himself passed before the entrenchments giving to the officers his final orders; the army of the enemy advanced to the charge, with the assurance that comes of long discipline. "Long live the

Nation!" cried the general of the Revolution. "Long live the Nation!" repeated his troops, young soldiers and veterans. The Duke of Brunswick had not counselled the attack, and regarded with dissatisfaction the firm attitude of the French army. "We will not fight here," said he, and caused his battalions to retreat, leaving to the artillery the duty of continuing the fire. The Austrian forces approached under the orders of General Clerfayt; the assault was resumed at four o'clock, always without result. When the day closed the allies had not gained a single inch of ground, and the French remained at their post. In spite of the exchange of twenty thousand cannon shots, the losses were not severe on either side. But the new French army had given proof of its courage; it was animated and confident, while the Prussians were discontented. "In ten days the army of the enemy will be obliged to retire," wrote Dumouriez to Servan, the minister of war; "all that I ask for recompense is that I may be permitted to take up my winter quarters at Brussels."

Dumouriez did not advance, waiting the accomplishment of his predictions, occupied in maintaining order in the army, retaining, not without difficulty, Kellermann, who wished to retire. There was suffering in the camp, but illness and scarcity were felt much more severely in the ranks of the allied army, whose convoys were constantly cut off by our cavalry. The general required of his soldiers the energy which he displayed himself. He was ill when he learnt that murmurs had broken out in some battalions; hastening to them, "Who is it, then, that is cowardly enough not to know how to support hunger?" cried he. "Let them be deprived of arms and uniform and driven away. It is true, alas, you will not have bread till to-morrow. Show yourselves good soldiers and learn to suffer." The men were crying already, "Long live Liberty!" Dumouriez turning towards his aides-de-camp, "To the Federals now!" said he. There constantly reigned disorder and often crime. From their camp at Chalons, which was the terror of the surrounding population, they had inundated the army. Dumouriez had encamped them apart; "You others, whom I will call neither soldiers, nor citizens, nor my children," said he, "you see before you these cannons and in the rear that cavalry. You are dishonored by your crimes. I shall suffer here neither assassins nor executioners; at the first sign of mutiny I will have you cut in pieces. Amend your ways, conduct yourselves well, be worthy of the brave army in which you have the honor to be admitted, and I shall be a good father to you. There are amongst you men charged with leading you into crime; drive them away yourselves or denounce them; you are responsible for them." The Federals did not dare to murmur.

Meanwhile the weather grew bad, and ill-humor and hesitation increased in the camp of the allies. Certain advances had been made to Dumouriez; emissaries of the Duke of Brunswick were taken at the advanced posts, and brought back by Westerman, who had come on the part of Danton to inform the general of the state of Paris. The hopes that the emigrants had inspired in the foreign sovereigns had been completely deceived; France and the army remained equally hostile. The Duke of Brunswick demanded the re-establishment of King Louis XVI. and of the constitutional monarchy, as the price of his retreat and the restoration of the conquered towns. In the depths of his soul the desire of Dumouriez accorded with that of the enemy's general; but the Republic was proclaimed, and it was not possible to hope for any political modification. The agents of the Duke of Brunswick found the same disposition in the camp of Kellermann; they began to negotiate a military convention. The representatives of the people arrived at the camp imperfectly instructed as to the secret intrigues. The Executive Council sent to Dumouriez this reply to the advances of the Allies. "The French Republic cannot listen to any proposal before the Prussian troops have entirely evacuated the French territory." At the same time, and as an insolent menace, the Duke of Brunswick transmitted to Dumouriez a new manifesto, a blustering repetition of the bravadoes which had formerly roused the indignation of the army and the nation. The general responded by breaking the truce. "I never again address myself to M. le Duc de Brunswick," said he; "I no longer treat with him. Does he take me, then, for a burgomaster of Amsterdam? I take the lead of you in ordering that hostilities be resumed."

The council of the Allies was less resolute than Dumouriez, the ministers of the King of Prussia being preoccupied with the partition of Poland, while the maritime powers still maintained their neutrality; the prolongation of a war unwisely begun threatened to hasten the doom of the king, Louis XVI. Breteuil, the personal agent for the unfortunate sovereign, was opposed to the desire that Monsieur manifested to be declared Regent. Negotiations recommenced, veiled to this day in some obscurity; they ended, however, in the retreat of the Allies without Dumouriez putting any obstacle in their way. The leaders of the emigrants had not been forewarned, and a French detachment fell upon their rear-guard. Dumouriez remitted the command to Kellermann and betook himself with eagerness to the relief of Lille, besieged by the Austrians; the rumors of his approach sufficed to deliver this place, long and courageously defended. Beurnonville entered Flanders when Dumouriez triumphant arrived at Paris. Kellermann took possession of the fortresses conquered by the foreigner; Verdun and Longwy had opened their gates. The Duke of Brunswick proposed a conference; he spoke of peace. "The basis of it is very simple," said Kellermann; "recognize unreservedly the French Republic, do not interfere directly or indirectly with the king or the emigrants, and other difficulties will smooth themselves." "Thus," said the duke, "we shall go to our own homes like wedding guests." "For myself," replied the republican general, "I think the expenses of the wedding should be paid by the emperor; it is he who was the aggressor. France will help herself to the Netherlands."

Dumouriez had been long resolved upon executing the bold threat of his companion in arms. Coldly received at Paris, he depended on the influence of Danton, then all powerful, to procure acceptance for his plan of campaign and obtain from Servan and Santerre the materials of which he had need, which were stored useless at Paris. The general soon entered on the campaign with considerable forces, hoping to prevent the junction of the Austrian troops under the orders of the Duke of Saxe-Teschen and General Clerfayt. But Pache had replaced Servan as minister of war, and the public administration was quietly transferred to the Jacobins. While all the expeditions were without organization, and the army was in want of everything, Dumouriez found himself forced to give battle to his united enemies.

It was at Jemmapes near Mons, on the 6th of November, 1793, that the republican armies gained their first important victory. Dumouriez attacked the Austrian front, and it was only by personal valor and energy that he frequently escaped disaster. Ably supported by the young Duke of Chartres, eldest son of the Duke of Orleans and afterwards King of the French, he himself, while they sung the *Marseillaise*, headed the charge of the old battalions of Maulde against the Austrian hussars. The losses of the enemy were so serious that they at once began to retreat. The Belgian territory was entirely occupied by the French army, which extended to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Glory, however brilliant, does not long dispense with reason and good government, as Dumouriez knew very well. He had entered Belgium with the idea of conquest, proclaiming the maintenance of authority and law, arranging with the Belgian merchants to supply his army with the necessary supplies, showing good sense and self-restraint in the midst of the parties into which the population was divided. Already, however, the revolutionary influence was perceptible around him. The "Purchase-committee," recently formed in Paris, annulled his bargains, and sent him Ronsin to watch the administration of the army. Danton arrived at Brussels, and insisted on the application of the French régime to the conquered districts The property of the clergy was seized and that of the emigrants confiscated; the soldiers were deprived of everything; the volunteers left the service. Light-armed troops scoured the villages to make requisitions, and in the country the people were already putting to death any soldiers who lagged behind. Dumouriez set out for Paris, denounced to the Jacobins and threatened with assassination; he lived in retirement, sending to the Convention written statements, accompanied by haughty complaints.

"You are the representatives of the nation in the Assembly; the soldiers are the country's representatives in face of the enemy. Its safety depends on their glory or disgrace; therefore they have the right of telling you the truth and demanding what they require in order to act with success. Armed Europe is not capaple of making them afraid, but they have need of clothes, arms, horses, and provisions. I fought in Champagne with a handful of men, and that formidable Prussian army vanished before the courage and resolution of the republican soldiers. All branches of the service seconded me, and I have nothing but praises to give them. The same army has just taken Belgium from the Austrian despot; yet it is in need of everything because they have thrown the administration into disorder. The war office has become a club, and a club is no place for the despatch of business."

When Dumouriez again set out for the army, he had received no satisfaction. "When Belgium is ruined," said Cambon, then minister of finance, "when it is reduced to the same point of distress as France, the Belgians will be obliged to join us."

The general was meditating an invasion of the United Provinces, his plan being to besiege Maestricht and thus occupy the Austrian army whilst he was advancing upon Holland by the coast and taking possession of the most wealthy districts. He regarded this conquest as the crisis of his fortune and an instrument to be used in influencing the political destinies of France. It was therefore with bitter displeasure that he saw the Convention haggling over his resources and compromising his authority. "You must conquer the army," said Saint-Just, "if you wish it to conquer in its turn. If you leave nominations in the hands of the generals or the executive power, you render them powerful against yourselves, you re-establish the monarchy. I only consider here the liberty of the people, the right of the soldiers, the subversing of all authority before the genius of popular independence. As soon as a man is appointed, he ceases to interest me; I consider him in a state of dependence. Command is an improper word: we observe the law; we do not command."

So many errors as to the necessities which govern the constitution of human societies, so much disdain for the rights and duties which the various gifts of God impose upon those who have received them, were infallibly certain to bear fruit. "A revolution cannot go on without disorganization," they said in the benches of the Convention and the Executive Committees. The evils under which the Belgians were groaning made them hope for some solace in the union with France, which certain parties were beginning to demand. Cambon promised the same advantages to the Dutch. "War causes misfortune to nations for the moment," said he, "but they are well recompensed by the establishment of liberty and equality. Holland still continues to tax bread and beer, that beer which is so necessary to the brave fellows of the poorest class. To be free we need only bread, beer, and iron. You will give the Batavians of the poorest class the means of dancing round the tree of liberty. In a short time Amsterdam will become your business-centre; the Dutch will have their country-houses at Paris and their banking-houses at Amsterdam. It is with the declaration of rights that we restore liberty to the peoples; it is with these principles that we shall cause the downfall of England. We shall make these principles triumph, or we shall perish; but free Frenchmen can never perish."

The Convention voted decrees in accordance with those theories, and the administration understanding them literally sent to the army supplies for a fortnight only. The soldiers only thought of marching forward, light-hearted, proud and resolute, without political preoccupation, full of thoughts of conquest. In spite, however, of the surrender of Breda on the 25th of February, 1793, Maestricht still resisted under the orders of a French emigrant, Marquis Autichamp, and the operations of the different heads of divisions being badly combined; the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, who had just taken command of the Austrian army, advanced towards the invested town and raised the siege. The forces which were to assist General Miranda had fallen back in disorder upon Liége, Aix-la-Chapelle was abandoned, and soon Liége itself was evacuated. The imperial army still kept advancing till ten thousand of the French troops had recrossed the frontier, and Dumouriez was compelled to quit Holland and return precipitately into Belgium. The detachments there were depressed and discouraged; and the state of the country being desperate, Danton returned to Paris, where in spite of his rigorous action in Belgium, he supported Dumouriez and his lieutenants before the Convention. "We promised them that the army would receive a reinforcement of thirty thousand men before the 1st of February, and nothing has arrived. Let us make haste to atone for our faults." Delegates were sent to Belgium; and Dumouriez boldly found fault with their anarchical directions. One of them, Publicola Chaussard, had given orders to arrest the Bishop of Anvers and the magistrates; and the churches having been already robbed of the sacramental cups and some of the country-houses of their furniture, the general dismissed the commissioner, and closed the club, compelling the officers who had taken part in these manifestations to return to France. The delegates, confounded at his daring measures, made a representation to him. "If the Convention approves of such crimes," said Dumouriez, "so much the worse for it and for our unhappy country; but observe this, that if it were necessary to commit a crime to save the Convention, I should not commit it." "General," exclaimed Camus, "they accuse you of being Cæsar; if I thought so, I should be Brutus, and should stab you." Dumouriez laughed and said, "My dear Camus, I am not Cæsar and you are not Brutus, and if I am to perish by your hand, it is a patent of immortality."

On leaving Holland, Dumouriez had sent to the Convention a letter as violent as it was true, which the president dared not read to the Convention. The delegates urged him to withdraw it, and Danton had returned to Belgium for the same purpose. Victory was indispensable to the general, who in the name of justice and public order insisted on treating the revolutionary power as his equal by imposing on them his personal will. After a successful engagement at Tirlemont, Dumouriez was beaten at Nerwinde, on the 18th of March. Thus, the prestige of success had escaped him in the eyes of his troops as well as of foreigners. His army, divided and discontented, after being worked upon by Jacobin emissaries, was disbanded, in spite of some returns of fortune which still proved the ability of the general and bravery of the soldiers. Most of the generals and nearly all the officers were resolved to serve the Republic, whatever were the faults of its government. The commissioners of the Convention did not attack Dumouriez before the Convention, as they acknowledged the grievances of which he complained; but the fury of political strife was constantly increasing; and a great struggle was on foot between the Girondins and Robespierre. The state of parties influenced the army, as the state of the army influenced the parties, and from day to day the general became more gloomy, his language more imprudent, and the futility of his hopes more evident. He had continued his retreat as far as Louvain, which he entered on the 22nd of March, and was already in secret communication with Colonel Mack, principal officer of the Prince of Coburg's staff. It was agreed that the French should fall back upon Brussels without being seriously attacked by the imperial troops,—a verbal arrangement of which the army were ignorant. One of the columns being harassed during the retreat, disbanded itself after a feeble resistance. The occupation of Belgium was becoming precarious, there being no obedience where there was no confidence. Dumouriez in despair, committed the inexpiable fault of asking for or receiving assistance from the enemies of his country. The forces on which he had counted to attempt the counter-revolution escaped piecemeal out of his hands. In his secret soul, and in spite of his lofty declarations, he felt himself abandoned by his army. In a second interview with Mack, he explained his project of marching upon Paris, promising to deliver up the town of Condé to the Austrians, if he should think it necessary to claim their assistance. Three emissaries of the Jacobins waited on him, and boldly proposed to turn the Convention out of doors. That was the general's own idea, but he rejected with horror all thought of a revolutionary tribunal. "I shall not allow it so long as I hold four inches of steel in my hand; I shall easily prevent that atrocity. If within three weeks I do not make peace, the Austrians will be at Paris. The Convention has not so long to live. I cannot agree to Condorcet's constitution, it is too stupid; that of 1791 is preferable, full of faults as it is—"

"Without monarchy?" demanded the Commissioners.

"No, with a king. There must undoubtedly be one, called Louis or James."

"Or Phillip?" interrupted Proly.

Dumouriez became angry: "They wish me to join the Orleans party, because I gave a favorable report of that young man's conduct, and because I have been training him. That is another atrocity of the Jacobins. My army will be well able to insist on having a king; my Mamelukes, as you call them. More than half of France desires it. Then I shall bring about peace quickly and easily." This imprudent and thoughtless interview concluded with a remark which revealed the general's innermost thought and his secret want of confidence. "Even should the Convention decree my accusation, I defy them to put their decree in execution in the midst of my army. Besides, I have always the resource of a gallop towards the Austrians."

The Convention still hesitated, in spite of the Commissioners' reports, and the general's provocations. Danton had openly taken the side against him. "There is nothing more to be hoped for from Dumouriez," said he; "he is insolent towards the people, and haughty towards the Convention. We must detach him from his army and then do him justice." The general was summoned to the bar of the Assembly, and four Commissioners, charged with full powers, were despatched as delegates to the army, accompanied by General Beurnonville, then the minister of war.

Dumouriez had already found himself threatened, even in his own camp, by the volunteers. Six of them, of the battalion of the Marne, had put the name of the Republic on their hats and presented themselves before the general to summon him to give himself up at the bar of the Convention. Everywhere there were signs of the same discontent. Dumouriez thought of securing the neighboring towns, but the Commissioners were at Lille, and were making terms with the generals. The whole staff surrounded Dumouriez. "I cannot at present leave the army," he replied to the demands addressed to him; "I must restore it to order. You are masters of my fate; I am quite ready to resign."

"And after?" asked Camus.

"After, I shall do as suits me. I shall not carry my head to the tigers who are now asking it." Then, when Bancal urged him by quoting from Roman history, he said, "The Romans neither had a Jacobin club nor a revolutionary tribunal. I shall not imitate Curtius by throwing myself into the chasm."

After the discussion had lasted two hours without any result, the Commissioners went out for a short time. On their return, Camus went up to Dumouriez and said firmly, but not without emotion, "Citizen-general, will you obey the decree of the Convention and give yourself up in Paris?" "I cannot at present," replied the general. "Then I pronounce you suspended from your functions. You are no longer general, and no one is bound to obey you. Lay hands on him, and take possession of his papers."

Camus looked round at the officers who formed a group about Dumouriez. They all began to protest loudly in favor of their general. "That is enough," said he, raising his voice slightly; and then saying in German to the hussars of Bercheny, who were on guard at the door, "Arrest these four men, and let no harm be done to them." "I ask to share the fate of the Commissioners of the Convention," exclaimed Beurnonville. Dumouriez smiled, being friendly to Beurnonville, who had long been suspected by the Jacobins, and said, "Yes, I do you a service by keeping you away from the revolutionary tribunal." The prisoners were conducted to Tournay, and handed over to General Clerfayt, who said they were hostages. The die was now cast. The general, with some officers, advanced towards Condé. The garrison was full of excitement: a body of volunteers, who had been ordered to Valenciennes, took the road to Condé of their own accord. Dumouriez met them, and when he wished to go into a house to write an order, the volunteers ran to him, crying "Stop! stop!" The general was on the edge of a ditch; and on his horse refusing to leap, he dismounted, and walked through the water, and the Duke of Chartres' servant gave him his horse. When the general halted in a Belgian village, it was to hold a conference with Colonel Mack, speaking of his projects as if he still had the army at his disposition. Next day he ventured into the camp of Maulde, but the artillery had already withdrawn, and the troops were of their own accord ranging themselves under the orders of the Convention, while the imperial dragoons accompanying the general were received everywhere with gloomy looks. The game was decidedly lost. Dumouriez withdrew to the Austrian quarters, accompanied by the Duke of Chartres and his brother, with Colonel Thouvenot and a few officers. He refused the offers made by the allies, and withdrew to Switzerland, to live thirty years after this event, a witness both of the misfortunes and the glories of the country which he loved, and whose destinies he had dreamt of changing. That honor was reserved for a stronger hand and a less fickle will. France and histery have justly punished Dumouriez for having one day, when prompted by the fancies of ambition, sought for the alliance of enemies whom he had so often conquered.

I have traced to its close a career, long obscure—brilliant for a moment, and then finishing sadly. But General Dumouriez was not the only one who gave the new-born Republic the joys of success and the lesson of the vicissitudes of fortune. On the Rhine, General Custine had at first been triumphant; he took possession of Spire and Worms. Hearing that the people of Mayence were in a state of ferment, he boldly presented himself before it, and the garrison being insufficient, the town capitulated. Frankfort had been ordered to pay a war contribution, but the forces at the disposal of the French general were not proportioned to his undertaking. He neglected to make sure of Coblentz and the allies assembled there; and the Duke of Brunswick commencing to besiege Mayence, Custine was obliged to re-cross the Rhine. He was the object of the calumnies of the Jacobins, whose opposing influence pursued him in the midst of his army. He struggled by discipline against his organization, but became tired of the tyrannical interference of the delegates sent from Paris. "I cannot command the armies confided to me after having lost the assistance of the citizens Ruamps, Montaut, and Soubrany," he wrote to the Convention. "They have summoned me before them, giving me as opponent a lieutenant-colonel, a base disturber whom I was obliged to silence. To-day I have been examined in presence of several officers, with reference to a letter which I wrote to the Duke of Brunswick, a copy of which I send you. I at first replied with self-restraint; but one of the commissioners having accused me of having in that letter shown sentiments quite unworthy of a republican, I cannot, after such a wrong, retain command of the armies of the Republic."

The brilliant success of Custine in Germany still protected him. The Convention did not accept his resignation, and he was entrusted with the command of the army of the north. Dampierre had succeeded Dumouriez, not without distinction; but he had been restrained by the delegates from attacking the Austrian army, then besieging Condé. Success was impossible, and the soldiers took to flight. The general, with a weak detachment, threw himself upon one of the enemy's batteries near Valenciennes. "Where are you running, father?" cried his son who served under him as aide-de-camp. "You are going to certain death!" "Yes, my boy; but I prefer the battle-field to the guillotine." He was severely wounded and died next day. His successor was less fortunate. The situation daily became worse; the camp of Famars, in front of Valenciennes, was evacuated; the place was closely besieged; Condé still held out, but its loss was foreseen: the French army were cantoned under Bouchain. A few partial advantages would improve neither the situation nor their courage. The fury of the Jacobins bore all before them in Paris. General Custine was summoned home, put in prison, and accused of treason. He defended himself with calm resolution, explaining the motives of his operations; but he was condemned. "I have no more defenders," said Custine; "they have disappeared. My conscience charges nothing against me. I die calm and innocent." He wrote to his son, advising him to rehabilitate his memory some future day; but the young man was soon to follow his father to the scaffold. Custine was the first of that long series of soldiers of the old *régime* who had taken a glorious part in the service of Revolutionary France, and paid with their lives for their origin. Levasseur, one of the "Constitutionals," openly declared the suspicions and antipathies of the Jacobins with regard to such when he wrote, "The majority of the leaders were, if not ready to betray the Republic, at least but little disposed to make great sacrifices for that form of government. Very few generals had then sprung from the ranks of the people, and there was no doubt that a certain number of them regretted the constitutional monarchy under which they thought themselves destined to the highest offices. There would scarcely have been time to stop perfidious designs, or anticipate culpable neglect. Suspicion was a cause of dismission, the least criminal fancy a sentence of death."

A wholesome piece of advice given to General Montesquiou saved him from the same fate. Having entered Savoy in September, 1792, at the time when the Convention was deciding to recall him, he easily completed the conquest of that territory; and that of the "County" of Nice by General Anselm, who was under his orders, enhanced his reputation; therefore his dismissal was deferred. When the fatal order was at last issued, Montesquiou was at Geneva, engaged in a negotiation with Switzerland. Accused of treason, he withdrew with safety to Bremgarten, in Zurich canton, remaining there till the 9th of Thermidor, and thus escaped the scaffold.

A more illustrious victim was soon to mount it, and by his punishment change the face of affairs in Europe. The death of Louis XVI. caused no profound emotion to the revolutionary armies, absorbed in the national defence, and every day opposed to the enemies who threatened its frontier; but it gave the last blow to the scruples which had long held back the English government, and untied the hands of the German princes, relations or allies of the unfortunate monarch. Chauvelin, the French Ambassador at London, had already received his passport. "For the honor of human nature," said Pitt, "it were necessary to banish such an action from our memory, efface it from the pages of history, and hide it from the eyes of the present and future world. But whatever be our sentiments on this subject, since it is not possible, alas! to prevent our time being soiled by this crime—since it is not possible to prevent the voice of tradition from carrying its remembrance to posterity, it is a duty which we are bound to fulfil to protest solemnly, in the name of all the principles of honorable and upright men, against the most atrocious crime recorded in history."

Thus there was formed against the French Revolution, with its aggressive and contagious tendency, a great European coalition. The Convention was beforehand with all possible declarations. In November, 1792, it had promised its protection to all the peoples who wished to overthrow their governments. On the 1st of February, 1793, it openly proclaimed its resolution of sustaining the war against the whole of Europe. Already Prussia, Austria, and Sardinia had entered the lists; and at Rome the assassination by the people of Basseville, the French consul (January 13, 1793), had brought the Pope into the struggle. England, Holland, and Spain were henceforward ranged amongst the enemies of the French Republic. The days of Louis XIV.'s arrogance had again appeared, and France was alone against all. The Convention decreed a levy of three hundred thousand soldiers; and, for the first time, the burden of military service was to weigh equally on all classes of the French population, warlike or peaceful. The moment for supreme effort was come. Condé had succumbed to famine. The Duke of York, at the head of ten thousand Englishmen, was besieging Valenciennes, his army being covered by that of the Prince of Coburg. The garrison under General Ferrand made a heroic resistance, the women, children, and old men being placed for protection in cellars; and when at last it capitulated, on the 28th of July, Valenciennes had been bombarded for forty-one days. Mayence had just succumbed, the delegates, Merlin and Rewbell, having earned distinction by their courage; but everything was consumed, and they were without any news or assistance from without. The garrison of Mayence, the Mayençais, as they called the brave soldiers who fought under Aubert Dubayet and Kléber, evacuated, on the 23rd of July, a place which for three months they had defended against the whole of the Prussian army. The honors of war were granted them, on the single condition that for one year they should not carry arms against the allies. The Mayençais set out for the Vendée.

Under the inspiration of Paoli, who had returned to his country in 1789, Corsica had risen against the French rule, and called the English to its assistance. A mixed government was formed, in which Pozzo di Borgo, the hereditary rival of the Bonaparte family, had a principal share. Thus, while Toulon and Ajaccio were held by English sailors, the civil war raged at Lyons and Marseilles, and by punishment or retirement the army was gradually being deprived of its old and experienced leaders. The new generation had not yet distinguished itself, and the attractions of command were in their eyes much discounted by its dangers: and the democratic law of promotion by seniority frequently placed over the soldiers veterans who were incapable of directing them. "There was a general wish," wrote the delegate Calès, "to promote those of equal rank according to their seniority; but the soldier of longest service is often an illiterate man, about to occupy a post of which he is unable to fulfil the functions; and soon none of your officers will be able either to read or write." On the 12th of February, 1794, the Convention passed a decree declaring that no citizen could be promoted, "from the rank of corporal to that of general-in-chief, unless he could read and write."

In the midst of these disorders, and in the face of these dangers, within and without, the Convention decreed a general levy of the whole population.

We have seen with our own eyes the fatal illusions produced by heroic confidence. History proves that the disorderly general movements caused by patriotic enthusiasm under the name of a "general levy" remain ephemeral or inefficacious. Even the Convention had the same opinion; and soon, under the popular title of a general levy, concealed a regular requisition, stringently exacted. It earned the honor of imposing on the whole nation a powerful effort, and of supporting, even by that effort, the courage of the army. Under its heavy hand the military genius of France contended against disorder and anarchy, whilst struggling against its enemies. When at last it triumphed, the great French army was the result, formed of the mixed elements of volunteers and requisitioned soldiers, amalgamated with the remains of the old royal army, worthy of the illustrious generation of generals who had grown with it in the defence and the glory of their country.

In the middle of the year 1793, immediately after the agitation caused by the fall of the Girondins, when the enemy were triumphant in every quarter, though danger was imminent, the Assembly had the courage to show its full extent to the country. In the report of Barère we read, "It would be doing you a wrong to conceal the great measures demanded in the name of the Republic in danger. The coasts of both seas blockaded by Spanish and English squadrons; the Pyrenees crossed by the armies of Spain; the passes of the Alps disputed by Piedmontese armies; Austria and Prussia laying waste the territory of the northern provinces, besieging the fortresses, some of which have already fallen into their hands; England purchasing treason, the royalists gaining partisans, fanaticism redoubling its efforts, the Vendeans rending the bosom of the country, the Federalist administrations shaking new firebrands of civil war, Corsica surrendering to the English,—where, then, is the Republic in the midst of so many dangers and crimes? Where is she? In a Constitution solemnly sworn, in the firmness of her representatives, in the courage of her soldiers, in the patriotism of the men sent by the sovereign people to meet in this chamber. The French Republic is about to rise to her glorious destinies, or fall into an abyss of calamities."

Rhetorical phrases could not produce a national movement of a serious and lasting character; and the eloquence of Barère gave no military qualification to the peasants whom the general levy forced from their homes. The despotic authority of the Convention, the terror inspired by their emissaries, and the ability and zeal of certain members of the government had already raised their broken courage After this Carnot had charge of the war administration; and rendered an important service to the national defence by placing at the head of the army General Jourdan, whose merit he had perceived. On the 8th of September, after a series of contested engagements, General Houchard gained over the English an important victory at Hondschoote. Next day the siege of Dunkirk was raised, Adjutant-general Hoche distinguishing himself highly; but Quesnoy having fallen into the power of the Prince of Coburg, the young troops who had left Menin were seized with a panic, and fled as far as the walls of Lille. These checks obscured General Houchard's glory, and he was accused before the revolutionary council, at the moment when the Prussians and Austrians, acting in concert, were advancing on both slopes of the Vosges to attack the lines of Wissemburg. These were badly defended by an incapable chief, and quickly forced; and Landau was next besieged. General Hoche, put at the head of the army on the Moselle by the Committee of Public Safety, was beaten at Kaiserlautern; but Carnot had judged well of his military skill, and in spite of the displeasure of St. Just, then in Alsace on commission, the conquered general was encouraged, and kept at his post. The Piedmontese, who had held Savoy for a short time, were already driven a second time beyond the Alps; and after some success on the Tet the Spanish had been repulsed. In the north, General Jourdan had just gained the battle of Wattignies, and freed Maubeuge. The armies of the Rhine and the Moselle were united under General Hoche, and the soldiers marched shouting "Landau or death!" The eager determination of the troops was irresistible, and the old Austrian general, Würmser, was repulsed, without being able to rescue his battalions. Wissemburg was retaken, and Landau freed from the siege; the army of the Rhine, under Pichegru, penetrated into the Palatinate to take its winter-quarters, and General Hoche returned to the Moselle. The Committee of Public Safety, now the sole and all-powerful government of France, had some difficulty in accepting the reasons of General Jourdan supported by Carnot, and in not insisting on a winter campaign. Jourdan was, however, deprived of his command, and Pichegru succeeded him at the head of the army of the north. Soon also the changes of revolutionary favor reached General Hoche in his turn. He had had the misfortune to bring upon himself the animosity of St. Just, and after being sent to the army of Italy was arrested on the road, brought back to Paris, and imprisoned. Jourdan was called to replace him, and soon after to command the great army of the Sambre and Meuse. The campaign of 1794 began with the taking of Charleroi. The English had been obliged to evacuate Toulon.

So much courage and indomitable perseverance against reverses, so much ardor and audacity in victory astonished and troubled the generals of the enemy, as well as their governments. The Austrians and Prussians, from their mutual jealously and distrust, did not work well together, and were too slow in their operations. The duke of Brunswick had resigned his command; and already the King of Prussia's advisers were plying him with peaceful projects. Austria was preparing a great effort, but at the bottom of his heart the emperor prayed for rest. England alone, who had come late into the struggle, and was better informed than the German princes as to the civil dissensions of the French Revolution, remained as an implacable enemy, wisely generous towards her allies, and proclaiming loudly the dangers which threatened Europe so long as France remained in the power of the Jacobins. "The present war has never had for its object conquest or glory," said Pitt in the House of Commons; "it does not aim at commercial advantages, or the establishment of a form of government. The struggle is for the security, tranquillity, and existence even, of Great Britain, as well as of all established governments and of all the nations in Europe. Every hour the necessity and justice of this are more clearly demonstrated."

The English had already struck some fatal blows at our marine. Most of the French colonies were conquered: St. Domingo ruined and laid waste; Martinico, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia taken from us. On the 20th of May, 1794, the French fleet, commanded by Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse, had put to sea to protect the arrival of some merchant-ships from

America. The crews were incomplete, and the vessels commanded by inexperienced officers, the Revolution having introduced disorganization nowhere so completely as in the navy. The courage and zeal of the new officers could not supply their want of practical knowledge; and the delegates sent from Paris exercised on board their ignorant and contradictory authority. Jean Bon-St.-André disputed the admiral's orders when, on the 1st of June, the French squadron met the Channel fleet under the orders of Admiral Howe. The battle took place immediately, and was heroic in its inequality: six French vessels were taken, and the *Vengeur* and its crew went down without surrendering, with cries of "Long live the Republic!" The English suffered some heavy losses, and retired, leaving the American merchant-ships to pass unhindered through the fragments which covered the sea. The warlike instinct awoke in England, and henceforth it supported the immovable resolution of the government. Pitt reigned over the minds of the nation, as well as in the Parliament.

All the energy of England was scarcely sufficient for the task. The success of the Prince of Coburg in taking possession of Landrecies excited the hopes of the allies; but General Clerfayt was defeated at Mouscron, the Archduke Charles at Tourcoing; Menin and Courtray were in our hands; and Ypres succumbed to a siege on the 17th of June. The Duke of York defended the Scheldt and General Clerfayt held the camp of Thielt, whilst the Prince of Coburg, with all the Austrian troops, advanced to the assistance of Charleroi.

By the impatient and peremptory orders of St. Just, the investment and bombardment of that town had already been several times attempted before the arrival of Jourdan. Many soldiers had perished; and the general, who had just begun regular operations, had great difficulty in defending his lieutenants against the triumvirs' severity. The governor of Charleroi asked for a capitulation. "It is not a scrap of paper that I want," said St. Just on receiving his letter; "it is the town I ask. Yesterday you might have been listened to; to-day you must surrender at discretion. That is my last word; I reckon on the assistance of the army."

St. Just had not informed Jourdan; and he, on learning that the forces of the enemy were in motion, marched to Fleurus, where he saw the nearly extinguished fires of the town. Hurriedly recalling the corps which he had detached, he returned the way he came, in order to ratify the capitulation as soon as possible. The garrison were allowed the honors of war. Next day, the 26th of June, the success of the French army was confirmed by the victory of Fleurus; and the Emperor of Austria, beginning to listen to counsels of discouragement, returned to Vienna. The French armies occupied Belgium at several points. Moreau was at Nieuport, Pichegru had taken possession of Bruges, Ostend, and Ghent, and on the 10th of July joined Jourdan before Brussels. The capital of the Netherlands being undefended, made no resistance. The Austrians had almost ceased fighting; and Condé, Landrecies, Valenciennes, and Quesnoy were invested. The Committee of Public Safety decreed that garrisons not surrendering immediately should be put to the sword. These orders were repugnant to the army. Already the word had been passed to kill every English soldier; and when one sergeant brought several into the camp, and an officer told him the delegates would order them to be shot, he replied, "That's their business. Send them to the delegates, and let them kill them, and eat them, if they wish it, like the savages they are." The commandant of Condé defended himself with heroism, replying to the order of the Convention that one nation has not the right to decree the dishonor of another.

Henceforth the whole of Belgium was ours. After the fall of Robespierre, the Convention redoubled its efforts to crown the campaign gloriously. At the urgent request of the English government, the allies had entrenched themselves on the Meuse. General Clerfayt had replaced the Prince Coburg as commander-in-chief; and the Duke of York, deficient in decision and skill, after retiring under Bois-le-Duc, was soon obliged by Pichegru to cross the Meuse at Graves. General Schérer defeated the Austrians at Lourthe on the 18th of September. Clerfayt was compelled to fall back upon Roer on the 2nd of October; and the battle gained there by Jourdan forced the Austrians to retreat to Cologne, where on the 6th Jourdan followed him. On the 20th, he held Bonn, thus extending to the line of the Rhine. Kléber besieged Maestricht, while Pichegru took possession of Bois-le-Duc, and, crossing the Meuse on the 18th October, advanced as far as the Waal, chief branch of the Rhine near its mouth. The Duke of York withdrew into the camp of Nimeguen; but, after Maestricht and Venloo had fallen into our power, Nimeguen also succumbed, in spite of the advantages of its position and the forces protecting it, and the English retired to the other bank of the Waal. The governor of the garrison being thus left with full responsibility, abandoned the town, and his soldiers surrendered. By this time Kléber was besieging Mayence.

So many sudden victories had been no guarantee for the food and clothing of the French armies. Belgium was ruined by the war, the requisitions, and the law as to the maximum price of provisions. The assignats, more and more depreciated, had scarcely any currency, and the Committee of Public Safety supplied their soldiers with nothing but powder and balls. Moreover, to provide for the manufacture of powder, there had been requisitions of saltpetre everywhere for more than a year. The troops had need of rest, and there were signs of the approaching winter being a severe one. An attempt to seize the island of Bommel by a sudden attack failed; and in the beginning of December the army entered into cantonments, threatening Holland like a terrible sentinel. The Duke of York set out for England, leaving his troops under the orders of General Walmoden.

The warlike ardor of the French, and the military genius of their generals, allowed their enemies neither rest nor negligence. General Pichegru, seeing the Meuse and Rhine frozen, boldly resumed the offensive, and before his soldiers had taken more than a few days' rest, crossed the Meuse on the ice, and took the island of Bommel. Breda had been forced to surrender; and the Dutch as well as the English, had retreated. The Prince of Orange, who was still at Gorcum, felt his authority totter; and the republican party, so often victorious against his house, were holding out their hands to the French revolutionists. He therefore proposed a truce to General Pichegru, with neutrality, and an indemnity for the war. The Convention rejected the Prince's offer. The Waal being at last covered with thick ice, the French passed the river at several points, on the 8th of January, 1795. The town of Graves, which still resisted, surrendered, and the English fell back upon Hanover. The Prince of Orange had till then refused to uncover the road to Amsterdam by leaving Gorcum to try a general attack; but seeing himself abandoned, he set out for the Hague, to declare to the States that he had done all in his power to save the country, and that they must yield, to avoid the greater misfortune. The Stadtholder sailed for England, and the States-General, harassed by contrary parties, opened their strongholds to the French armies. Utrecht and Arnhem were already in their hands, and Amsterdam, always hostile to the house of Orange, received the French with eagerness. The soldiers, now well clothed and fed, began to rest from their labors. The provinces everywhere submitted to the conquerors; Zeeland proudly capitulated, and received favorable terms. Several bodies of cavalry crossed the frozen Zuyder-Zee to summon the ice-bound ships to surrender. The English being forced back beyond the Yssel and Ems, Holland was entirely conquered; and the delegates of the Convention proclaimed that all property should be respected except that of the Stadtholder. France made no pretension of imposing any law upon the Dutch, restored to liberty; the States alone had the right to govern their country.

The moderation which had begun to pervade the deliberations of the Convention in Paris was already influencing the armies, and extending even to their conquests. The desire of peace was more plainly manifested from day to day amongst the small German princes; they declared at a diet that it was time to bring such a ruinous war to a close by an acceptable peace, and that the German Empire had never any intention of interfering in the interior government of France. It had even been proposed to have the mediation of Sweden, which had constantly kept aloof from fighting; and the King of Prussia's advances resulted in a commencement of negotiation. The Committee of Public Safety insisted on the cession of all the left bank of the Rhine, including Mayence. "The Republic," they said, "does not object to Prussia or to German princes who are by that cession deprived of portions of their territory, finding some means of indemnifying themselves, whether at the expense of the house of Austria, or by secularizing the States of the Church."

Whilst the French Republic thus arrogantly disposed of the property of those who had recently threatened its existence, the success of its arms was preparing peace in the south as well as in the centre of Europe. The operations on the Alps and in the north of Italy, ably conducted by Bonaparte, now general of brigade, kept Piedmont in check after definitively depriving it of Savoy and Nice. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, formerly dragged from its neutrality by the urgent pressure of England, was already negotiating with France, and was the first of the princes of Europe who officially recognized the Republic (7th of February, 1795). Spain bent under the load of her reverses. General Dugommier had been killed when attacking the lines of General La Union; but Augereau, Moncey, and Pérignon, had victoriously continued the struggle. The Spanish had evacuated Figuiera; Fontarabia, St. Sebastian, and Tolosa had fallen into their hands. The influence of England and the generous desire of King Charles IV. to obtain the liberty of the royal orphans, who were still prisoners in the Temple, alone kept Spain in the great European coalition, the bonds of which were every day constantly relaxing.

In presence of the advances made to the Republic by the sovereigns and States, as well as of the pressing necessity of peace visible in all parts of France, the Convention felt that diplomatic negotiations demanded secrecy and prudence, conditions incompatible with the tumultuous government of a revolutionary assembly. In spite of the opposition of the Jacobins, the Committee of Public Safety was invested with the powers necessary to make a treaty. "Do you wish to wage a perpetual war with Europe?" said Cambacérès; "then tell the people that they will soon be brought to ruin by having too many demagogues." Rewbell and Sieyès, when about to treat with the States-General of Holland, had already asked that their names should be ignored and the object of their mission. New negotiations were made at Bâle between Hardenburg, in the name of the King of Prussia, and Barthélemy, who had been much experienced in diplomacy, and formerly employed under the old régime by the department of foreign affairs. Baron Goltz, who had at first been sent by King Frederick William, was dead.

On the 5th of April, 1795, the treaty was concluded, its bases having been laid beforehand by the Committee of Public Safety, and tacitly accepted by the very fact of the negotiation. "We shall trace with a sure hand the natural limits of the Republic," Cambacérès had said. "We shall make sure of the rivers which, after watering several of our departments, take their course towards the sea, and limit the countries now subject to our arms." The left bank of the Rhine was provisionally conceded to the French Republic, those points being abandoned which she held on the right bank; and a secret article was to the effect that when the peace was general the Republic would guarantee a territorial indemnity to the King of Prussia. Prussia was to be responsible for the neutrality of the small States on the right bank.

The delegates sent by the Convention to the States-General of Holland were instructed to make sure of the triumph of the republican party in the United Provinces. The advantages stipulated in favor of the liberators were important, and the ties hereafter binding Holland to France seemed strongly knit. "The Republic now has only friends on the northern frontier," Sieyès announced when the treaty was signed, on the 16th of May, 1795. By the alliance of the two republics half of the Dutch forces on sea and land were handed over to France; Dutch Flanders, Maestricht, Venloo, and Flushing were to receive a French garrison; a war contribution of a hundred thousand florins was to be paid by the States-General, who gave up to the French government all the property, real and personal, of the Prince of Orange. "The Jacobins would never have guaranteed us that peace," said the partisans of the moderate reaction.

Negotiations were now recommenced with Spain. The Committee of Public Safety had invited the assistance of Bourgoing, the last accredited French ambassador at Madrid, but the first conditions dictated by the Convention were inadmissible: no armistice; no understanding whatever as to the children of Louis XVI.; indemnity for the thirteen vessels which were burnt at Toulon; cession of Cerdagne, Fontarabia, Passage, Guipuscoa, the valley Aran, Louisiana, and Spanish St. Domingo. The last named was the only concession finally insisted upon by the Republic. All the conquests made in Spain were abandoned. The little Louis XVII. had just succumbed in his prison of the Temple, and an arrangement was made with Austria to exchange the young Princess Royal for the delegates and generals retained in Vienna. The treaty was signed at Bâle, on July 22nd, 1795, and thenceforward the French Republic, being acknowledged by one branch of the house of Bourbon, entered on peaceful relations with Prussia, Spain, the United States of America, the Sublime Porte, the Republics of Venice and Genoa, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Hanseatic Towns, Denmark, Sweden, the Helvetic Confederation and the Batavian Republic. An attempt of the emigrants to take the peninsula of Quiberon had failed; General Jourdan passed the Rhine, and marched towards Lahn, while Pichegru took possession of Manheim. The army of the Pyrenees, disengaged by the peace with Spain, was now able to advance towards Italy, as General Bonaparte had long wished. On the 1st of October the Convention decreed that Belgium should again be united to France. In spite of being connected with

Austria by family ties, and the preponderating influence of England, the court of Naples had obtained from Spain the favor of her good offices with the expiring Convention. Henceforward Europe admitted the French Republic into the rank of constituted States, which are free to govern themselves as they please, so long as they maintain their relations with previously established powers. England and the Emperor of Austria alone still strove against this new State growing on the ruins of ancient France, already as formidable as she was in the grandest periods of the monarchy, and fatal to the neighboring nations by the contagion of her principles and by her arms. The French Revolution had begun the war in self-defence, and avenged the soil of the country against the insults of its enemies. Her arms already extended far, and soon the passion of conquest was to seize her. Under another name, with more arrogant pretensions and a more unjust ambition, she was about to subject Europe to unparalleled evils. At home the power now passed into new hands, the Convention having ceased to exist; and for the future it was on the Directory and the two Legislative Councils, that the responsibility lay of endeavoring to bring out of chaos a new social fabric in France.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DIRECTORY (1795—1799).

THE National Convention had destroyed much without succeeding in establishing anything on the moving soil of the Revolution; and now that it had ceased to exist, the new power which succeeded still bore the terrible impress of political and social overthrow. The five members of the Directory, nominated by the Councils of the Ancients and the Five Hundred, had all voted the death of King Louis XVI.; and were all engaged beforehand in the majority of the Assembly, which was opposed to the reaction already preparing and making itself felt. The new "Third," had been almost entirely chosen from the moderates: the Jacobins still remaining the most numerous, but feeling their power totter. Next year the reelection of the second third was a promise of triumph to the Constitutionals: it was in the executive Directory therefore that the revolutionists had confidence; it was to their authority that they had delegated the duty of opposing that National instinct, which was becoming more and more favorable to settled order, to a durable peace, and to that Constitution, freely drawn up and voted, which was soon necessarily to consummate their defeat. Confusion reigned everywhere. The royalist movement was weak and its military attempts gradually ceasing. The deliberations of the Legislative Body allowed the reaction only an uncertain and weak point of resistance. The Directory had obtained the power, and were determined to violate the laws of the Revolution as well as those of justice, whenever such a course was necessary to maintain their authority; but there was seen appearing on the horizon the power of the army and the figure still dim, but already striking of the young officer who had directed the siege of Toulon, and overcome the efforts of the Liberals on the 13th Vendémiaire. His former patron, Barras, was director, with Révellière-Lépeaux, Carnot, Rewbell, and Letourneur; but General Bonaparte already directed, from Paris, the general plan of all the military operations. On the 26th of February, 1796, he dismissed a meeting of the Jacobins in the Pantheon, to which the principal leaders had been summoned. "I know all your names," said the general; "I have the power: for the slightest disturbance I shall hold you responsible, and your heads will be at stake." After the doors were shut, Bonaparte walked in the street, but not even a crowd gathered. On the 6th of March he was named commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and set out for the theatre of his first genuine renown. He had just married Josephine de Tascher de la Pagerie, widow of General Beauharnais, who died on the scaffold under the Reign of Terror.

In itself and by the tendency of its principal actors, the history of the Directory is the history of a confused period of anarchy. It becomes clearer and more intelligible if we recognize in it the persistent antipathy of the revolutionary power to another power which was at first called to its assistance, but soon became its master and conqueror. "Let the friends of liberty not forget," said Guizot, "that peoples prefer absolute power to anarchy." The French Revolution had wearied France by its bloodshed and disorder: the Directory had disarmed the scaffold, but it remained revolutionary and ever ready to break in pieces what it had lately been worshiping and serving. The despotic power grew with its military glory, and was soon to dazzle our country with the noise of its triumphs and with its false hopes of order and peace.

The Directory came to power in the midst of the most cruel disorder. Beyond the frontier our armies had undergone several reverses. Under the orders of General Jourdan, our army being hurried forward after the occupation of Manheim, and badly supported by Pichegru, who was in traitorous correspondence with the Prince of Condé, found itself obliged to recross the Rhine; and, after being defeated before Mayence, the two divisions were separated; and in Vendée General Hoche was threatened by a second invasion of emigrants. When the Directors were installed at the Luxembourg, they could scarcely find a table and a sheet of paper to write their orders. The deplorable state of the finances corresponded to the ruin brought on the public establishments. After hurriedly printing several milliards of new assignats, to supply at once the most pressing demands, and put in circulation while still damp from the national presses, the Directory ordered a new forced loan. The assignats were now enormously depreciated, being counted at the rate of two hundred to one. Various plans were tried to raise the credit. New "mandats" (orders) were issued, on the pledge of national property at an assigned value; but commercial confidence did not revive, the circulation of the paper money daily became more difficult, and exchange transactions more scandalous; luxury, again appearing, was more shamefully supported by dishonorable means. In the councils the Directors had the majority on their side, and made use of it to put in full action all the laws made against priests who had not taken the oath; they were treated as emigrants. A ministry of police had been created, and at first entrusted to Merlin of Douai, who had formerly made the draught of the law against "suspected persons."

In the midst of this disorderly and unwholesome fermentation, at the head of a government which could only remain strong by the support of revolutionary tyranny, the Directory, with the assistance of General Bonaparte, closed all the clubs, whether Jacobin or reactionary. This measure was necessary, more than one conspiracy being secretly prepared. The most dangerous was that of Gracchus Babeuf, who formerly had a share in the riot of Prairial and edited a journal called the *Tribun du Peuple:* the most violent members of the Convention, who had not been re-elected, were involved in that plot.

Henceforth the theme of the new Revolution was the equalization of fortune as well as rights. "We wish not only the equality written in the Rights of man," said the proclamations prepared by Babeuf, "we wish it in our midst, under the roof of our houses. We make any concessions in order to obtain it; for it we shall begin afresh. Perish, if need be, all the arts, provided that real equality is left to us. Legislators and governors, rich and unfeeling proprietors, you try in vain to neutralize our holy undertaking: you say that we wish the agrarian law which has been so often asked from you. Be silent, ye slanderers! the agrarian law or division of land, was the sudden desire of a few soldiers without principles, of a few country communities inspired by instinct and not by reason. We ask for something more sublime and more just, the common good, or having all goods in common. When there is no individual property the land belongs to nobody, its fruits belong to all. You families in distress, come and sit down at the common table, provided by nature for all her children. People of France, open your eyes and heart to the full enjoyment of happiness, acknowledge and proclaim with us the republic of equal citizens."

The conspirators had prepared their army and reckoned upon a nucleus of seventeen thousand men. The "Police Legion" of Paris having refused to march against the enemy, had been disbanded, and they were expected to furnish six thousand men; the revolutionists, four thousand; the members of the "old authorities," fifteen hundred; the delegates of the departments, a thousand; the grenadiers of the Legislative Body, a thousand; imprisoned soldiers, five hundred; invalids, a thousand; and many were being gained over from the regular army. "To put the soldiers in action," said the committee who had the direction, "there is no need of fine or long speeches; wine and pillage are sufficient." Their objects were decided upon as well as the means of action. "To kill 'the Five,' the seven ministers, the general of 'the army of the interior,' and his staff. To take possession of the places where the Ancients and the Five Hundred met, and seize all they should find there. Printed statements will be published to stir up the people, and agents will urge them to take personal revenge on all their enemies. The people must not be allowed time to think, but induced to do what may prevent them going back. If any royalist wish to resist, let a column armed with torches be immediately directed upon them, and if they do not at once surrender, let the liberty and sovereignty of the people be at once avenged by fire."

The insurrection was to burst forth on the 11th of May, 1796, and on the morning of the 10th, the conspirators were arrested in their various places of concealment. Drouet, formerly post-master at Varennes, and recently exchanged when prisoner in Germany for the daughter of King Louis XVI., was seriously involved in the plot; and as a member of the Council of Five Hundred, had to be tried by the High Court, which was being formed at Vendôme. Babeuf, soon after he was imprisoned, wrote to the Directory. "Will you consider it beneath you, citizen directors, to treat with me as between one power and another? You have seen of what a vast party I am the centre, and that it may counter-balance yours. You hold nothing, although I am in your power; I am not the whole of the plot, I am but one link of the chain. Is it for your interests or the interests of the country to give notoriety to the conspiracy which you have discovered? I think not. What will happen should the affair be openly published? Such a trial would not be that of justice, but that of the strong against the weak, of the oppressors against the oppressed, and their magnanimous defenders. I might be condemned to banishment or death. My scaffold would share in the glory of those of Barneveldt and Sidney. Next day they would erect altars to me along with those where now they reverence Robespierre and Goujon, those illustrious martyrs. I have thought that on the whole you have not been constantly opposed to the Republic. You have even been genuine republicans, and why not be so again? Declare that there has been no serious conspiracy. Five men, by proving themselves generous, can save the country. I can assure you that for the future the patriots will defend you with their bodies, and you will no longer have need of an army to protect you."

The Directory paid no attention to this letter. Amongst the conspirators they were able to distinguish their alienated friends from their irreconcilable enemies. The members of the Mountain, compromised by the plot, wished, like the Directors, to make sure of their power over the Revolution, the "Equals" wished to begin it afresh, with more violent measures, and overthrow the sessions which were still held. The procedure of the High Court showed the intentions of the government, Babeuf and his lieutenant Darthé being alone condemned to death. They stabbed themselves on learning their sentence, and were dying when carried to the scaffold. Drouet had escaped from prison.

Acts of authority when absolutely required consolidate power, and power necessarily inspires the desire for order. Whether corrupted or deceived, the Directors had nevertheless secured peace at home, where all were indignant at the criminal madness of Babeuf. The Moderates became more confident; and there was an harmonious agreement between the Councils and the executive power. General Hoche completed the pacification of the Vendée; and our armies were again successful. Several offers of peace made by England quickly gave place to a strong determination of keeping up an uncompromising struggle against the Revolution, which still threatened Europe. General Bonaparte had just entered Italy; and on the 3rd of November, the campaign of 1795 was crowned by a victory gained at Loano. Scherer, the general in command, had little share in it, the honor falling to his lieutenants, Augereau, Masséna, and Sérurier. The army was reduced to the most extreme distress, the new general having no money or other resources. "Soldiers," said he, "you are badly clad, badly fed. The government owes you much and can give you nothing. Your patience, and courage which you show in the midst of these rocks, are admirable, but they bring you no glory; no renown is reflected upon you. I wish to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world. Rich provinces, large towns will be in your power. You will find there honor, glory, and wealth. Soldiers of the army of Italy, will you fail in courage or constancy?"

The troops replied to this seductive appeal. After four days of keen fighting the French gained the passage above Savona at the junction of the Alps and Apennines. The Austrian army was beaten at Montenottee and Millesimo; and at Dego, the Piedmontese army fell back upon Turin. Dissatisfaction and doubt had already divided the court of Sardinia, and Cherasco had surrendered. The king sent the governor of Turin to General Bonaparte, who assumed an air of haughtiness and severity, making use of the terror inspired by his victories, though his real intention was to come to terms. Whilst they negotiated, three emissaries came successively to urge the Count Latour to come to an arrangement. "You see," said General Bonaparte, "that in Turin they are in a greater hurry to sign than you are." The armistice was decided upon; Ceva, Coni, Tortona or Alexandria, being handed over to the conqueror, and the militia and regular troops dispersed. "If you do not come to terms with the King of Sardinia," wrote Bonaparte to the Directory, "I shall keep the strongholds and march upon Turin. Meantime, I advance tomorrow against Beaulieu, force him to recross the Po, and pass immediately after. I take possession of all Lombardy, and hope to be within a month on the mountains of Tyrol, to join the army of the Rhine, and wage war upon Bavaria. This scheme is worthy of the army and destinies of France."

When leaving Paris, the Directory had advised the general to incite risings in Piedmont. "You ought not to reckon upon a revolution," wrote Bonaparte, "it will come, but the mind of those peoples must be disposed for such an event. If in order to protect the principles of liberty, one sets on fire a civil war, if one excites the people against the nobles and priest, he becomes responsible for the excesses which invariably accompany such a struggle. When the army is mistress of all the Austrian states in Italy, and the papal states on this side of the Apennines, it will be in a position to proclaim liberty and excite the Italian patriotism against foreign rule. The word *Italiam*, *Italiam*, proclaimed at Milan, Bologna, and Verona, will produce a magical effect." The French troops had already invaded the Milan district.

The treaty was signed on the 15th of May, 1796, Savoy, Nice, and all the passages of the Alps being ceded to France. The strongholds remained in our hands till the general peace. In his proclamation to the troops the conqueror said, "Soldiers, you have in fifteen days gained six victories, taken twenty-one flags, fifty-five cannons, several strongholds, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You now rival the armies of Holland and the Rhine. You have gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, and made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy, and often without bread. Soldiers of liberty only were capable of undergoing all that you have undergone. But you have done nothing, since there remains something for you to do: Milan is not taken. The ashes of the conquerors of the Tarquins are still trod under foot by the murderers of Basseville. Some say that some of you are losing courage: I cannot believe it. The conquerors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi, burn to carry further the glory of the French name."

The treaty with Sardinia was not yet signed when the French army took the bridge of Lodi (May 10th, 1796). That victory delivered up Milan to them, the Austrian authorities having evacuated the town; and Count Melzi came at the head of a deputation to implore the conqueror's clemency. The whole of Lombardy submitted. In the midst of the joy caused by these triumphs, the Directory became alarmed at the unprecedented glory now surrounding the name of General Bonaparte. Carnot wrote him to indicate a plan of campaign, and announce their intention to divide the army and trust the command of one division to Kellermann. Bonaparte's immediate reply was,—

"I think it very unadvisable to divide the army of Italy into two. It is against the interest of the Republic to place over it two different generals. I have done the campaign without consulting any one; and should have done nothing so well if I had been obliged to adapt my plans to the opinions of another. I gained several battles over superior forces when we were absolutely in want of everything, because from my assurance of your confidence in me, my advance was as rapid as my thought.

"If you impose upon me checks of every kind, if I must refer at every step to commissioners of the government, if they can change my movements, deprive me of troops or send more, then expect nothing good. If you weaken your means by dividing my forces, if you break in Italy the unity of military idea, then I tell you with sorrow, you have lost the fairest opportunity of imposing laws upon Italy."

At the same time he wrote to Carnot, who was the only Director who really understood the art of war. "Kellermann will command the army as well as I. Victories are due to the courage and boldness of the army, no one is more convinced of that than I; but to join together Kellermann and me is the way to ruin everything. One bad general is better than two good ones. War is like government, all depending on tact.

"I cannot be serviceable to you unless invested with the same confidence which you granted me in Paris. Whether I wage war here or elsewhere, I care not: to serve my country, to deserve a page in our history, to give the government proofs of my devotion, is my whole ambition; but I eagerly desire not to lose in one week the toil, suffering, and dangers of two months. Having begun with some glory I wish to be left untrammelled."

To such a commanding tone and peremptory arguments the Directory felt they must give way. General Bonaparte remained sole master of Italy, and Kellermann, who occupied Savoy, received soon after twelve hundred thousand francs, sent by his renowned rival, and which had been intended for his soldiers' pay. The Dukes of Parma and Modena had purchased the safety of their states by a large pecuniary contribution and the cession of their art treasures. When the Duke of Parma offered to ransom Correggio's *St. Jerome*, by paying two millions, Bonaparte replied that soon nothing would be left of the two millions, whereas that trophy would adorn Paris for ages, and produce other master-pieces of art. The Duke of Modena had fled with his treasures. "He has neither fortresses nor guns," wrote the conqueror, "and I could not ask them of him." The castle of Milan alone held out. There were several insurrections in different parts of Lombardy on account of pillage and bad administration, but in proportion as the war contributions were levied and the soldiers' salary paid, good order and discipline were again established. Bonaparte severely repressed the insurrection at Pavia; the power of his genius was already displayed in the details of military organization. His army had never interrupted their march: he advanced towards Mantua, always eager to cross the Adige, throw back the Austrian forces out of Italy, and rejoin the army of the Rhine by a triumphant union. "You have rushed down from the Apennines like a torrent," said he to his soldiers, "driven back and dispersed all that opposed your advance. Piedmont is now delivered to its natural sentiments of peace and friendship towards France. Milan is yours and the republican flag floats over all Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their existence to your generosity alone. The army that haughtily threatened you has now no barrier to protect them against your courage. Your mothers, sisters, and wives rejoice in your successes, and are proud that your belong to them. Will it be said of us that we could gain battles without being able to take advantage of our victories? Those who have sharpened the daggers of civil war in France, who have basely murdered our ministers, who have burnt our ships at Toulon, let them tremble; the hour of vengeance is come! But let the peoples be without inquietude, we are friendly to all peoples, and especially the descendants of the Brutuses, Scipios, and the great men whom we have made our models. To build up again the Capitol, and place there with honor the statues of heroes, to arouse the Roman people who have remained dormant for so many ages of slavery,—these are the results of our victories. In the eyes of posterity they will constitute a new epoch. You will have the immortal renown of having changed the face of the most beautiful country of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give a glorious peace to Europe. Then you will return to your homes, and your fellow-citizens will say as they point you out,—He was in the army of Italy."

This glorious peace which Bonaparte promised France and which she had yet to wait so long for, was the object of the hopes of the Moderates. The Directory, however, still relied upon the armies, and had need of victories and generals. It was to France and Italy that Bonaparte spoke in his proclamations, much more than to his soldiers, who had simply an eager desire to fight and conquer. The instinct of the Italian was in him, mixed with the passion of the French general: whilst securing the independence of France, he took pleasure in driving the Austrians from the soil of Italy. The Venetian territory had already been invaded on the mainland, and Brescia and Bergamo were occupied by the French, though not without some protestations on the part of their general. "The remains of the enemy's army have retired beyond the Mincio, and the French army in pursuit passes into the territory of the Republic of Venice, but it will not forget that a long friendship unites the two Republics. Religion, government, the habits of the people, and property will be respected. The French soldier is to be dreaded only by the enemies of liberty and his government."

In their instructions to the general-in-chief the Directory had shown no good will to the ancient Venetian aristocracy. "The Republic of Venice shall be treated as a neutral power, and not in any sense as a friendly power. She has done nothing to deserve our respect."

Venice was unfortunate in her weakness combined with a great history; she inspired jealousy and uneasiness without the power to defend herself. The Austrians had occupied Peschiera and when they were driven from it by the French, the Venetian senate sent a suppliant embassy to Bonaparte. He reproached them severely, saying that they had allowed their neutrality to be violated without offering any resistance to the Austrians, and that they had given an asylum to Monsieur, become Louis XVIII., first at Venice itself, and then at Verona. "I have not concealed from the inhabitants," he wrote on leaving the latter place, "that if the pretended King of France had not evacuated their town before I crossed the Po, I should have set fire to a city presumptuous enough to think itself the capital of the French Empire."

It was two months since Louis XVIII. had quitted the Venetian territory, urged by the formal injunctions of the Senate. "I shall leave," said he "but I request that the golden book be brought me in which is written the name of my family, that I may erase it with my own hand. I ask also that the armor of my ancestor Henry IV. be given me, which he presented to the Republic as a pledge of friendship."

General Bonaparte was aware of these details, and his anger against Venice was artificial and premeditated. "If it is your intention to draw five or six millions from Venice," he wrote to the Directory, "I have arranged for you this quarrel on purpose; if you have any more decided intentions, send me instructions as to what you wish done, in order to watch for the proper opportunity, for one must not attempt everything at once. The emigrants are escaping from Italy, and more than fifteen hundred left a fortnight before our arrival. They run to Germany, to carry there their remorse and misery."

All the lines had been forced, one after another. Bonaparte had possession of the Adige, the Austrian general Beaulieu having fallen back upon the Italian Tyrol. Mantua alone held out, and was now invested by the French army.

Those Italian princes who had not yet submitted to the conqueror's yoke were full of uneasiness. The court of Naples sent a plenipotentiary to negotiate an armistice. The Roman States were already invaded when the Directory authorized General Bonaparte to treat with the "Prince of Rome." Révellière-Lépeaux, a keen opponent of Catholicism and head of a sect called "Theophilanthropists," had urged the general to push forward to Rome. The military operations did not allow of it; nor did the anti-religious violence of the revolutionists find response in the coldness and steadiness of Bonaparte's intellect: he was satisfied with the occupation of Bologna, Ferrara, and Ancona. In spite of the good terms on which the French Republic, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany were, the port of Leghorn protected English trade in the Mediterranean. The town was taken by General Murat and the harbor closed to our enemies; and the warehouses belonging to them were confiscated with the goods. The general looked strictly after the execution of the treaties; and insisted on the commissioners of the Republic showing proper respect to the conquered governments. "I request you," he wrote to one of them, named Garreau, "to limit yourself for the future to the functions presented, otherwise I shall be obliged to order the army to disobey your instructions. When you were representative of the people, you had unbounded powers and everybody obeyed you, to-day you are a commissioner of the government: adhere to the positive instructions regulating your functions. I am well aware that you will repeat the saying that I shall do as Dumouriez did. It is very clear that a general who presumes to command the army confided to him by the government without permission of the commissioners, is nothing but a conspirator."

Under the general-in-chief's powerful will and close attention to details, the conquered countries were soon better governed. The castle of Milan capitulated, and order, which had been for a short time disturbed, was restored in the neighborhood of Bologna, a result mainly brought about by the Bishop of Imola, Barnabé Chiaramonti, who soon after became Pope Pius VII. The patriotic feeling awoke in the countries long subjected to the rule of foreigners; the doctrines of the Revolution found ardent proselytes. "I oppose religious fanaticism with the fanaticism of liberty," said Bonaparte.

The court of Vienna had not bent under the weight of the misfortunes which overwhelmed the Austrian arms in Italy: it had been compensated by seeing the complete failure of the campaign of General Jourdan at the head of the army of the Sambre-and-Meuse. In spite of several checks and the skilful evolutions of the Archduke Charles, the French had at first advanced as far as Wurzburg, and after being defeated before the place, were forced to retire to Witzbar on the Lahn: General Marceau, already distinguished, though so young, had been killed at the fight of Altenkirchen. The command of the army was taken from Jourdan and given by the Directory to General Beurnonville, who was obliged to fall back upon the Rhine. During his march, the populations oppressed by the troops resisted them as they passed, and all stragglers were killed. The army were in want of provisions, and there was great disorder and want of discipline, but the general and his lieutenants, Kléber, Lefebvre, Bernadotte, had not lost courage, and their resistance lasted throughout the retreat.

Moreau, like Jourdan, had been obliged to relinquish his first conquests. Placed by the Directory at the head of the army of the Rhine when General Pichegru was under suspicion, he had found the passage over the Rhine successfully accomplished under the orders of Desaix, and the French troops in possession of the fort of Kehl. On the 9th July, the battle of Etlingen, though indecisive, compelled the Archduke Charles to withdraw; the right bank of the Rhine was occupied by the French. Moreau pursued the Austrians through Wurtemberg. On the 11th August all the Archduke's efforts at Neresheim did not succeed in dislodging General Gouvion St. Cyr from the positions which he occupied, but the two French armies had not effected their junction. The inconvenience of a command being divided was cruelly felt; when Jourdan was obliged to secure his retreat, Moreau, badly informed of his colleague's movements, remained alone in the enemy's country, and was soon compelled to imitate his example. Most of his engagements were successful; he marched slowly and regularly, and with his artillery in good condition, the enemy were kept in respect. Desaix recrossed the Rhine at Friburg, his position being protected by Moreau; and on the 26th October the entire army had returned to France. Henceforward the Austrians directed their efforts exclusively upon Italy.

The struggle there had been constant and unrelenting. In July, General Würmser at the head of a large army left Trent, dividing his forces into three bodies, in order to attack Verona, the line of the Adige, and Brescia. Bonaparte had hurriedly raised the siege of Mantua, resolved to attack successively the Austrian armies. The first had been already driven from Brescia without having had time to take possession of it, and the battle of Castiglione, gained on the 8th August, compelled General Würmser to be satisfied with revictualling Mantua; he fell back upon Trent. Verona was again occupied by the French; the banks of the Mincio retaken, and the Lake of Garda defended. The Austrian vessels which had just arrived there were burnt by the orders of Würmser. General Bonaparte was now preparing to invade the Tyrol, and wrote that he was only waiting to hear news of General Moreau. In the beginning of September, he himself took the initiative and marched upon Trent, which had remained undefended after the fight at Roveredo, Würmser having left it to advance against Verona. After two days' forced marches, Bonaparte rejoined him at Primolano. The Austrians were routed, and before they had time to reform their army at Bassano, were a second time defeated. The communications with Würmser being intercepted, he hurried to Mantua and again tried the fortune of arms at St. George's on the 19th September. Compelled to shut himself up in Mantua with the remainder of his army, he made preparations for a most vigorous defence; in the beginning of October the town was armed afresh, when the rainy season commenced. "The siege is impracticable before January," wrote Bonaparte to the Directory. "I have 19,000 men in the army of observation, 9000 in the besieging army. I leave you to consider if without receiving assistance it is possible for me this winter to resist the emperor, who will have 50,000 men in six weeks. Our position in Italy is uncertain, and our political system very bad. Rome is arming the peoples, and exciting their fanaticism: coalitions are formed against us on every side: they are waiting for the moment of action, and it will be favorable to them as soon as the emperor's army is reinforced. Peace with Naples is essential: alliance with Genoa or the court of Turin necessary. Make peace with Parma; declare that France takes Lombardy, Modena, Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara, under her protection: adopt a system which may procure you friends either from princes or from peoples. Diminish the number of your enemies. The influence of Rome is incalculable, and it was badly done to break with that power. If I had been consulted, I should have delayed the negotiation. So often as your general in Italy is not complete master, you will run very great danger. This language must not be attributed to ambition: I have only too many honors. My health is so shattered, that I almost feel compelled to ask you for a successor: I cannot ride on horseback. All that is left me is courage, which is not sufficient in a post like my present one.

"More troops! more troops! if you wish to preserve Italy."

The Directory had had in fact much difficulty in accepting a negotiation with the court of Rome; and after consenting, its exigencies had been such as at first precluded any pourparlers. Without acknowledging the legal existence of the Catholic worship, the Directory demanded from the Pope the revocation of all the briefs which had condemned the civil constitution of the clergy. Six days only were granted for the reply; Pius VI. refused and turned towards Austria; with difficulty Carnot succeeded in renewing communications with Naples, the treaty being signed on the 10th of October. After the English evacuated Corsica, renouncing all attempts in the Mediterranean, the general-in-chief extended his rule over that island, his native place, which he had decided should be French.* "You will grant a general pardon to all those who have been merely led astray," he wrote to General Gentile; "but arrest and try by court-martial the four deputies who handed over the crown to the King of England, the members of the government and the leaders of the infamous treason." Pozzo di Borgo was the first to be selected for "the national vengeance."

A new Austrian army under General Alvinzy had just entered the Tyrol, after forcing the passages defended by General Vaubois. The French division withdrew, and after they reached Rivoli, Bonaparte hurried to them and said, as he reviewed them, "Soldiers, I am not satisfied with you; you have shown neither discipline, nor steadiness, nor courage; you made no attempt to rally; you gave yourselves up to a panic terror, and allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of men ought to have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and the 85th, you are no longer French soldiers. General, chief of the staff, see that the inscription 'They are no longer in the army of Italy' be put on their standards."

The general's words, whether of encouragement or severity went right to the soldier's heart. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the old grenadiers. "Some one has slandered us," they cried; "put us in the advance-guard, and you will see if we belong to the army of Italy." A few days afterwards the two regiments distinguished themselves by their irresistible ardor, though Bonaparte's attack on the heights of Caldiero was repulsed. The weather was bad; and the troops became more and more discouraged. The general wrote to the Directory: "The army is exhausted with fatigue and has no shoes. I have brought it to Verona again. Two Austrian divisions are coming down from the Tyrol, one marching upon Brescia, the other to join Alvinzy's army. To resist all those, I have only 18,000 men, and the enemy has 50,000. I despair of preventing the raising of the siege of Mantua. Should that misfortune happen, we shall speedily be behind the Adda, or still further if no troops arrive. The wounded are our best men; all our superior officers, all our picked generals being unfit for service. All those who have yet reached me are useless, the soldier has no faith in them. The heroes of Lodi, Castiglione, Bassano have died for their country, or are in the hospital. The troops have lost their reputation and self-respect. We are here abandoned in a remote part of Italy; and what brave soldiers are still left me see certain death before them, in the midst of so constant risks and with so inferior forces. Perhaps the hour of the brave Augereau, the intrepid Masséna, or of Berthier is ready to sound! Then! then! what will become of these brave fellows? The thought of this makes me moody; I dare not meet death, because it would cause discouragement and misfortune to the army, the object of my solicitudes. In a few days we shall make a last attempt: if fortune smiles upon us, Mantua will be taken and Italy too. Reinforced by my besieging army, there is nothing I may not attempt. If I had received the 83rd, of 3500 men known to the army, I could have answered for everything; in three days perhaps 40,000 men will not be enough."

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* Born in 1768, Bonaparte always dated his birth in the year 1769, after the cession of Corsica to France by the Republic of Genoa.

The army were not instructed as to the general's plans, and in their increasing depression anticipated a retreat. On the 12th October, the order for marching was given with unusual precautions; with great inquietude as well as curiosity, the officers themselves not understanding their instructions. They followed the right bank of the Adige, over which a bridge was thrown at Ronco. The soldiers saw that they were to turn the heights of Caldiero, which they had recently attacked without success. A vast marsh extended before them on the left bank, but its banks were unguarded. The French pushed on as far as the small river Alpon, when opposite the village of Arcola, there was a bridge defended by the Croats.

The battle began, keenly fought and deadly. General Alvinzy sent forward several divisions, which were repulsed. The two armies were embarrassed by the marsh, and it was impossible to cross the bridge, the steady firing of the Croats keeping back the forces that attempted the attack. The general-in-chief, on horseback, in spite of his ill-health, shouted to the soldiers to remember the bridge of Lodi. Augereau had already planted the standard at the entrance of the bridge without succeeding in making the troops follow. Bonaparte next seized a small flag, and, dismounting, advanced alone through balls and bullets. One division were on the point of following him, when the fire of the enemy took them in flank, and the soldiers drew back. Bonaparte was alone on the bridge, calling his troops to follow; several officers rushed forward, seized him by the arm, and drew him by force on the bank. Lannes, who had recently been wounded and was still ill, managed to get on horseback to share in the dangers of his general-in-chief, when he was again struck by a ball. The officers fell round him. Bonaparte himself was thrown from his horse, and fell in the marsh. The grenadiers plunged into the mud up to the middle, driving back the column of the enemy advancing on the bridge, and bringing back their general. Arcola was not taken, but Alvinzy evacuated it during the night, falling back on his positions at Caldiero. The French army again formed there, and the fight began again, and at last the heroic obstinacy of the French obtained the mastery. Alvinzy was exhausted, and the Croats were forced backwards into the marsh. Masséna marched at the head of his division, beating the charge on a drum with the pommel of his sword. The Austrians began their retreat upon Verona, at last abandoning Caldiero. The French army and the general took no rest; Davidovitch attacked Vaubois' positions at Bassolungo, but was repulsed and forced to fall back upon the Tyrol. The supreme effort of Bonaparte and his soldiers had dearly bought the victory. "It was indeed a deadly combat," he wrote to the Directory, "not one of the generals but has his clothes riddled with bullets."

The Directory was both delighted and embarrassed by the unexpected success gained by the French in Italy. Lord Malmesbury had been for a month in Paris, entrusted by Pitt with pacific overtures, the able minister of Great Britain being uneasy as to the state of Europe. The Republic had already come to terms with the Italian princes, and had just concluded with Spain the treaty of St. Ildefonso (19th August, 1796), and King Charles IV., renewing with the regicides the conditions of the Family Compact, under the rule of his favorite, the Prince de la Paix, had declared war against England. Austria was secretly anxious to make a separate treaty of peace. At Brest an expedition was being prepared, ostensibly intended to defend our colonies from the attacks of the English, but secretly entrusted to General Hoche, in order to effect a landing in Ireland. The English commerce, everywhere driven back by the French invasion, suffered, to the indignation of the nation, and public opinion demanded peace. Without deceiving himself with false hopes, Pitt resolved to try negotiation, and Lord Malmesbury, who was clever and prudent, was instructed to gain time. Every conversation required the despatch of a courier, and the English minister was slow in replying; the Directory refused to treat for a general peace. They were disposed to grant an armistice to Austria, and General Clarke was sent to Bonaparte's head-quarters, in order to watch the all-powerful conqueror. The latter left him no time to do so, being violently opposed to the armistice, which threatened to deprive him of the fruits of his victories when taking Mantua. "If you come here to do as I wish, very well," said he to the new negotiator: "otherwise you may go back to those who have sent you." Clarke remained, being soon gained over by the mixture of authority and attraction which the general-in-chief exercised upon him. The Austrian generals, when consulted as to an armistice, referred the question to the Aulic Council; Austria refused to treat without the participation of England. Clarke negotiated to no purpose with Vienna and Turin; and after General Hoche's expedition had sailed from Brest, the Directory demanded Lord Malmesbury's ultimatum. The negotiations had been stormy, often passing from the polite hands of Delacroix, the minister of foreign affairs, into those of the Directors. The demands of England, moreover, indicated a fixed intention of continuing the war. "The emperor," said Lord Malmesbury at last, "is to be put in possession of all the states which he possessed before the war. Italy will be evacuated by the French troops, with an engagement not to interfere in her internal affairs. Peace will be concluded with the empire." On those conditions France was to recover her colonies, except St. Domingo. To support his ultimatum by bold and open flattery, the English Ambassador detailed the reasons which rendered France formidable to Europe. "You yourself," said he to Delacroix, "have you not pointed out to me that the Republic was no longer in a state of monarchical decrepitude? I can agree with you that France, by her change of government, has acquired a power and authority much superior to what she could gain by an increase of territory. France, when under a monarch, already attracted the attention, not to say suspicion, of the European states, and by her republican constitution she is now more powerful. Thus she can cause more inquietude, and every addition to her territory may alarm Europe." In accordance with those arguments, Lord Malmesbury declared that England would never consent to leave France mistress of the Austrian Low Countries. Four days afterwards, on the 19th December, 1796, the English Ambassador received his passports, with the order to leave France in twenty-four hours; and the *Journal Officiel* thus referred to his departure: "After exhausting all the means of evasion and delay, Lord Malmesbury has at last been forced to express himself categorically. His proposals were all contrary to the constitution, laws, and treaties. He proposed to France disgrace and perfidy; and has been ordered to depart."

Once more England was protected by her sea. General Hoche's expedition, after being beaten about by contrary winds proved a sad failure. When he himself landed on the Irish Coast, after undergoing the greatest severity of the tempest, his troops, after in vain waiting several days for him, had again put to sea, and returned with difficulty to Brest, after losing several ships. General Hoche was sent to the army of the Sambre-and-Meuse. At the head of the army of the Rhine, and in spite of the heroic efforts of Desaix, who was entrusted with the defence of the place, Moreau was unable to prevent the capture of the fortress of Kehl, before which the Archduke Charles remained obstinately three months (9th January, 1797). The Austrians then besieged the bridge at Huningue, but it was towards Italy that all their efforts were directed. Some fresh and important reinforcements had reached Alvinzy's army. Four thousand volunteers, starting from Vienna, had received standards embroidered by the hands of the empress. Würmser was encouraged to remain in Mantua, to leave it at a favorable opportunity, so as to join the army which was being prepared in the Roman States. The court of Naples threw out hopes of their assistance.

On the other side, Bonaparte had received fresh troops, and his army had rested, though still inferior in number to the Austrian army. When in the midst of January, Alvinzy began his movement, he commanded a body of 45,000 men; and General Provera, whose head-quarters were at Padua, had 25,000. Alvinzy, with all his forces, attacked General Joubert, who with 10,000 men was defending the plateau of Rivoli. Bonaparte advanced there immediately, at the same time summoning the divisions of Masséna and Ney: Joubert had been fighting for two days. On the night of the 15th of January, during magnificent moonlight, the general-in-chief, said to his aides-de-camp as he watched the fires of the enemy, "They wish to turn our flanks and cut off our retreat." The battle began before daybreak. Masséna's column could scarcely reach them; it had not had time to rest; and Bonaparte, running to meet it, led it to the battle, delivering Joubert's army which had begun to give way, and retaking the chapel of St. Marco, which was the key to the position. Almost at the same time an Austrian column commanded by Lusignan, an emigrant officer in the Austrian service, had reached by a long détour the rear of the French army. At first sight, as they emerged by the Verona road, the new-comers believed from the confusion of the battle-field that the republican troops were routed. "We have them," said the officers. Bonaparte saw them coming; and, with that imperturbable presence of mind of the great men of war whom "smoke causes to see more clearly, and the cannon to hear better,"* he in his turn turned to the soldiers surrounding him and said, "They are ours!" at the same time ordering the cannon to be directed upon Lusignan's division. It was decimated and quickly surrendered. All the Austrian forces were thrown into disorder, the plateau no longer attacked, and Joubert pursued the enemy as they withdrew. In the evening the French quarters were crowded with 13,000 prisoners.

Bonaparte, without taking time to reckon up the fruits of his victory, took the road to Mantua, at the head of Masséna's division, which had already for two days been marching or fighting. General Provera had gone on before; and deceiving the vigilance of Augereau, who had fallen on his rear and taken 2000 of his men prisoners, he had attacked the suburb St. George, which was defended by General Miollis. Würmser made preparations for a sortie.

The general-in-chief's rapidity of movement upset the enemy's plan. Sérurier repulsed the attack of Würmser; and General Victor, at the head of the 57th demi-brigade, which that day received the name of the "terrible," withstood the attack of Provera, who was soon hemmed in by Augereau and Masséna, and compelled to surrender with 6000 soldiers. Würmser shut himself up in Mantua.

The place had now exhausted its munitions, and both garrison and town were in want of food. The old marshal sent one of his aides-de-camp to General Sérurier. Whilst the two negotiators discussed the conditions of capitulation, Sérurier repeatedly glanced to the end of the room, where an officer wrapped in a large cloak sat writing. The Austrian declared that Mantua had still ample resources, with provisions for three months. The silent witness of the conference rose, holding in his hand a paper containing Würmser's proposals. "These are the conditions which I offer your general," said Bonaparte to Klenau; "if he had only a fortnight's provisions and spoke of surrendering, he would not deserve an honorable capitulation. Since he sends you, it is because he is reduced to extremity. I respect the age, the bravery, and the misfortune of the marshal. If he opens his gates to-morrow, if he delays a fortnight, a month, two months, he will still have the same conditions; he may wait to his last piece of bread. I start instantly to cross the Po, and march upon Rome. Go and tell my intentions to your general."

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* An expression used by Marshal Lannes.

Klenau stood confounded: Bonaparte left the room. The conditions offered to Marshal Würmser were honorable for the garrison, generous with regard to the commander-in-chief and his officers: and next day the gates of Mantua were opened. Bonaparte was already on the march to Bologna. It was before General Sérurier and his staff that the conquered soldiers were called to defile. The general-in-chief had given orders that they were to shut their eyes to the fact of a large number of French emigrants forming part of the garrison. Twenty-seven thousand men perished in Mantua during the siege, and only 12,000 remained fit for service. "History will tell that Marshal Würmser has shown rare constancy and courage," wrote Bonaparte to the Directory; "surrounded on every side, after losing the Tyrol and the greater part of his army, he was daring and hopeful enough to think of taking refuge in Mantua, though it was four days' march from him. He crossed the Adige, drove back our advance-guard and entered Mantua. His sorties have been unfortunate, but each time he was at the head. His soldiers were discouraged and weakened, but his firmness was maintained to the last moment. I made a point of showing towards him the generosity of a Frenchman."

Bonaparte was at the same time marching against another old man, who was drawn by his own disposition, as well as by the advice of his councillors, into the party hostile to France. When, in the name of the Pope, Cardinal Mattei came on the day after the battle of Castiglione to confess the violations of the armistice which the court of Rome had committed, on the legate using the word "Peccavi," the conqueror became gentle, and did no more than send the envoy to a seminary which he soon afterwards allowed him to leave! Henceforward the vengeance of the Republic threatened Pope Pius VI.; and the Holy College tried to stir up a religious war. "We shall make a Vendée in the Romagna, another in the mountains of Liguria, all Italy will become a Vendée," said Cardinal Busca to the able French minister Cacault. The general-in-chief had from the first claimed the right to direct the negotiations with the court of Rome; and as soon as his troops set foot on the Pontificial States, proclaimed his intentions:—"The French army is about to enter the Pope's territory, and will protect the religion of the people. Cursed be those who, seduced by hypocrites, shall bring on their house the vengeance of an army that in six months has made 100,000 prisoners of the best troops of the emperor, taken a hundred pieces of cannon, a hundred and ten flags, and destroyed five armies."

General Lannes having easily dispersed the papal troops, they fled in disorder as far as Faenza, the gates of which had to be forced. The populace cursed and hooted the soldiers, and the general-in-chief had some difficulty in keeping order. Next morning he had all the prisoners brought together into a garden, and went himself to the trembling wretches, and spoke in Italian. "I am the friend of all the Italian races," said he to them, "and I am come for your advantage; you are now free; go back to your families and tell them that the French are the friends of religion, of order, and of the poor." They all fell at his feet. The officers were charmed by his graceful familiarity and confidence. The towns no longer made any resistance, and the clergy began to have trust in him. Bonaparte marched upon Ancona; where, on the resignation of the Austrian General Colli, who commanded the little army in charge, the papal troops being without a leader, surrendered without firing a shot. The prisoners sent back to their homes spread everywhere the French proclamations. A Madonna having shed tears, by an artifice verified by Monge, the priest in charge was arrested, and the falseness of the miracle proved to the onlookers. On the French divisions occupying Loretto, the statue of the Virgin, an object of veneration to pilgrims from every part of Europe, was sent to Paris, and deposited in the National Library till the day when the first consul, able to act solely according to his good sense and personal moderation, restored it to the Pope at the time of the Concordat. The treasurer of the chapel had been transported to Rome.

Bonaparte had now seen enough of this, being convinced of the weakness and terror of the court of Rome, and had no wish to use violence, or risk the anger of Spain and Naples. "The only glory desired by the French army in this expedition," he wrote, "is to give a striking example of its respect for the liberty of worship, for persons and property." He had boldly braved the revolutionary prejudices by ordering the convents in the Roman States to supply suitable maintenance to the French priests who had taken refuge there, and whom most of communities were preparing to send back. "These priests are strongly attached to us and much less fanatical than the Romans," said he; "they were accustomed in France to see a state of things where the priests do not govern; and that is a great deal. They are very unhappy, and most of them shed tears at the sight of Frenchmen. If we persist in tracking them from kingdom to kingdom, they will end by going to conceal themselves in France. Since we do not interfere at all with religion here, it is much better for them to remain. Through these people I may form in Italy a strong party in my favor."

At Rome, people began to gain confidence, and the loaded carriages did not set out. Bonaparte had granted five days for the despatch of plenipotentiaries. The Pope wrote to the general-in-chief, naming his envoys; and a conference was opened at Tolentino, at the French head-quarters.

The negotiation could not be long. The demands of Bonaparte were severe, but not intolerable; he consented to leave the spiritual power of the papacy uninjured. Pius VI. renounced all right over the Comtat Venaissin, delivering up the Legations to France, which continued to occupy the town and harbor of Ancona till the general peace. The war contributions in arrear, or lately imposed, rose to thirty millions. The objects of art indicated at the signing of the armistice were immediately despatched to Paris. The general wrote to the Pope, "Most holy Father, I must thank your Holiness for the kind expressions contained in the letter which you have had the goodness to write me. The peace between the French Republic and your Holiness has just been signed (19th February, 1797).

"I congratulate myself on having assisted in your personal comfort. I advise your Holiness to distrust some who are in Rome, sold to courses which are hostile to France, or allowing themselves to be directed by hateful passions, which always induce the fall of states. The French Republic will, I trust, be one of the truest friends of Rome. I send my aide-de-camp (Junot) to express to your Holiness the perfect esteem and veneration which I have for your person, and I beg of you to be assured of the desire which I have to give on all occasions the proofs of respect and veneration with which I have the honor to be your most obedient servant."

The treaty of Tolentino and the attitude of the general were approved in France by public opinion, but the Directory and their friends were at heart opposed to them. Bonaparte had laid down the reasons of his conduct with a dry firmness which admitted of no discussion. "I prefer an arrangement to going to Rome: 1st, because that will avoid a discussion with the King of Naples, which might be very critical; 2nd, because, by the Pope and all the great lords escaping from Rome, I might never attain what I want; 3rd, because the pontifical government cannot long exist when deprived of its fair provinces; a revolution will come about of its own accord; 4th, as the court of Rome is now ceding these provinces to us, their occupation cannot be regarded as a military and provisional fact. Finally, because I can dispose of the division which is here for the operations at whatever point the Austrians are about to begin again."

The war was in fact again beginning. The Austrian ministers, especially Thugut, really believed that the new campaign was a step towards peace. The Archduke Charles had just been named general-in-chief of all the Austrian forces, the Aulic Council instructing him to concentrate his forces in Frioul. On both sides, the German armies sent reinforcements to the generals who had to engage in the struggle. Bernadotte brought 20,000 men to Bonaparte. The forces expected by the Archduke arrived slowly.

There were three roads before the French leading to Vienna, through the snow and the mountains; one passing by the Tyrol, another by Carinthia, the third by Carniola. The Archduke held this last passage, being ordered to defend Trieste; and Bonaparte marched straight towards him, sending Masséna into Carinthia, and Joubert into the Tyrol. Assisted by the armies of the Rhine under the orders of Moreau and Hoche, he had some expectation of reaching Vienna. It was on the banks of the Tagliamento that he encountered the enemy; the Austrian army was drawn up on the bank, while the French soldiers entered the water. "Soldiers of the Rhine," cried Bernadotte, "the army of Italy is looking at you!" The regiments rivalled each other in their efforts, and forming in order as they landed, rushed upon the Austrians. After a keen contest, the whole line of the Tagliamento was cleared (16th March, 1797). The Archduke Charles came down towards the Izonzo to dispute its passage. On the 18th, the town of Gradisca was taken, and the French had crossed the river: the Archduke hastened into Carinthia, where Masséna had already forced the gorge of Tarwis by passing over the bodies of the two Austrian divisions which held it. The combat took place on the summit of the Noric Alps, and was most keenly contested on both sides; but at length the Austrians were compelled to retire, leaving one division which had been hemmed in by the new forces brought on the ground by Bonaparte. Joubert had triumphed in the Tyrol, driving back the enemy beyond the Brenner, and now advanced by forced marches to rejoin the general-in-chief, who had just advanced his head-quarters to Klagenfurt.

He was still sixty leagues from Vienna, with no resources but his invincible army, and he was waiting for assistance from the armies of Germany, to complete his conquest, when he received news from the Directory. The deplorable state of the finances had retarded their preparations; the troops of Moreau and Hoche were eager to march, but Carnot had not been able to procure them boats enough to cross the Rhine. The conquerors of Austria must not reckon upon efficacious and speedy assistance. Bonaparte attributed this delay to the jealous inquietude of the Directory; and, immediately forming his resolution, wrote to the Archduke Charles:—

"General-in-Chief, the brave soldiers make war and desire peace. Has this war not lasted six years? Have we killed men enough, and inflicted upon humanity woes enough? She protests on every side. Europe, which took up arms against the French Republic, has laid them down. Your nation remains alone, and yet blood is to be shed more than ever. This sixth campaign is introduced by sinister omens. Whatever may be the issue, we shall kill, one side and another, several myriads of men; and, at last we must come to an understanding, because everything has a limit, even the passions of hate.

"Is there, then, no hope of our coming to an understanding, in spite of the intervention of the court of London? Shall we continue to cut each others' throats for the interests of a nation which is a strangor to the evils of war? You, M. General-in-Chief, who by your birth approach so near the throne, you who are above the little passions which frequently animate ministers and cabinets, are you decided to deserve the title of benefactor of humanity, to be the real saviour of Germany? Think not by that I mean that it is possible to save her by force of arms; but, supposing that the chances of war were in your favor, Germany would still be as great a sufferer. As for me, M. General-in-Chief, if the overture which I have the honor of making you can save the life of a single man, I shall feel prouder of the civic crown which I shall have gained, than of the sad glory of military triumphs."

The council of the emperor had already recognized the necessity for peace, and the English minister at Vienna was informed of the resolution taken on that subject. The Archduke Charles was accordingly authorized at once to reply to Bonaparte:—"Certainly, M. General-in-Chief, whilst making war, and following the call of honor and duty, like you I desire peace for the good of the people and humanity. As nevertheless, in the post which is entrusted to me, it is not my business either to scrutinize or to terminate the quarrel of the powers of war, and as I am not furnished on the part of his majesty the Emperor with any power to treat, you will consider it natural, general, that I do not enter with you into any negotiations in this matter, but that I wait for superior orders on a subject of such great importance, and which is not in my department. But whatever may be the future chances of war, I beg of you, general, to be convinced of my esteem and high regard."

As the roads remained open to the French army, it advanced. On the 1st of April the battle of Neumark gained to Bonaparte twelve hundred prisoners and the passage of the mountains. The Archduke demanded a suspension of arms. "The general will only stop for negotiations," was the reply Berthier was desired to make. He indicated at the same time the indispensable bases of the negotiation:—the cession of the Austrian Netherlands and the left bank of the Rhine, with the independence of Lombardy. There was another fight at Unzmark on the 3rd of April; on the 7th Bonaparte took up his head-quarters at Leoben. Joubert announced his approach; Messéna had advanced to Simmering, twenty-five leagues from Vienna.

On the same day, two messengers from the emperor arrived at Leoben, to ask a suspension of arms, preliminary to a negotiation. "In the position of the two armies a suspension of arms is entirely unfavorable to the French army," replied

Bonaparte; "but if it will be a step to the peace so much desired by the two peoples, I consent to your desires without difficulty. During five days I will not advance."

The Archduke Charles had not wished to reply to the proposals of Bonaparte without consulting the Aulic Council; the French general was not furnished with diplomatic powers, and the diplomat appointed by the Directory was not at headquarters. It did not matter much to the conqueror, sure of imposing his will on the French government as well as the Austrian Cabinet. He intimated his intentions to the Directory. "I have let them know that the preliminary clause in the negotiation must be the cession as far as the Rhine; I have refused any explanation upon Italy. We are alone exposed to the efforts of one of the first powers of Europe. The Venetians are arming all their peasants, and putting all the priests in the field, and pull all the strings of their old government. In the Papal States considerable bands descend from the mountains and threaten to invade the Romagna. The various peoples of Italy, united by the spirit of liberty, and agitated in different ways by the most powerful passions, require to be watched. Everything makes one think that the moment of peace has arrived, and that we ought to make it when we can dictate the conditions, provided they are reasonable.

"If the emperor cedes to us all that belongs to him on the left bank of the Rhine as a prince of the house of Austria, and if, as head of the empire, he recognizes the Rhine as the boundary of the Republic, if he cedes to the Cispadane Republic, Modena and Carrara, if he gives us Mayence in exchange for Mantua, we shall have made a peace much more advantageous than that indicated in the instructions of General Clarke. We renounce, it is true, all Lombardy, but shall we not have drawn from our success all the advantage possible when we shall have the Rhine for boundary, and shall have established in the heart of Italy a Republic which, in Carrara, will be found quite close to us, will give us the commerce of the Po, of the Adriatic, and which will increase as fast as the power of the Pope is destroyed?"

General Clarke had not arrived at Leoben, when the preliminaries of peace were signed on the 18th April. The discussion was animated, the Austrian plenipotentiaries thought that they conceded an important point when they announced that the emperor recognized the French Republic. Bonaparte regarded them with astonishment, "The Republic does not require to be recognized," cried he, "it is the sun at noonday; so much the worse for those who will not see it. Questions of etiquette and precedence have not been arranged, that concerns the diplomats," said the general; the initiative of the propositions belonged alternately to the two powers. "Three projects have been sent to Vienna," Bonaparte wrote to the Directory; "if one of the three is accepted, the preliminaries may be signed on the 20th. If nothing is accepted, we shall fight, and if the army of the Sambre-and-Meuse begins its march on the 20th, it will be able, in the first days of the month, to strike a heavy blow. The best generals and the best troops are before me. When a campaign is entered on with hearty good will, there is no obstacle in the way. Never, so far as history has recorded military operations, has a river been a serious obstacle. If Moreau wishes to pass the Rhine, he will pass it; if he had passed it, we should be in a position to dictate the conditions of peace imperiously and without running any risk; but he who fears to lose his glory is sure to lose it. I have passed the Julian Alps and the Noric Alps, on three feet of ice; I have made my artillery pass by roads where carriage never passed. If I had looked only to the tranquillity of the army and my private interest, I should have stopped after having passed the Izonzo. I threw myself into Germany to disengage the armies of the Rhine, and to hinder the enemy from taking the offensive. I am at the gates of Vienna, and this insolent and haughty court has its plenipotentiaries at my head-quarters. The armies of the Rhine cannot have any blood in their veins. If they leave me without support, I shall return to Italy; all the forces of the emperor will be down upon them and crush them, and it will be their own fault."

Hoche and Moreau did not merit the bitter reproaches of General Bonaparte: on the same day that Bonaparte signed the preliminaries of peace at Leoben, Hoche passed the Rhine at Neuwied, attacking and immediately beating General Kray at Heddershorf. He arrived before Frankfort on the 22nd April, when he heard of the negotiation and its conclusion at the same time; he immediately accepted an armistice, reluctantly renouncing those hopes of brilliant glory which seemed constantly to fly from him. General Moreau did the same; he had passed the Rhine below Strasburg, at a difficult place which was not defended; the village of Diersheim, on the right bank, was carried. The news of the double success of the armies of Germany arrived in Paris at the same time as the signature of the treaty, irregular in its form, and which caused much irritation in the Directory. Carnot insisted on the advantages of the peace concluded by the victor. Bonaparte wrote to the Directory: "If I had, at the commencement of the campaign, persisted in going to Turin, I should never have passed the Po; if I had persisted in going to Rome, I should have lost Milan; if I had persisted in going to Vienna, perhaps I should have lost the Republic. The true plan of the campaign, in order to destroy the emperor, was that which I adopted. You gave me full power on all military questions, and in the situation of things preliminaries of peace, even with the emperor, have become a military operation."

The conditions of the treaty were not published. It was soon learned, however, that Austria had given up the Netherlands, and accepted the boundary of the Rhine; that she abandoned her possessions on this side of the Oglio; and recognized the Cisalpine or Lombard Republic. In compensation for so many sacrifices, Dalmatia, Istria, and the territories on the mainland belonging to the Republic of Venice, situated between the Oglio, the Po, and the Adriatic Sea, passed into the hands of the emperor; the Venetians were to be indemnified by the cession of the Legations.

This last article was only a pretence to conceal the resolution of the victor to destroy the ancient power of the little commercial and aristocratic republic which had for so long exercised an influence in the councils of Europe. Since the first days of the Italian war, Venice had prudently endeavored to preserve her neutrality; she had not been able to conceal her fear and dislike of the principles and acts of the French Revolution. Hostile armies had everywhere violated her territory; when General Bonaparte had turned his arms towards Germany, he proposed to the Venetian Senate an alliance which they had timidly declined. Already a great fermentation existed in the territory of the Republic; the government, for long tyrannical and severe, had become weak without relaxing its absolutist demands; the revolutionary wind blew at Venice; Bergamo and Brescia were in full insurrection when Pesaro appeared in Bonaparte's camp at Goritz. "I have kept my word," said the general; "the Austrians are no longer on your territory. What does your Republic wish? Does it accept the alliance of France?"

"Venice rejoices in your triumphs," said Pesaro; "she knows that she cannot exist without France, but it is our ancient and wise policy to remain neutral. Formerly our armies could be of some weight on the field of battle. Now what importance could you attach to our aid?"

"You wish to remain neutral; I consent to it," said Bonaparte; "but if my soldiers are assassinated, my convoys intercepted, my communications interrupted, know that your Republic will have ceased to exist; it will itself have pronounced its sentence."

Bonaparte resumed his march, and already what he had foreseen was accomplished. The Austrian general Landon occupied the Tyrol, which Joubert had traversed, gaining victory after victory, without leaving garrisons behind him. The rumor spread that he as well as the army of Italy had been beaten, and that the French generals were repulsed on the Rhine. Hopes were incited at Venice; emissaries, ecclesiastical or lay, scoured the provinces, rousing the population with the cry, "Death to the French and the Jacobins!" In the midst of this ferment, General Junot appeared before the Venetian Senate, bearer of a letter from Bonaparte. It was dated from Leoben, the 9th April.

"In all the mainland the subjects of the most serene Republic are under arms; their rallying cry is: 'Death to the French!' The number of the soldiers of Italy who have been their victims amounts already to several hundreds. Do you believe, then, because I am at a distance in the heart of Germany that I have not the power to cause the soldiers of the first people in the world to be respected? Do you think that the legions of Italy can leave unpunished the massacres that you excite? The blood of my brothers in arms shall be avenged. The Senate of Venice has responded by the blackest perfidy to the generous conduct that we have always shown towards it. War or peace! If you do not immediately take measures to disperse the bands; if you do not arrest and deliver into my hands the authors of the assassinations, war is declared. We are no longer in the time of Charles VIII. If, contrary to the wish of the French Government, you force me to make war, do not believe that the French soldiers, following the example of the soldiers you have armed, will ravage the country of an innocent and unfortunate people. I will protect them, and perhaps they will one day bless the crimes which have forced the French army to withdraw them from your tyrannical government."

At the same time, General Kilmaine received orders to change his head-quarters from Milan to Mantua, the rising of the population against the government of the Republic being foreseen and encouraged beforehand. A proclamation was prepared: "If the Senate of Venice has a right of conquest over you, I will free you from it," said the general-in-chief. "If it has over you the right of usurpation, I will restore your rights." In vain the Venetian Senate protested its repentance and submission. Bonaparte refused to receive the deputies sent to him.

The skilful foresight of the general had not deceived him, and his anger became just; in seeking to preserve her territory from the revolutionary contagion, Venice had incurred the vengeance of France. At Verona, the party faithful to the ancient institutions was animated and strong. King Louis XVIII. had lived there a long time, surrounded by emigrants; the inhabitants bore with difficulty the French occupation. A plot was hatched, relations with the Austrians were entered into; a body of Slavonians made their way into the town. General Balland, who commanded the garrison, protested against the arrival of these mercenary troops, who had for a long time composed the army of the Republic of Venice. The fermentation went on increasing; everywhere the peasants assembled in the squares and streets. On Easter Monday (27th April, 1797) the alarm-bell was suddenly heard, as the people were leaving the churches at the conclusion of vespers; in the houses, in the squares, even in the hospitals, the French were massacred. General Balland shut himself up in the citadel and bombarded the town; the municipal authorities attempted to treat, but the fury of the populace was at its height. Two thousand Slavonians had just arrived from Vicenza; the Count of Neipperg was approaching with an Austrian division, when General Chabrand appeared with his troops. Around the place the combat was desperate; the Count of Neipperg had just sent the news of the armistice. The Venetian providitor had disappeared.

The mob was crushed, and it became suppliant; General Kilmaine ordered that the French in the prisons should be set free, that the peasants should quit the town, and that the principal inhabitants should be delivered to him as hostages. At this the magistrates fled; the town remained without government, given up to the ferocious passions of the Slavonians and peasants. The generals hesitated to seize the gates by force; women, children, defenceless prisoners, might pay with their lives a sudden attack. General Victor appearing with his division, the French forces became overwhelming, when the insurgents took fright, and the French were freed; all the reports accused with more or less vehemence the Venetian authorities. Everywhere on the territory of the Republic the French had suffered serious outrages; a great number had been assassinated. At Venice even a vessel entering the port had been fired on, and the captain killed. The explanations of the Senate were embarrassed and timid. "I cannot receive you all covered with French blood," replied Bonaparte; "I will hear you when you have given up to me the three state inquisitors, the commandant of the Lido, and the officer in charge of the police of Venice." A declaration of war, on the 2nd of May, struck terror into the Venetian Republic. Bonaparte employed the right which the Constitution gave him, to reply to hostilities by hostilities; he enumerated the complaints of the French government against the Senate of Venice, whom he accused of having excited all the disorders. "Considering the above-named injuries, and the urgency of circumstances, the general-in-chief requires the minister of France to the Republic of Venice to leave that city. The different agents of the Republic of Venice in Lombardy and the mainland are ordered to quit within twenty-four hours. The generals of division are ordered to treat as enemies the troops of the Republic, and to tear down in all the towns of the mainland the lion of Saint Mark." Already, in the towns which formerly belonged to the Venetian Senate, the magistrates had been driven away, and replaced by a democratic municipality. "When they are confined in their little island, the government of Venice will not last long," the conqueror said. Everywhere disorder reigned, leading to pillage.

Every place, every village, wished to erect itself into a free and independent republic. Revolution was unchained. It was too much for the senile government of the Venetian Senate. It had obtained an armistice of twelve days from the general-in-chief, who had returned from Germany and was again installed at Milan. General Baraguey d'Hilliers, charged to execute his instructions, insisted upon the dissolution of the Senate and the Council of Ten. The democratic party was promised a new constitution; but already, and without waiting the answer to the proposals which they had sent to head-quarters, the Doge Manini and the old patricians, frightened and weary, had resigned the power which was in dispute. Seven hundred and forty-four voices against five had decided that the government of the Republic should be remitted to a commission of ten members agreed to by General Bonaparte. The democrats assembled, and named sixty magistrates; the Slavonians were in insurrection.

It is the nature of revolutionary movements to reveal the contrary currents which are generally hidden under the calm exterior of a regular state. In opposition to the democratic party, the populace of Venice made common cause with the traditional government of the Republic. Supported by the Slavonians, who refused to evacuate Venice, they set up the old Venetian flag, cried "Long live Saint Mark!" and pillaged the houses of the democrats. With the other popular cries they also shouted, "Death to the French!" The struggle took place in the streets; it was bloody, and only ceased when General Baraguey d'Hilliers, at the head of his division, penetrated into the town on the 16th May, at daybreak. During the night he had taken possession of all the passages. The democratic government was formally installed; the Republic of Venice had abdicated into the hands of Bonaparte, and henceforth did not exist. The intrigues attempted with the Directory had failed, and the victor took no notice of the instructions sent from Paris. He reigned and would reign alone over Italy, disposing at his will of the conquered or hostile territories. Already the Cisalpine Republic was formed; Venice, vanquished and dismembered, was destined to submit to a foreign yoke; the aristocratic Republic of Genoa still subsisted, allied to France, and submitting with docility to the wishes of the general-in-chief. Without any real liking for democracy, and naturally an enemy of disorder, Bonaparte knew what support conquest received from revolutionary convulsions; he encouraged secretly the leaders of the democratic club of Genoa. When this club provoked an insurrection, it was around Faypoult, then minister of France, that they sought to group themselves; a popular party supported the Doge and the council. They fought, and several Frenchmen had already been killed; the small French squadron had been refused entrance into the port. General Bonaparte directed a body of troops against Genoa; his aide-de-camp, Lavalette, was charged with a letter which he was to remit to the Doge in full senate.

The usages of the Republic were opposed to a stranger being admitted into the little council. Lavalette, laughing, said, "What would be unprecedented, would be that an order of General Bonaparte should not be executed. I shall go in an hour to the palace, and enter the Senate without thinking of etiquette." When he was introduced into the council-hall every face was gloomy, and the message with which he was entrusted was not of a nature to render them gay. "If in twenty-four hours after the reception of the present letter you have not released all the Frenchmen who are detained in your prisons; if you have not arrested the men who excite the people against the French; if, in fine, you do not disarm a populace who will be the first to turn against you when they know the terrible consequences resulting from the errors into which you have led them, the minister of France will leave Genoa, and the aristocracy will have ceased to exist. The heads of the senators will answer to me for the safety of all the French who are at Genoa, as the entire estates of the Republic will answer to me for their properties."

When Lavalette left, several voices murmured, "*Ci batteremo*" (we will fight); but no one fought, neither the Senate, nor the populace. The French were immediately released, and the insurgents allowed themselves to be disarmed without resistance. For a moment the council refused the arrest of the State inquisitors, and the acceptance of a democratic constitution; the minister of France demanded his passports. Fear became still stronger; three patricians were delegated to the head-quarters of Montebello, to learn the wishes of the conqueror. They brought back a draft of a Constitution, moderate in its form, but which completely ruined the traditional government of the Republic. The people welcomed it with joyful cries; already the revolutionary leaders had burned the Golden Book, and thrown down the statue of Andrew Doria. The general did not allow of their insulting the memory of great men, and ordered the restoration of the statue.

Thus from town to town, and from State to State, by the natural contagion of the principles brought from France, and under the influence, always hidden but always present, of the general-in-chief, the revolution extended in Italy, sapping the foundations of all the governments inimical or allied to the French Republic. The court of Rome was alarmed and agitated, the King of Sardinia felt his power constantly menaced. "The idea of subjecting the States of the king to the revolution of all the north of Italy breaks out on all sides," wrote Miot, the French minister; "this agitation must without doubt be attributed to the political situation of the country, to the neighborhood of the Cisalpine Republic, and the influence of its example." At the same time the Valteline revolted against the republic of the Grisons and demanded to be incorporated with the Cisalpine. "A State cannot be the subject of another State," was General Bonaparte's decision, and he granted the desire of the insurgents. Above all these revolutionary movements which he excited and restrained at the same time, the domination of the all-powerful conqueror increased, without resistance or without protest. An assiduous court surrounded him; Madame Bonaparte was established at Montebello. Everything gave way to his supreme will, except the passions which he had himself unchained. In the midst of the general overthrow his powerful instinct led him to establish principles of order and good administration too often neglected and violated. His lieutenants even sometimes escaped from his influence. From a distance, and under the action of prejudice and jealousy, the Directory often resisted his desires. It was with difficulty that they had accepted the preliminaries of Leoben; the declaration of war against Venice had excited protestations in the council of the Five Hundred; new demands had been put forward with regard to Austria, and the negotiations for a definitive peace did not advance.

Agitation reigned at Paris; a royalist conspiracy had been discovered, without means of action, without a definite scheme, under the management of a former magistrate, Berthelot de la Villeheurnais, an ecclesiastic, the Abbé Brottier, and Duverne de Presle, formerly a musketeer; all obscure intriguers, but nevertheless furnished with powers from "King Louis XVIII." They had also previously made proposals to military chiefs. The Government pursued them with great vigor, the public ministry demanded the penalty of death against them; but the council of war admitted extenuating circumstances, and condemned them to several years of prison. Greater events were preparing. The period was now approaching for the election of the new third of the Legislative Body. The Directory already knew that the elections would be against it; but whatever its contempt for judiciary forms, whatever boldness it had often shown against the laws, it allowed full liberty to the electors. The Council of the Five Hundred refused to listen to the complaints against the disorders which might arise in the electoral assemblies. The same spirit animated the whole of France, and the Conventionals themselves recognized the impossibility of resisting the universal desire of peace, moderation, and a return to a wise liberty, equal for all citizens. In spite of the clamors of the former leaders of the Revolution, the monarchical bias had but little influence on the current of public opinion. A very small number of declared royalists was elected; but everywhere men who had not taken part in public affairs since the 10th of August, the "Moderates," who were known and esteemed, sometimes even declared adversaries of the Directory, were selected by the electors. The candidates of Paris above all bore this character; Quatremère de Quincy, Boissy d'Anglas, Bonnières, had long been leaders of the reactionary party. Camille Jordan and Royer Collard appeared for the first time in the assemblies; both young, the last had been formerly representative of the Commune of Paris; and as under secretary had often courageously protested against the acts he registered. The eloquence of Camille Jordan soon made its mark. The tendencies of the Legislative Body broke out the first day. The Council of Five Hundred appointed as their president General Pichegru, who had been cashiered by the Directory, and suspected of royalism, although his treasons were not yet discovered; the Council of Ancients elected Barbé-Marbois, who was rich and respected, and had formerly been magistrate. One of the Directors had at the same time to be replaced. The lot fell upon Letourneur of La Manche, one of the Moderate party. The Councils named in his place M. Barthélemy, negotiator of the treaties of Bâle, and French minister in Switzerland, more decided in the same direction. His refusal was feared; but Barthélemy accepted, and left immediately for Paris.

It was a resurrection of the Moderates; for a long time accustomed to defeat, they at first wisely profited by it. The first effort tended, and necessarily so, to the reform of the revolutionary legislature. No law weighed in a more arbitrary manner on consciences than the hindrances attached to the liberty of worship; and now that liberty was restored, numerous petitions were addressed to the Legislative Body, which referred them to a commission. Camille Jordan was appointed to draw up the report. He defended faith and religious practices in the name of liberty and justice, as well as for their salutary action and humanity. "For several years," said he, "we have decreed thousands of laws; we have reformed all the codes, and at no time have more crimes ravaged our beautiful country. Why? It is because you have effaced from the heart of the French people that great law which alone teaches the just and the unjust; that law which gives a sanction to all others. Revive this powerful law; give to all kinds of worship the power of appealing to the heart. We no longer have need of so many ordinances and penalties; laws are only a supplement to the morality of the people. The religious sentiment will give to the citizens the courage to die for their country. Ah! I understand why the tyrants who have covered France with tombs strip them of their ceremonies—why they threw with so much indecency the deplorable remains of humanity into the ditch of the cemetery! It was necessary for them that humanity should be despised. They were obliged to stifle generous sentiments, of which the reaction would have been terrible."

Trained in its principles upon the philosophic ideas of the eighteenth century, the Revolution in its decay, had become highly anti-Christian; to demand religious liberty and the reestablishment of public worship was to attack it face to face and in its vital parts. In raising this noble flag, Camille Jordan caused a great irritation among the Conventionals. They were at the same time menaced on a point not less sensitive. The disorder of the finances, the ruinous state of the funds, was boldly denounced by Gilbert Desmolières; he attacked the contracts and the commercial transactions of the Directory, and proposed to secure the public treasury henceforth from all misdemeanors by confiding this administration to commissioners of the treasury formerly appointed by the Constituent Assembly, and appointed by the Legislative Body. The Directory had thus no longer any share in the management of its funds. The insult was striking; the administrative machinery was complicated. After an animated discussion, the Council of Five Hundred voted the law. The next day the minority wished to revoke the decision; so violent a struggle took place, that several deputies came to blows. The Council of Ancients, always the most moderate, rejected the proposition, but the attacks against the executive power became daily more animated and direct. The Alsatian peasants and workmen, who had formerly been allowed by the Convention to enter France, had not all taken advantage of this authorization in the delay that had been accorded them; they now renewed their demands, as well as the fugitives of Toulon, who had been thrown into the fatal category of the emigrants, after the terrorist reaction which followed the 13th Vendémiaire. The

Conventionals pitilessly opposed all indulgence. "The people have proscribed the emigrants in mass," said they; "you have not the right to make a single exception. We will not cease repeating, that for us the general will is the standard of what is just and unjust." The law was, however, voted in spite of the manœuvre of the revolutionary chiefs, who had quitted the hall with the greater part of their partisans.

The same struggle was renewed on the subject of the transported or proscribed priests. While General Bonaparte took under his protection the French priests who had taken refuge in Italy, General Jourdan attacked, in the Council of Five Hundred, the proposition to restore to all ecclesiastics their rights of citizenship. "If revolution constitutes two parties in a state war," said he, "in such a moment laws are made which are just because of the circumstances, and which, in a time of tranquillity and common practice, appear unjust." Royer-Collard, speaking for the only time from the rostrum of the Council of Five Hundred, replied to him: "To the ferocious cry of the demagogues invoking 'boldness,' we oppose the consoling and conquering cry which will resound in all France —'Justice, and still justice, and again justice!'" The law which put an end to the transportation of nonjuring priests was voted by a large majority.

By the side of the noble efforts justly made to repair the criminal errors of the past, attacks inspired by the spirit of party which became more violent from day to day, dug an abyss between the majority of the Directory and the majority of the two Councils. The clubs brought the small support of their accustomed violence; the *Cercle Constitutionnel*, composed in great part of writers sincerely republican, and the club of Clichy, where the deputies alone had the right to enter, rivalled each other in abusive attacks. It was in this last assembly that it was resolved to attack the declaration of war by General Bonaparte against Venice. A deputy of the majority, Dumolard, undertook this duty, in spite of the efforts of the prudent men of his party. The orator affected to throw all the responsibility of the act on the Directory. The general-in-chief had been covered with praise, and did not allow himself to be caught by this bait, which violently excited his anger. "The army receives the principal part of the journals printed in Paris, particularly the worst," wrote he on the 15th of July, to the Directory, "but that produces quite a contrary effect to what they fondly imagine; indignation is at its height; the soldier demands loudly if, as the reward of his fatigues and six years of war, he is on his return to be assassinated in his home, as all patriots are threatened to be. As for me, it is impossible that I can live in the midst of the most hostile passions. The Clichy Club wishes, by marching over my dead body, to arrive at the destruction of the Republic. If there is no remedy to put an end to the woes of the country, to terminate the assassinations and the influence of Louis XVIII., I demand my dismissal."

The proclamations to the army of Italy were not less decided than the appeals to the Directory. "Soldiers," said the general, "I know that you are profoundly affected by the misfortunes which threaten our country, but it does not run any real danger. The same men who have made us triumph over united Europe are still here. The mountains separate us from France; you will cross them with the rapidity of the eagle if necessary to maintain the Constitution, defend liberty, and protect the Government and the republicans. Soldiers, the Government watches over the laws confided to it. The royalists, as soon as they show themselves, are annihilated. Be free from anxiety, and swear by the shades of the heroes who have died by our side for liberty; swear an implacable war against the enemies of the Republic and of the Constitution of the year III."

Addresses to the Directory were signed in all the regiments; that of the division of Augereau was addressed to the soldiers of the interior. It said to the conspirators, "Tremble! your crimes are reckoned up, and the value of them is on the point of our bayonets!"

So much agitation, declared or concealed, caused anxiety to the prudent men, and they made advances to Barras, who was always accessible to all parties, capable of suddenly changing his views by personal interest or by whim. His influence on his colleagues was great, and his voice sufficed to turn the balance in the councils of the Directory. Carnot and Barthélemy, both honest and sincere, without any long-continued or natural intimacy, were necessarily paralyzed by the will of their colleagues. For an instant the Moderates thought themselves certain of the support of Barras, who had promised some modifications in the ministry, and when they were accomplished, the Conventionals triumphed. Merlin of Douai remained at the ministry of justice, and General Hoche was named minister of war. In this nomination were seen some signs of a coming *coup d'état;* already some regiments of the army of Sambre-et-Meuse had received their marching orders for the environs of Paris; Carnot and Barthélemy had not been consulted on the movement of the troops. The questions addressed by the Council of Five Hundred to the Directory asked the reason of the violation of the law which forbade the approach of troops nearer than fifteen leagues to the residence of the Legislative Body. The excuses of the Government were confused. General Pichegru immediately made a proposition for the organization of the National Guard. The warning was given, and the hopes of the Directory faded away. Hoche retired; he was not yet thirty years old, and consequently he had not legally the right to occupy a ministry; sad and discouraged, he returned to his army, his health visibly shaken. Schérer replaced him at the ministry of war. The Directors secretly entered into communication with General Bonaparte.

Bonaparte still hesitated; the parliamentary régime had no charm for him; a Government which had sprung from the Chambers did not offer a place sufficiently high for his ambition. Far from France, living in camps, he was afraid of the royalist reaction, and believed it menacing. He required the Revolution for his personal greatness, as well as for the support of the task at which he had labored for six years; he wished to know the truth as to the state of parties, and sent to Paris Lavalette, his confidential aide-de-camp. This officer belonged by birth to the monarchical party; he saw Carnot as well as Barras. The former was sad, and felt himself powerless; the latter was quite ready to try an enterprise. Lavalette promised him money. The animosity was great between the two factions of the Directory. The letters of the aide-de-camp were unfavorable to the plot which was hatching. Barras had asked that Augereau should be charged with a commission for France. Bonaparte consented, and wrote at the same time to Lavalette: "Augereau goes to Paris, do not give yourself up to him; he has sown disorder in the army; he is a factious man." The impression of the Directors agreed with General Bonaparte's opinion. They wanted a factious man; Augereau was named commandant of the military division of Paris. His vanity increased; he affected a patronizing tone with regard to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy. "He will be a good general," said he, "but he wants experience; I have seen him lose his head more than once."

And when he was asked if it was true that Bonaparte meditated making himself King of Italy, "No, certainly not; he is too well bred a young man for that."

Bonaparte sent Bernadotte to Paris as counterpoise to the Jacobinical ideas of Augereau; Bernadotte was sincerely republican, but his mind was cold and his character calm; like Lavalette, he dissuaded General Bonaparte from taking part in the events then preparing; he verified, not without sadness, the progress of the Moderate party. "I have found the republican spirit cooled," said he; "the counter-revolution is taking place in people's minds; it is said that there is in the Five Hundred a party decided on restoring the royalty; another party meditates a movement against the royalist faction; if it takes place, the commotion will be terrible. Those who have begun it will be unable to direct it amidst these fluctuations. Enjoy your position, general, and do not poison your life by sad reflections. The republicans have their eyes on you; the royalists observe you with respect, and tremble."

General Bonaparte had not pronounced his opinion, and his name was mixed up with the anxious conjectures of the parties; but each day the conviction of a near and pressing danger became more positive in all minds. Provocations alternated with fears; the Moderate party, disarmed beforehand by the military authority, redoubled the violence of their language and parliamentary attacks; several reconciliations had been attempted by the friends of Mme. de Staël, and in her saloon, but failed from the violence of contrary passions. "What guarantee must you have?" said General Mathieu Dumas to Treilhard. "One only," replied the regicide; "mount the rostrum, and declare that had you been a member of the Convention, you would, like us, have voted the death of the king;" and as his interlocutor exclaimed against this, "The match is not equal," said Treilhard; "our heads are at stake."

Indeed the match was not equal, and the Conventionals might be reassured; the tradition of violence, and the means of execution, were equally wanting to their adversaries. In vain the Moderates sought in the guard of the Legislative Body some elements of resistance; in vain several of them conceived bolder projects to forestall the blow of the Directory; their force was dissipated in words, and no unity of action was established between the Council of Five Hundred and the Council of the Ancients. The Directors had known how to gain several important men; Sieyès hoped for the triumph of his long-meditated constitution; Talleyrand had accepted the portfolio of foreign affairs. "The movement so often announced will soon take place," wrote Lavalette on the 31st of August; "the Directory will arrest to-morrow night fifteen or twenty deputies." No one, however, had taken flight. "The Legislative Body has no other resource but to surrender at discretion to the Directory," said Talleyrand. Those who were most threatened still denied the danger. The proclamations had already been printed. Thibaudeau was informed of it on the night of the 17th Fructidor (3rd September), and repaired to General Pichegru. "One of the placards which will be posted in a few hours accuses you of treason, and gives an account of a negotiation which you held with Prince Condé," said he to him. The usual tranquillity of the general was not changed: "I will mount the rostrum to-morrow to give a denial to all that." "But there will be no rostrum to-morrow." "I have never had any relations with Prince Condé," repeated Pichegru. The Directors were not the only persons who knew the secret of his treasons. The general-in-chief of the army of Italy had been informed of them by an emigrant prisoner, Entraigues. The general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine held in his hands a correspondence with the princes seized in an Austrian carriage. Pichegru continued, however, to occupy his place of inspector of the hall of sittings. He was there with General Willot, when at three o'clock in the morning Commandant Ramel, in charge of the guard of the Legislative Body, came to warn him that the Directory ordered him to give up the passage of the Pont-Tournant to the troops ordered to execute the orders of the Government. The palace and garden of the Tuileries were already occupied; a few minutes later, in spite of the resistance of the commandant, the post was forced; the inspectors who were assembled having refused to leave the hall, found themselves shut up in it; the grenadiers of the guard were disbanded. Augereau arrived, surrounded by his staff, men of the most sinister character, who had escaped from the storms of the French Revolution; Rossignol, Santerre, Fournier l'Americain, were by his side. Ramel was arrested. "Why have you not obeyed the orders of the minister of war?" demanded Augereau. "Because I am under the orders of the Legislative Body." "You have made yourself liable to be brought before a council of war and shot. I arrest you." Ramel retired repeating, "I have done my duty." He was insulted and ill-treated by the men who surrounded Augereau. The general interposed:

"Do not kill him," said he; "I promise you he shall be shot to-morrow." Ramel was taken away to the Temple.

Orders had been given to make sure of the two Directors ignorant of and hostile to the *coup d'état*. Carnot had been warned in time; he fled, hid himself, and succeeded in taking refuge in Switzerland. Barthélemy had remained at home. At three o'clock in the morning a guard was placed at his door, and General Chérin shortly entered his apartment. "When I accepted my nomination to the Directory," said Barthélemy to him, "I well knew that it was to sacrifice myself and present myself to the bayonets;" and as Chérin protested, "I know what I ought to expect from a soldier at the orders of the Directory," replied Barthélemy. He wrote to his colleagues to complain of the illegality of his arrest. Barras alone directed all the resolutions; Rewbell became flurried on serious occasions; Révellière-Lépeaux shut himself up at home, and would see no one. Pichegru had just been arrested with the other inspectors in the hall of the Five Hundred. "Here you are, then, general of the vagabonds!" cried the revolutionary officer charged with the execution of the arrest. "Yes," retorted Pichegru, calmly, "when I commanded you." The president of the Council of Ancients, Lafond de Ladébat, having refused to quit his presidential chair, was violently torn from it. Several of the members assembled in the house of Barbé-Marbois; they vainly attempted a demonstration to open their hall; all were arrested, as were the members of the Council of Five Hundred assembled in the house of M. André of the Lozère. "The law is the sword," said the officer who commanded the troops. The prisoners were conducted to the Temple.

Nevertheless the minority of the two Councils, which was favorable to the Directory, was assembled in the hall of the Odéon, and at the School of Medicine; it was to that remnant of the national representation that Barras addressed his message, and the details of the great royalist conspiracy frustrated by the *coup d'état*. "No," said he, "the elect of Blankenburg,* usurping the name of the elect of the people, the emigrants, the chiefs of the Chouans, the chiefs of conspiracy, the men who betrayed their duty in important functions, shall not deprive you of the fruit of your labors. The Legislative Body will know how to make a wise distinction. Do not let your generous sentiments take a direction irregular and ill-considered, otherwise you will lose all the results, if even you do not experience sad consequences, as have oftened happened." At the same time a list of accusation was laid upon the table of the Council of Five Hundred.

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* "Monsieur" then lived at Blankenburg, in the territory of the Duke of Brunswick.

The discussion began on the report of M. Boulay, who had established the principle that the penalty of death should no longer be applied in political matters. "Transportation shall henceforth be the only method for securing the public safety," said he; "it is the penalty which all the irreconcilable enemies of the Republic ought to suffer. This measure is commanded by policy, authorized by justice, admitted by humanity. It is thus that we shall get rid of the emigrants and the priests; the emigrants shall be banished forever; all those who return shall be transported; a place shall be fixed upon where all those shall be transported whose prejudices, pretensions—or to use the true word, existence—is incompatible with republican government."

The conditions of security required by Boulay were already secured; it was to Guiana that the Directory sent its enemies, counting on the climate to be promptly rid of them. Forty-two members of the Council of Five Hundred; eleven members of the Council of Ancients; Cochon de Lapparent, formerly minister of police; the authors of the royalist plot, Laville Heurnois, Brottier, and Duverne de Presle; Generals Pichegru, Miranda, and Morgan; commandant Ramel, the old conventional Mailhe, and Suard of the French Academy; such was the list fixed by the Council of Five Hundred. Several of the representatives were much esteemed for their talents or character, such as Boissy d'Anglas, Barthélemy, Carnot, Siméon, Camille Jordan, Portalis, Barbé-Marbois, Lafond de Ladébat, Tronson du Coudray. At the same time, and to trace at once the line of conduct to be in future adopted by the Directory, the revolutionary legislation formerly modified by the two Councils was renewed with vigor. The emigrants returned to France and who had not quitted the territory within fifteen days were condemned to death; the law which recalled the transported priests was rescinded. The liberty of the press was abolished for a year. The Directory resumed the power of declaring a commune in a state of siege. It was only after two stormy sittings, and under the weight of intimidation, that the Council of Ancients, prudent and moderate even in its mutilated state, at last consented to vote for the propositions addressed to it by the Council of Five Hundred. A new measure affected the editors of reactionary journals, moderate or royalist; forty-two were condemned to transportation, Fontanes being of the number. Almost all had taken flight; those who were arrested were detained at the isle of Oléron. No voice dared henceforth raise itself against tyranny; the liberty of the press as well as that of public speech had disappeared. The Directory thought of completing its number. Merlin of Douai and François of Neufchâteau, minister of the interior, more a scholar than a politician, replaced Carnot and Barthélemy. Propositions had been made to the latter of these. "If you consent to give in your resignation, you shall not be prosecuted," General Chérin had said to him. "I did not wish to be made director," replied the prisoner; "I did not wish to accept that place; this is the first day that I desire to keep it. I entered the Luxembourg with honor, and so I wish to leave it."

Already the convoy of the condemned prisoners had begun its march. The brutality of the subaltern agents aggravated their hardships. In iron cages the men most esteemed by the nation were conducted to the port of embarkation. Madame de Marbois, weak and ill, after having reached Blois with great difficulty to say adieu to her husband, was scarcely admitted to see him for a quarter of an hour. They threatened to fire on the son of Lafond de Ladébat, who had hastened from Paris to embrace his father once more. The most strict orders had been given to the officers commanding the escort, as well as to the captain of the vessel which was to transport the deputies to Cayenne. When they arrived at Sinnamari, the most unhealthy place of all the colony, the commander of the colony replied to the chief of the escort who brought the prisoners to him: "Condemned, do you say? these gentlemen have not been tried." The honest colonist was dismissed. Murinais asked to be lodged as near as possible to the cemetery; he died a few days after his arrival. Tronson du Coudray and Bourdon of the Oise followed very shortly. The Directory had loudly proclaimed that the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor had not cost a drop of blood; but the lives which were slowly extinguished in the pestilential marshes silently protested against this declaration; and the convoy of priests which followed that of the political prisoners was entirely swept away. Eight of the condemned succeeded in escaping; Pichegru and Barthélemy being of the number.

The Directory could not long preserve its illusions on the popularity of its acts of violence. Without journals and without public speakers the great voice of public opinion knows how to make itself heard. In vain did the mutilated Councils rival each other in docility; in vain was the law proposed by Sieyès as to the absolute banishment of all the nobility designed to intimidate those in favor of the past; in vain did General Bonaparte write officially to Augereau and the directors to compliment them on their energy; his real opinion broke out like that of all France. The law against the nobility was shorn and stripped of all real authority; the friends of the general-in-chief of the army of Italy did not scruple to repeat loudly his thoughts. "If Pichegru, Willot, Imbert-Colomès and two or three others, had been accused and brought to the scaffold to expiate their treason; if they had dismissed from their functions Carnot, Barthélemy, and some fifty deputies, keeping them under surveillance in several towns of the interior; there was nothing in that which was not appropriate; they ought to have stopped there. But the supreme magistrates of the Republic, Carnot and Barthélemy, men of great talent and wise opinions; Portalis, Tronson du Coudray, Fontanes; patriots such as Boissy d'Anglas, Dumolard, Murinais, condemned without accusation, without judgment, to perish in the marshes of Sinnamari; to bestow transportation upon a crowd of journalists without real importance, who ought to have been punished only by contempt, is to renew the proscriptions of the triumvirs of Rome or the reign of terror; it is to show themselves more arbitrary and more cruel than Fouquier-Tinville, who, at least, heard the accused and condemned them openly to death!" Lavalette arrived at head-quarters; he had been badly received by the Directors, who were in anxiety at the attitude of Bonaparte. "Firmness would have sufficed," repeated the general; "force when one cannot do otherwise, but when one is the master, justice is better."

Hoche had just died at the age of thirty, worn out before his time by excess of fatigue and pleasures; there was a report that he had been poisoned. The command of the army of the Sambre-and-Meuse was given to Augereau, to which was shortly joined that of the Rhine. Moreau had been called to Paris to explain his secrecy after having discovered the treason of Pichegru. By one of the errors of conduct which more than once disturbed this great general's career, Moreau had made public the crime of his former comrade at the very time when he was a prisoner and proscribed. The vanity of Augereau was increased. He demanded six hundred thousand francs from the military chest of the army of Italy, without giving any reason for his request. He had numerous agents in the regiments to explain and praise the 18th Fructidor. General Clarke, still responsible for the negotiations with Austria, was recalled to Paris. Bonaparte was irritated, and demanded his retirement. "The government acts towards me much as towards Pichegru after Vendémiaire. The condition of my mind requires that I should mix with the mass of citizens. A great power has been confided to my hands for a long time. I have used it, under all circumstances, for the good of the country; so much the worse for those who do not believe in virtue, and who may have suspected mine."

General Bonaparte wished to frighten the Directory, and he succeeded; he wanted all his authority and liberty of action in order to conclude the negotiations with Austria, which recommenced, after having gone on slowly for several months. The conferences which England had accepted, and which had been opened at Lille, on the 4th of July, had been suddenly interrupted; Treilhard and Bonnier had succeeded Maret and Letourneur as French plenipotentiaries; the envoys had demanded the restitution of all the conquests made by England over Holland and Spain. "Have you the powers to restore to the French Republic and its allies all their colonies?" demanded Treilhard. "No," replied Lord Malmesbury. "Well, then, go and find them," the envoy of the Directory arrogantly cried. For the second time the English ambassador received his passports and the order to leave in twenty-four hours. The Directory did not wish for peace, and in his inmost thought Mr. Pitt did not wish it more than the Directory. The revolutionary government of France did not offer any guarantee to Europe, the ambition of its generals as well as its policy disquieted far-seeing minds. Before his death, General Hoche had conceived the project of a Cis-Rhenish republic.

The instructions of the Directory to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy were contrary to the preliminaries of Leoben. "Finish the peace," wrote Barras, "but an honorable peace; let the Rhine be our limit; let Mantua belong to the Cisalpine republic and Venice to the house of Austria." Talleyrand added, "The Directory will not ratify the treaty passed with the King of Sardinia; one of the articles guarantees to this prince the safety of his kingdom; now we cannot give to kings a guarantee against peoples; such an engagement would lead us to make war against the principles for which, up to the present time, we have been fighting. Piedmont will become what it can, between France and Italy, both of which are free."

General Bonaparte had made up his mind. He seriously wished for peace, and did not hide from the Directory the reasons which had decided him. "If your ultimatum is not to include the town of Venice in the Emperor's share, I doubt if peace will be made; hostilities will recommence in the month of October. I shall recall the ten thousand men whom I sent into the interior, and the treaty passed with Sardinia must be ratified, which will give me eight thousand men; in spite of these measures the enemy will still be stronger than myself. If I take the offensive I shall beat him, and in fifteen days after the first shot fired I shall be under the walls of Vienna. If he takes the offensive before me, the result becomes very doubtful.

"But when I approach Vienna, I shall have all the rest of the Austrian forces against me; it is necessary, therefore, that the two armies of the Rhine, united in one, should be in Bavaria to press the enemy between two masses.

"You do not know the Italians; they do not merit that forty thousand Frenchmen should be killed for them. I see by your letters that you start always from a false hypothesis; you imagine that liberty will cause great things to be done by a people who are effeminate, superstitious, haughty, and cowardly. You wish me to do miracles. I do not know how. I have not in my army a single Italian, except fifteen hundred young rogues picked up in the streets of different towns of Italy, who pillage and are good for nothing. The King of Sardinia, with one of his squadrons of cavalry, is stronger than all the Cisalpine united."

Bonaparte did not wait for the ultimatum he asked from the Directory; he had kept near him General Clarke, who was threatened at Paris, and who served him in his negotiations; the emissaries sent him by the directors, and the instructions he received, hastened his measures. The propositions which he had sent to Austria were conciliatory. The Emperor Francis Joseph charged Cobentzel to go to Udine to confer with the general. The emperor wrote: "He is in possession of my greatest confidence, informed of all my intentions, and furnished with the most ample powers. I have authorized him to hear and receive every proposition tending to bring together the two parties after the principles of equity and mutual advantage, and to conclude accordingly."

Cobentzel was very intelligent, and used to diplomatic affairs; he was neither resolute nor bold enough to sustain a struggle with the terrible negotiator who "held peace between his hands," as the Emperor himself said. Afraid and anxious, he discussed and argued vainly, throwing extravagant proposals in the eyes of his interlocutor, and abandoning them soon without obstinacy or anger. "I send you the confidential project which the Count Cobentzel has remitted to me," wrote Bonaparte to Talleyrand; "I have shown him all the indignation you will feel in reading it; I replied to him by the note annexed. In three or four days all will be terminated—peace or war. I confess to you that I shall do all for peace, considering the advanced season and the little hope of doing much."

He had passed in review every department of his army. "There are, it is true, eighty thousand men," said he; "I feed them, I pay them, but I shall not have sixty thousand after a day's fight; I shall win, but I shall have in killed, wounded, or prisoners, twenty thousand men less. How shall I resist all the Austrian forces which march to the succor of Vienna? It will take more than a month for the armies of the Rhine to come to my aid. In fifteen days the snows will block up the routes and the passes. It is all over; I must make peace. Venice will pay the cost of the war, and the limit of the Rhine. Let the Directory and the lawyers say what they will." Then casting a glance on the mountains covered with the snow which had fallen during the night, "Already! before the middle of October!" he repeated. "It is all over; peace must be made."

The negotiations were carried on alternately at Passeriano, which had become the head-quarters of Bonaparte, and in Cobentzel's house at Udine. On the 16th October the Austrian plenipotentiary obstinately refused the line of the Adige. "The Emperor is irrevocably resolved to expose himself to all the chances of war, and even to fly from his capital," said he, "rather than consent to such a shamful peace. Russia offers him her troops; they are ready to hasten to his succor; it will be seen what the Russian troops are. You do not wish for peace; all the blood shed in this new war will be on your head; I set out to-night."

Bonaparte listened silently, resolved to terminate at a single blow the negotiation and the treaty. He rose without speaking, and taking from a table a set of porcelain that the Empress Catherine had formerly given to Cobentzel, he lifted it up in his nervous hands. "Well," said he, "the truce is then broken, and the war declared; but remember that before the end of autumn I shall have crushed your monarchy like this porcelain." The precious cups fell in pieces on the floor, and the general left the room. A few minutes later he had retaken the road to his head-quarters; and an aide-de-camp was left to announce to the Archduke Charles the immediate renewal of hostilities.

This was too much for the resolution of Cobentzel; he was seized with fear, and gave way. Next day, on the 17th October, the Austrian plenipotentiary accepted the ultimatum of General Bonaparte, and the treaty was signed at Passeriano. It bore the date of Campo Formio, a small neutral village situated between Udine and the French head-quarters, too poor to offer a respectable house to the plenipotentiaries. Monge and General Berthier were appointed to carry the treaty to Paris. The Directory accepted at the same time the peace and the imperious will of the conquering general. Talleyrand wrote to him: "Why, then peace is accomplished —a peace á la Bonaparte. The Directory are satisfied, the public enchanted, everything is for the best; we shall hear, perhaps, some grumbling from the Italians, but that is of no consequence. Adieu, general peacemaker, adieu! Friendship, admiration, respect, gratitude; one does not know where to stop in this enumeration!"

The treaty of Campo Formio assured to the French Republic the Austrian Netherlands, the limit of the Rhine, Mayence, and the Ionian Islands. It recognized the Cisalpine Republic, comprehending the Romagna, the Legations, the duchy of Modena, Lombardy, the Valteline, Bergamo, Brescia, and Mantua. Several compensations were stipulated for the Duke of Mondena and the Stadtholder. A congress convoked at Rastatt was to regulate all the questions which concerned the Empire; Austria received Frioul, Istria, Dalmatia, and Venetia. Bonaparte himself was to negotiate at Rastatt. Before signing the treaty, and by a separate convention, the conqueror had stipulated for the liberty of La Fayette and his companions in captivity.

The work was achieved, and the victorious general did not prolong his stay abroad. He had completed the organization of the Cisalpine Republic by giving it a constitution analogous to that of the year III. "Divided and bent down by tyranny for so many years," said he, in saying farewell to the Cisalpines, "you could not have regained your liberty; but soon, were you left to yourselves, no power on earth will be sufficiently strong to take it from you. Up to that time the great nation will protect you against the attacks of your neighbors." The Venetian patriots groaned, but the general did not listen to their appeals. He pursued his triumphal march across Switzerland, everywhere welcomed as the protector and hero of the Revolution. Arrived at Rastatt on the 25th November, he immediately concluded there a military convention. Then leaving to the envoys of the Directory, Treilhard and Bonnier, the care of regulating the difficulties relative to the indemnities and secularizations, he took the road for Paris, where he arrived the 5th December, at his little house in the Rue Chantereine, or Rue de la Victoire, as the public already called it. On the 10th the Directory received the treaty of Campo Formio publicly at the Luxembourg.

The ceremony was magnificent, and cleverly hid from the eyes of the public the differences of opinion that had existed between the general and the directors. An adroitly flattering speech by Talleyrand retraced without exaggeration the glorious services of the victor of Italy to do honor to the genius of the Revolution. Bonaparte replied by a few simple and serious words. "Citizen directors," said hé, "the French people to be free, had to combat with kings; to obtain a constitution founded on reason it had eighteen centuries of prejudices to vanquish; you and the constitution of the year III. together, have triumphed over all obstacles. Religion, feudalism, and royalty, have successively, during twenty ages, governed Europe, but the peace you have just concluded begins the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose vast territory is only circumscribed because nature has herself placed limits to it.

"I have the honor to remit to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio and ratified by his majesty the Emperor.

"The peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the Republic. When the happiness of the French people shall be seated on the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will become free."

Unanimous cheering drowned the last words; and the immense crowd, which had not heard the speech, hailed with transport the author of peace. Two generals, Joubert and Andréossy, advanced at the same time, accompanied by the sounds of the choirs from the Conservatoire, carrying the flag which the Directory presented to the army of Italy. An inscription covered its tri-colored silk: "The army of Italy has made a hundred and fifty thousand prisoners; it had taken one hundred and sixty-six flags, five hundred and fifty pieces of siege artillery, six hundred field-pieces, five bridge equipages, nine vessels, twelve frigates, twelve corvettes, eighteen galleys.—Armistices with the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope, the Dukes of Parma and Modena.—Preliminaries of Leoben.—Convention of Montebello with the republic of Genoa. —Treaties of peace of Tolentino, of Campo Formio.—Liberty given to the peoples of Bologna, of Ferrara, of Modena, of Massa-Carrara, of Romagna, of Lombardy, of Brescia, of Bergamo, of Mantua, of Cremona, of a part of the Véronais, of Chiavenna, of Bormio, and of the Valteline; to the people of Genoa, to the imperial fiefs; to the peoples of the departments of Corcyra, of the Egean Sea and of Ithaca.—Sent to Paris the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, of Guerchino, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Correggio, of Albano, of the Carrachi, of Raphael, of Leonardo da Vinci, &c.—Triumphed in eighteen pitched battles: Montenotte, Millesimo, Mondovi, Lodi, Borghetto, Lonato, Castiglione, Roveredo, Bassano, Saint-Georges, Fontana-Niva, Caldiero, Arcole, Rivoli, Favorite, Tagliamento, Tarwis, Neumark.—Fought sixty-seven combats."

When Bonaparte had received the flag which had been presented to him, as well as to Augereau, on the day after the battle of Arcola, he sent it to Lannes with these words:—"The Legislative Body give me a flag in remembrance of the battle of Arcola. On the field of Arcola there was a moment when the uncertain victory required all the courage of the chiefs. Wounded in three places and covered with blood, you quitted the ambulance, resolved to conquer or die. I saw you constantly on that day, in the foremost rank of the brave. It is with you as much as any one—one who, at the head of the "infernal column," arrived first at Dego, passed the Po and the Adda—it is with you should be deposited this honorable flag, which covers with glory the grenadiers you have constantly commanded."

It was thus that General Bonaparte distributed to his comrades in glory the honors bestowed on himself, as if already so certainly assured of the foremost rank that all rivalry with him was impossible. Modest and reserved in his behavior, he rarely appeared in public; even at that time he was always dressed in that costume of the Institute which he received on accepting the membership of which Carnot had been violently deprived. He watched, however, attentively the procedure of the Directory, so jealous and suspicious of his glory as well as of his ambition. A large army was prepared on the coasts, destined, it was said, to effect a descent upon England. Bonaparte had been named general-in-chief of it; Desaix was chosen as his chief of staff—an appointment which he owed to the friendship of Bonaparte. On mature reflection, Bonaparte thought that this invasion on the English coasts was impossible, and the means prepared for it absolutely insufficient. But he had already conceived another project more serious, he thought, more bold and more seductive to an imagination always adventurous in spite of its coldness; only by his most intimate friends had he ever been heard to speak of it. It seemed as if the general had concentrated all his faculties upon the expedition against England; he visited the coast from Étaples to Walcheren, collecting information, from fishermen and smugglers, and examining the creeks and rocks. "It is too risky a cast of the dice," said he, on returning; "I will not hazard it; I have no desire to gamble thus with the destiny of France." Seven years later, master of all the resources of a settled government, the difficulties of the enterprise were once more to triumph over his passionate caprice. In 1805, in order to avenge himself upon the rebel elements, he was compelled to make an onslaught upon Germany. In 1798 he turned his thoughts towards the East.

"I don't want to remain here," he had already said; "there is nothing to do; they won't listen to anything; I see that if I stay here I shall soon be exhausted. Everything here is used up; already, I have no more glory to win. This little Europe does not furnish enough of it; I must go to the East—the birthplace of highest glory. If the successful issue of a descent upon England appears doubtful, as I fear it is, the army of England will become the army of the East, and I therefore go to Egypt."

Another mind as large as that of Bonaparte, although less practical than his, had formerly conceived the same thought. Leibnitz said to Louis XIV. when in arms against the Dutch, "It is not in their own country, sire, that you will be able to conquer these republicans; you could not cross their dikes, and you would range all Europe on their side. It is in Egypt that you must strike them. There you will find the true road of the commerce of India; you will take away this commerce from the Dutch, you will assure the perpetual dominion of France in the Levant; you will make all Christendom rejoice; you will fill the world with astonishment and admiration. Europe, far from leaguing against you, will unite in applauding you."

Louis XIV. knew how to avenge himself upon the Dutch without permitting himself to be led away by the imposing and chimerical scheme of Leibnitz; the Directory refused to be influenced by the reasons that appeared to be so convincing to General Bonaparte. The long precarious state of the Ottoman Porte; the importance of Egypt to the English, and in consequence to France; the facilities that would be found for seizing upon the island of Malta—such were the arguments and the hopes which this powerful and fruitful mind passed in turns before the eyes of the hesitating and suspicious Government. The war broke out again, and the French Republic found in Switzerland and in Italy that Bonaparte was not the only oppressor of the national liberties which he professed to enfranchise. The Emperor became alarmed, and the English minister said in Parliament, "There is no peace possible with the Republic."

General Berthier had been put in command of the army of Italy, and Joseph Bonaparte represented France at Rome. The French revolutionists and the Italian Democrats had never given up the idea of overthrowing the papal power, hostile to all their principles, irreconcilable with all their hopes. The people of the Roman States were excitable, the Government marked by many abuses. The ambassador strove to moderate the growing excitement. On December 28th an attempt at insurrection, easily repressed, resulted in a number of insurgents forcing their way even into the Corsini Palace, the residence of Joseph Bonaparte; a certain number of French artists took part in it. The ambassador appeared, and with him his attachés and General Duphot, young and already distinguished in the war in Italy, and betrothed to the sister-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte. A contest having begun between a patrol of cavalry, who had entered the court of the palace in pursuit of the fugitives, Duphot and a few other military men threw themselves between the contending parties, when Duphot was killed. Although the papal troops withdrew, firing was still heard in the streets. The anger and natural sorrow of the ambassador grew into irritation and alarmed the Roman

Revolutionists. He demanded his passports, refusing the explanations of the Papal Government, and retired to Florence. Cacault, the French Minister, well informed as to the state of affairs at Rome, on receiving him said: "I foretold this to you; if you had not received in your house the Revolutionists that I have constantly driven from mine, all this would not have happened. It is his own fault that General Duphot has been killed. After all, we wanted a pretext against Rome, and now we have one."

Already General Berthier had received orders to march on Rome. He was not, and he felt that he was not, a suitable man for revolutionary enterprises. Naturally honest, sincerely devoted to his duties, without the initiative spirit, in spite of his indefatigable activity, he had conjured Bonaparte to release him from so arduous a task. "I ask you as a favor to withdraw me from my command; I only accepted it because you proposed it to me, and under the supposition that it would only last a month. I have always told you I wanted to get away from revolutions; four years in America and ten in France are quite enough. I will fight as a soldier as long as my country has enemies to fight against, but I do not wish to mix myself up with revolutionary politics." Still he advanced, obedient as ever, without well understanding what was the mission entrusted to his charge. "The troops are barefoot, I have not a half-penny, and the generals are thinking of nothing but getting back to France; the result is a disorganization disastrous to important operations. However, I shall act in such a way that our vengeance shall be without blemish, that is to say without pillage." Neither Austria nor Naples consented to intervene between the Court of Rome and the French Republic. The Pope made an attempt at resistance, confining himself to measures for the maintenance of good order; prayers were ordered in all the churches. "I reached Rome this morning," wrote General Berthier to Bonaparte, on February 10th, 1798. "I find in this country nothing but the most profound consternation, and not a glimmer of the spirit of liberty. One solitary patriot has presented himself to me, and has offered to set at liberty 2000 convicts; you may judge how I received him. I think that military operations have become superfluous, and that there is more need here of negotiators. I consider my presence useless. I reiterate the request that I have already made to you to recall me beside you." On the same day, without a thought about the instructions of the

Directory or of the commissioners sent him, the general granted to the Pope a capitulation. Pius VI. refused to quit Rome, and a detachment of 500 men was told off to guard his person. Five days later a mob of Revolutionists betook themselves to the Vatican, shouting, "Long live the Republic; down with the Pope!" A numerous crowd collected in the forenoon; the Roman Republic was proclaimed. According to the instructions of the Directory, the general-in-chief remained a spectator of the movement, long prepared by the action of France, and encouraged or sustained by the presence of French troops. "You will employ all your influence to organize the Roman Republic, avoiding, however, anything that would ostensibly show that you were acting by the orders of the government." The Sacred College, like the Pope, bowed their heads before the doom which they had foreseen; fourteen cardinals were present at the *Te Deum* which was solemnly sung to celebrate the proclamation of the Republic. It was again to General Bonaparte that Berthier rendered an account of his conduct towards the new Republic. "The French army has shown itself, and Rome is free. The assembled people of this great capital have declared their independence and resumed their rights. A deputation waited on me, and at the capitol I recognized the Roman Republic in the name of the French Republic. The deputies presented me with a crown in the name of the Roman people. I told them, in receiving it, that it belonged to General Bonaparte, whose exploits had paved the way for liberty, and that I received it for him."

The Pope's presence at the Vatican, and the maintenance of religious ceremonies, were too much for the revolutionary and anti-Christian passions of the Directory. Peremptory instructions were at once issued. "The so-called capitulation with reference to the Pope, decreed by General Berthier, is annulled. General Berthier will at once arrest the Pope and his household, and transport them immediately to Portugal in a vessel with a flag of truce. He will likewise send away by sea, from the territory of the Roman States, all cardinals and priests who formed part of the Roman Government; he will have them landed upon the territory of the Two Sicilies. He will form at once a provisional government, and will take measures, in concert with the commissioners of the Directory, to establish a definitive government without delay." At the same time General Masséna received orders to march on Rome and take command of the army, henceforth divided into two corps. The Revolution was triumphant at Rome. The Pope refused to choose a place of residence or to hoist the tri-colored cockade. "I know," said he, "no other insignia than those with which the Church has decorated me; my body is at your mercy, my soul belongs to God. I acknowledge the hand which strikes down the flock and the shepherd; I worship it, and am resigned. You offer me a pension; I have no need of it. A sack to cover myself, and a stone upon which to rest my head, are all I need. It is enough for an old man who wishes to end his days in penitence." And as they still insisted upon his decision to set out: "I am old and very infirm," said Pius VI.; "I cannot forsake my people and my duties; I wish to die here." "One can die anywhere," roughly replied Haller, the treasurer of the army. On the night of February 20th, the Pope was removed from the Vatican and conducted to Sienna. Tossed about from one place of exile to another, Pius VI., arrived fifteen months later at Valencia (14th July, 1799), where at length he died on August 29th, indomitably calm and firm. A will more powerful than that of the Directory was to seek in vain to crush his successor.

Rome, meanwhile, was a prey to the most violent disorder; since the iron hand and indefatigable vigilance of the general-in-chief had ceased to restrain pillage, frightful extortions were everywhere practised upon the municipalities and the inhabitants. The generals and the commissioners grew rich, whilst the troops remained without pay, without clothing, and almost without food. Already military insurrections had taken place at Cremona and Mantua. From the moment when General Masséna received the command, sedition of the gravest character manifested itself in Rome. He was accused of an insatiable avarice, in sad contrast to the heroism of his martial conduct. An assembly of officers protested against the appointment of the new general, and solicited Berthier not to yield up his command. The soldiers complained of the exactions committed in the name of the army, without its obtaining even the pay that was due. Berthier was no longer in Rome; Masséna was obliged to retire to Monte Rosso. He quitted this refuge for a moment, to repress at the head of his troops an insurrection of the Roman people. But the irritation of the army could not be appeased; already Gouvion St. Cyr was on the way to take the command. The entire army of Italy was replaced under the orders of Berthier. Three hundred officers had signed the protest against Masséna; only twenty-one were arrested and sent to the castle of St. Angelo, and these in the end disavowed their signatures. The Directory was neither powerful nor bold enough to act with vigor against the army, the only support of its tottering authority, and hence the sedition went unpunished. As General Gouvion St. Cyr was beloved and esteemed by the soldiers, order was re-established—always precarious in the army when amongst a conquered people. The commissioners of the Directory—Monge, Florent, Faypoult, and Daunou—were weighed down by the difficulties of their task; their money was growing scarce. "Our resources are almost nothing," wrote Berthier; "Rome is poor in cash, and we must have money to provide us with food, and to sustain its new government. There are 50,000 beggars in the city." So great was the disorder in the Cisalpine Republic.

In Switzerland, under the influence of revolutionary principles, at the instigation of Mengaud, recently minister of France, the inhabitants of the territories subject to some of the cantons, especially those under Vaud, were agitating with a view to cast off the yoke. The leaders of this movement had reasons for counting upon the support of the Directory. Ochs, a wealthy and important citizen of Basle, and Colonel Laharpe, an advocate of Vaud, formerly preceptor to the Grand Dukes Alexander and Constantine of Russia, had entered into relations with the Government of the French Republic. A new constitution, reuniting all the cantons under a central power, was communicated to the members of the Directory, who approved it. They declared, on December 28th, 1797, that the French Republic supported the protests that were being raised against the sovereignty of Berne and Fribourg. At the same time a corps of French troops took possession of the territory of Bienne, a dependency of the Bishop of Basle, long claimed by France. The resolutions passed by the Diet assembled at Aarau were not executed. The Revolution successively gained all the cantons; everywhere a democratic constitution was proclaimed. But in vain did the patriots think it was thus possible to avoid the intervention of the French Republic. Under pretext of sustaining the insurrection of the canton of Vaud, General Mesnard established his head-quarters at Lausanne. In spite of the protests of the Great Council of Berne, General Schauenbourg, with seventeen thousand men, left the army of the Rhine, and advanced towards the frontiers of Soleure; General Brune had just been named commander-in-chief of the army in Helvetia. In the conferences which he immediately opened at Basle, and afterwards at Payerne, the general was able to convince himself that the contagion of the French Revolution had not communicated itself to the whole of Switzerland. The old Helvetian patriotism, and passionate attachment to the Catholic faith, still existed amongst the mountains of the smaller cantons; under the direction of the Bernese aristocracy, resistance was organized. Political dissensions, and the illusions carefully kept up by General Brune as to the ulterior designs of the Directory, enfeebled the resources and hindered the operations of Erlach, entrusted with the command of the Swiss troops; the Bernese army was beaten at the passage of the Sénie by General Schauenbourg. Erlach shared the same fate at Fraubrunnen; he gave way, only to perish in the retreat, under the attack of peasants who accused him of treason. The same danger menaced the advocate Steiger, the heroic defender of Swiss liberty, in spite of his great age. The French generals, established in Berne, proudly acknowledged the courage of which their adversaries had given proof. "It is an admirable thing," said Schauenbourg, "that troops who have not made war for two centuries should have been able to sustain five consecutive combats, and that they should be with difficulty driven from one post, only to be found holding and defending another." "Knowing Switzerland to be a nursery of soldiers, and its cities vast barracks," wrote Brune to General Bonaparte, "I have everything to dread from outpost skirmishes. I have kept them off by negotiations that I know not to be sincere on the part of the Bernese; at length, taking my resolution, I have executed it with a celerity that assures it success."

Scarcely had he entered Berne, when General Brune proclaimed the Democratic Constitution. It had been everywhere circulated in Switzerland, and the insurgent canton accepted it without resistance. The smaller cantons were passionately attached to the traditional régime of their country, and loudly declared against the uniform constitution. At one time Brune was authorized to form in Switzerland three Republics—Helvetia, Rhodania, and Tellguria; but the intrigue for unity caused this project to fall through. Brune was sent into Italy, after having been compelled to proclaim the unity of the Helvetic Republic. It was after long and furious combats testified to the patriotic obstinacy of the mountaineers, that they were at last reduced to silence. In the month of May, 1798, the new Constitution, constructed upon the model of that of France, was already in vigorous action. Geneva was united to France, and the free city of Mulhouse shared the same fate. The treasures, slowly amassed by the careful administration of the cantonal or federal councils, were confiscated to the use of the French Republic; the protection of the Directory assumed the position, and claimed the rights, of conquest. A French commissioner named Rapinat, brother-in-law of Rewbell, caused the seals placed upon its treasuries and storehouses by the cantonal authorities to be removed; heavy fines were imposed on old and rich families accused of having provoked the war; requisitions in kind were exacted from the cities. The exactions became so enormous, and the proceedings of Rapinat so violent, that the Directory found itself compelled to recall him. An alliance offensive and defensive was concluded between the Helvetic and French Republics (August 19th, 1798). Two great military roads traversing the Swiss territory opened to the French armies the road to Germany and Italy; the Italian baliwicks had been annexed to the Cisalpine Republic. Thus were developed round the French Republic cities allied or subject. The Batavian Republic continued to be agitated by grave interior dissensions; in Holland, as in Switzerland, attachment to the past contended with democratic passions and infection. The old Dutch patricians, like the partisans of the house of Orange, were antagonistic to the united government established by the Revolution and the arms of France. Frequently contradictory *coups d'état* had agitated the new Republic; everywhere France was compelled to use its preponderating power to protect the fragile and precarious work of its policy. The conferences of the congress of Rastatt remained ineffective. In vain was General Bernadotte sent as ambassador to Vienna, and Sieyès to Berlin; the illustrious member of the Convention exercised no influence upon the Prussian cabinet, and lived in isolation, a stranger, and suspected by his colleagues of the *corps diplomatique.* Contrary to the usage of foreign powers at Vienna, Bernadotte, under the order of the Directory, had insisted on hoisting the tricolored flag before the gate of his palace; a mob tore it down, and kept the ambassador besieged for some time. Bernadotte demanded his passports and quitted Austria. The counsel of General Bonaparte was sought. "If you were wishing for war," said he to the Directory, "you might as well have prepared for it independently of the adventure of Bernadotte. It was not necessary to send your troops into Switzerland, into Southern Italy, and upon the shores of the ocean; these measures indicated that you counted upon peace. Bernadotte has essentially erred. In declaring war, you will play the game of England. Be sure that Austria will give you every satisfaction." He offered at the same time to repair to Rastatt to negotiate, but the Directory dreaded his influence, preponderant in diplomatic councils as at the head of armies. It had recognized the advantages which the expedition to Egypt offered to remove a servant who threatened to become a master. Orders were given to General Bonaparte to set out for Toulon. For a moment he hesitated to quit Europe. The ill-feeling evinced towards him by the Directory had touched him to the quick. He spoke of sending in his resignation. Rewbell handed him a pen. "Write," said he. "Do you wish to retire from the service? The Republic will lose in you a brave and clever general, but she has still children who will not abandon her." Merlin of Douai tore up the paper.

"It is all over," said Bonaparte, on getting home. "I have tried everything with them, but they don't want me. It might be necessary to overthrow them and make myself king, but it will not do to think of that yet. The nobles would never consent to it; I have tried how the land lies. The pear is not yet ripe; I should be alone; it is necessary to dazzle this country a while longer."

Barras had formerly spoken of this question to the conqueror of Italy, in the hour of his triumph. "They wanted to make me King of Italy or Duke of Milan," said Bonaparte; "but I don't think of anything of that sort in any country." "You do well not to think of it in France," replied the other, lately become a director of the Republic, "for if the Directory were to send you to the Temple to-morrow, there would not be four persons to oppose it." On May 3, 1796, General Bonaparte set out for Toulon.

It was only on May 19 that the fleet put to sea under the orders of Admiral Brueys. It included thirteen French and two Venetian ships of the line, fourteen Venetian or French frigates, and four hundred transport vessels. Fifty thousand men embarked, roused and excited by the proclamation of their general:—

"Soldiers,

"You are one of the wings of the army of England. You waged war amongst the mountains, on the plains, and in besieging cities. It remains for you to wage war upon the seas.

"The Roman legions, that you have many times imitated, but not yet equalled, fought against Carthage, time after time, upon the sea and on the plains of Zama. Victory never forsook them, because they were constantly brave, patient to endure fatigue, well disciplined, and united amongst themselves.

"Soldiers! the eyes of Europe are upon you. You have great destinies to fulfil, battles to engage in, dangers and fatigues to overcome; you will do more than you have yet done for the prosperity of your country, the welfare of mankind, and your own glory.

"Soldiers, sailors—infantry, artillery, cavalry—be united! Remember that in the day of battle you have need of one another.

"Soldiers, sailors, you have been hitherto neglected! To-day the greatest solicitude of the Republic is for you; you will be worthy of the army of which you form part.

"The genius of Liberty, which from the moment of its birth has made the Republic the arbiter of Europe, wills also that it become the arbiter of the seas and of the most distant nations."

The soldiers were as yet ignorant of their destination; England was equally ignorant, and the Mediterranean was free. Nelson had received orders to reinforce the blockade of Cadiz, and to cruise before Toulon. Tempests drove him away towards the isles of Saint-Pierre; when he reappeared upon our coasts, the divisions sent from Civita Vecchia and Ajaccio had already set sail for Malta. On June 9th they were joined by the chief squadron before that island.

The brilliant days of the order of the Hospitallers had come to an end. Torn by intestine dissensions, alternately under French or German domination, the Knights had recognized as their protector the Emperor Paul I. of Russia. In the imaginations of his mad brain, the czar had even conceived the design of appointing himself Grand Master. Count Homspech, then at the head of the order, was old and feeble; he had not been willing to believe in the information given by the Bailiff of Schenau after the congress of Rastatt, that the Directory had designs on the island of Malta. When the immense squadron appeared in sight, and General Bonaparte demanded leave to enter the roadstead, disorder seized on all minds and all councils. The preparations for defence confusedly attempted by the Knights were hindered by the people of the island, who cried "Treason!" The entry to the ports was denied to the French fleet, and already preparations were made for disembarkation and attack. Vessel after vessel was ranged in position, heightening the fright and confusion. The general sent to the French consul a letter addressed to the Grand Master, announcing his intention of taking by force that which the order of the Hospitallers refused to humanity. At the same time the commander of Bosredon gave in his resignation, declaring to the Grand Master that he had made a vow to fight against Turks and not against the French. He was immediately sent to prison. Already Generals Desaix, Baraguey d'Hilliers, and Vaubois had carried the redoubts and landed. The populace took refuge in the city of Valetta.

The municipal authorities made known to the Grand Master that they were about to ask for a suspension of hostilities from Bonaparte; the Knights were furious in abuse, threatening to have the officials hanged. "Robbers and assassins are hanged," said the delegates, boldly, "but deputies of the nation are usually heard." Ferdinand de Homspech yielded to the fear of a popular rebellion against order. The Dutch consul was requested to ask for a suspension of hostilities; the commander of Dolomieu, a member of the order, and who took part in the scientific expedition attached to the French Army, went to impress on the general the arguments in favor of clemency. Bonaparte never had any intention of using rigor. The plenipotentiaries soon presented themselves on board Bonaparte's vessel. "You do well to come, gentlemen," said he; "the bombardment was just going to begin." The island of Malta was officially ceded to the French Republic, the Knights forswearing all alliance with Russia. . "They would never have consented," they declared "to pass under the power of a schismatical prince." "Be that as it may," said General Bonaparte, "we have prevented it." He treated generously the Grand Master and the French knights, whose pensions were assured to them. The general promised to use his good offices with the Powers of Europe to insure the same advantages to other members of the order. Forty-four knights elected to serve in the army of France.

General Bonaparte entered the city of Valetta amidst the irritation of the people. He coldly received the Grand Master, who was to quit the island promptly. The place was so strong that the military men were astonished at its having been so miserably defended. "It was lucky for us that there was

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some one here to open the gate to us," said General Caffarelli; "without that, we should not have got in."

Eight hours later, on June 19th, the French squadron again put to sea, leaving the new government of the island under the direction of General Vaubois. The prisoners had been set free, embarking in great numbers on board the fleet, or restored to their native countries; thirty old or invalid knights alone remained at Malta, for the most part employed in the service of France. The English, Russian, and Portuguese merchandise was seized, and the Order of Malta was abolished. This was the third ancient and time-honored government destroyed, since the peace of Campo Formio, by the French Revolution, without provocation and without any pretext but the instinct of conquest. At the same time Nelson arrived at Naples, pursuing the enemy that had escaped him. A thick fog enveloped for a time our fleet; upon this great highway of the seas, where ships encounter each other so often, the two fleets cruised without perceiving each other. Nelson arrived at Alexandria before the French vessels; turning to pursue them, he set sail towards the Dardanelles. Bonaparte appeared before Alexandria July 1st, 1798.

He hurried forward the disembarkation, as he foresaw the return of the English. A sail appeared on the horizon. The general thought he saw the advanced guard of the English fleet. "Fortune," he cried, "thou art forsaking me. What! not even five hours!" The tri-colored flag was recognized: only five thousand men had landed; the weather was bad, and they were not able to disembark the horses. Heedless of the gathering night, Bonaparte set out on foot for Alexandria, at the head of his troops. General Caffarelli, with his wooden leg, accompanied him boldly across the sands. "Caffarelli fears nothing," said the soldiers; "he has always one foot in France." They arrived before Alexandria at the break of day.

The ancient city of Alexandria was in ruins, and served as a habitation for a few Arabs; the new city, rich and commercial, was scarcely defended, and Bonaparte was soon master of it. Kléber, wounded during the assault, was entrusted with the command of the garrison. The great bulk of the army pushed forward across the sands to march on Cairo.

The capital of Egypt was protected by the army of the Mamelukes, formerly constituted by the Ottoman Porte as a guard for the pacha entrusted with the government of Egypt.

They had become the masters of the country, without any consideration for the sultan or for his representatives. The Mamelukes, to the number of twelve or thirteen thousand, waited on, like the ancient knights, by Arabian men-at-arms, obeyed only their chiefs or beys. The most powerful amongst these beys was Ibrahim, then charged with the administration of the interior, and Murad, who directed the military affairs. The Coptic population obeyed the Mamelukes, and devoted themselves to commerce. The Arabs, numerous and considerable, were kept in angry subjection. From the first, Bonaparte discerned this animosity of the two races. He addressed himself to the Arab sheiks, announcing his design of overthrowing the tyranny of the Mamelukes. Everywhere his proclamation called upon the Arabs to place themselves under his protection. "People of Egypt," said he, "they tell you that I am come to destroy your religion; do not believe them; tell them that I am come to restore you your rights, to punish the usurpers; and that I respect, more than the Mameluke, God and his prophet and the Koran. Is it not we who have destroyed the Pope, who said it was necessary to make war against Mussulmans? Is it not we who have destroyed the Knights of Malta, because those madmen believed that God willed them to make war against the Mussulmans? Thrice happy those who are on our side! Happy even those who remain neuter! But woe, threefold woe, to those who shall arm for the Mameluke, and fight against us! God has cursed them as usurpers and tyrants. Is there a beautiful piece of land, it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there a beautiful slave, a fine horse, or a grand house, it belongs to the Mamelukes. If Egypt is their domain, let them show the charter by which God has given it to them. God is just and pitiful to the people; He has ordained that the empire of the Mamelukes should end."

The soldiers had received the instructions of their general, and whilst laughing in their sleeves, conformed to the tolerance which he exacted from them with regard to Islamism. Indifferent to all religious faith, they contemplated with some astonishment the signs of Mussulman piety. Their courage and their patience were at once put under proof. In the midst of a country foreign to their habits and manners, isolated in the bosom of an immense population that might at any moment become hostile, they traversed, without stores or wagons, a vast desert which refused them even a drop of water, for all the wells had been destroyed by the Arabs. The officers themselves were irritated and discouraged; only the general-in-chief, unconquerable and indefatigable, animated his army by his powerful will. They arrived at the banks of the Nile, and the sight of it revived the energies of his soldiers. The appearance of a small body of the enemy near the village of Chebreiss still further reanimated their courage. "A little disheartened by fatigue, as always happens when one has enough of glory," said Bonaparte, "I find the soldiers admirable under fire." The Mamelukes, led by Murad Bey, dashed in vain against our immovable columns; they retired to join the Turkish army on the heights of Cairo. Ten thousand Mamelukes were assembled there for the defence of the capital.

Already were seen the golden minarets of Cairo, and in the far distance, to the right, the ancient pyramids, the imperishable work of Hebrew slaves. The strong imagination of Bonaparte was struck by the sight. "Soldiers," he cried, pointing to them with his hand, "remember that from the summits of those monuments forty centuries look down upon you!" Beside the general marched the illustrious savants who accompanied him, as bold and as indefatigable as himself. The troops had conceived a great respect for them since the combat of Chebreiss. Monge and Berthollet, who were the first attacked on the flotilla, had given proof of an heroic calm. Upon the left bank of the Nile, opposite Cairo, Murad Bey waited for the invaders of the East. He had entrenched himself in the village of Embabeh; the fellahs and the janissaries defended the ramparts; the Mamelukes were spread out between the river and the pyramids.

The French army was formed into five squares, each consisting of one division. The bayonets sparkled in the sun like an insurmountable wall; when the Mamelukes precipitated themselves upon it for the attack, orders had been given to wait for the assault and fire all together. From division to division, from fortress to fortress, the terrible squadrons, successively repulsed, began to fall into disorder. The janissaries and the fellahs had gone away before them; they were attacked by two French divisions. Embabeh was captured. The Mamelukes took flight, after setting fire to their camp, and to the barques that carried their riches. The battle of the Pyramids was gained; the soldiers set themselves to rob the dead, collecting rich spoils with ease. The sheiks opened the gates of Cairo to the vanquishers, and Bonaparte established himself in the palace of Murad Bey.

It was the powerful instinct of the new master of Egypt to organize immediately the administration of his conquests. Assured of the support of the sheiks, the Mamelukes driven into Syria or Upper Egypt, he constituted a council or divan composed of the principal inhabitants of Cairo, which were to receive delegates from all the cities. He took part in the national fête of the rupture of the Nile dyke at the moment of the annual inundation. Lastly he established among the savants who accompanied him an Institute of Egypt, charged to find what progress modern discovery could impart to the ancient civilization of the East. The Pacha of Cairo had retired with Ibrahim Bey to Belbeys; Bonaparte assured him, as well as the other pachas, of the intimate relations between France and the Sublime Porte. "The Sultan has no other ally in Europe," he said.

Circumstances were combining to give him a cruel disappointment, and strike a terrible blow at the sparkling edifice of his success. On quitting Alexandria, Bonaparte had charged Admiral Brueys with the care of the fleet. Large vessels could not enter into the port of Alexandria: the admiral fixed his broadsides to command the Bay of Aboukir, assured, as he believed, that he had taken up a position which would not permit the enemy to cut in between him and the shore. He did not detach his light ships to act as scouts to keep watch for the English fleet. Nelson suddenly appeared without our sailors having received any warning of his approach.

The English vessels were smaller than ours. Nelson risked the manœuvre that Admiral Brueys judged impossible. "If we succeed, what will the world think of it?" said the flag captain to Nelson. "There is no 'if' in the matter," replied Nelson; "we shall succeed; but as to knowing whether we shall survive to tell it, that is another affair." (August 1.)

One English ship ran aground, a second was compelled to lower its flag; but the intrepid obstinacy of the English admiral bore its fruit; the French line was turned, and Brueys found himself placed between two fires. He had been grievously wounded without consenting to quit the deck of his vessel; a cannon-ball laid him low. A few moments later the admiral's ship was on fire, and the "Orient" blew up with a most appalling explosion. The "Franklin" and the "Tonnant" were fighting beside it: Admiral du Chayla, wounded, reviving after a long swoon, cried, "Why are you no longer firing?" "There are only three cannons more!" "Keep on firing to the last cannon.

ball." The captain of the "Petit-Thouars" had lost both legs; fixed on end in a barrel of bran, he still directed the firing, but a cannon-ball carried away his arm, and he fell. "Never surrender," he murmured, in dying. When the "Tonnant," dismasted and cast on its side, was captured by the English; the tricolor flag still floated on its yards; corpses alone covered the deck.

So many heroic efforts had not been able to save the French fleet. The right wing alone, under Admiral Villeneuve, had not taken part in the combat, and it set sail for France. The English squadron had suffered greatly. Nelson was wounded, and had refused to allow his wounds to be dressed. "In my turn," said he, "when you have finished with these brave men." He directed his course towards the Bay of Naples, where he was saluted by the applause of the court, every day more frightened and more irritated by the dreaded encroachments of the French Republic.

The army of Egypt remained alone, without any means of retaking the road to Europe in case of reverses, and deprived of the resources which the fleet ought to have assured to it. "Now we are compelled to die here, or return great like the ancients," wrote Bonaparte to General Kléber, still at the head of the garrison at Alexandria. "Yes," replied Kléber, "we must do great things;" and, with a curious instinct of his natural indolence, he added, "I will get my faculties ready for them." Already, in order to reanimate the courage of his soldiers, the general-in-chief had employed them in several expeditions; on the 1st Vendémiaire, the anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic, he caused to be inscribed on Pompey's Pillar the names of the first forty soldiers who died in Egypt. He recalled at the same time, by a proclamation, the glorious memories of a short past.

"Soldiers," said he, "we celebrate the first day of the year VII. of the Republic. Five years ago the independence of the French people was menaced, but you took Toulon. This was the presage of the ruin of your enemies. A year after you defeated the Austrians at Dego.

"In the following year you were at the summit of the Alps. You fought against Mantua two years ago, and you gained the celebrated victory.

"Last year you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isonzo, on the return from Germany. Who would have said then that to-day you would be on the banks of the Nile, in the centre of the ancient continent?

"From the English, celebrated in arts and commerce, to the hideous and ferocious Bedouin, you have fixed upon yourselves the gaze of the whole world.

"Soldiers, your destiny is a splendid one, because you are worthy of what you have accomplished, and of the opinion that men have of you. You will either die with honor, like the brave men whose names are inscribed on this monument, or you will return to your country covered with laurels and the admiration of all peoples."

Desaix had pursued Murad Bey into Upper Egypt, of which he had rendered himself master after a sanguinary conflict on the 1st October at Sediman. His steady, mild character had earned for him the title of the *Just Sultan*. The Arabs called Bonaparte the *Sultan of Fire*, or the *Favorite of Victory*. The latter had advanced to Belbeys against Ibrahim Bey; a violent insurrection, which broke out at Cairo against the French, had been severely repressed. But already the Porte was arming itself against the Republic, irritated and disquieted at the seizure of a province which it no longer governed, but over which it had never relinquished its rights. England had placed troops and a fleet at the service of Turkey. Ibrahim Bey had found a refuge with the Djezzar, the Pacha of Acre, Seraskier of the army of Syria. Bonaparte conceived the idea of attacking the corps that were preparing before they were organized and ready to fight. In his secret thoughts, powerful and chimerical, he nursed the hope of pushing forward to Constantinople, seizing that city, and making himself master of Europe by attacking it from its eastern side. It was to the conquest of the world that he marched in advancing against Jaffa.

The fortress of El-Arish was captured on February 19th. On March 7th, Jaffa succumbed after a murderous assault; the garrison was put to the sword. Siege was next laid to St. Jean d'Acre.

The scene was changed. The conquerors of Europe, victorious against the Mamelukes, found themselves no longer in presence only of Orientals. Always heroic behind their walls, the Turks, ignorant and badly armed, had received from the English a reinforcement of engineers and artillerymen. They had at their disposal the artillery prepared by Bonaparte for the siege of the place, but which were captured at sea by Sir Sidney Smith. After a first assault, bravely repulsed, whilst the general caused some mines to be prepared, he detached

Kléber with his division to the side of the Jordan, in order to dispute the passage of the Turkish army, which was coming from Damascus to the succor of St. Jean d'Acre. Soon after, better informed as to the force of the enemy, he himself set out to support Kléber. The combat had already commenced at the foot of Mount Tabor, when the general-in-chief appeared upon the plain. A mountain of corpses surrounded the French squares, and secured for them a horrible rampart; under the shelter of the firing and the smoke, the newly-arrived troops formed in their turn columns of attack, and the Turks found themselves assailed in all directions. The village of Fouli, situated at the foot of the mountain, was carried at the point of the bayonet; the multitude of the enemy, stricken by terror, took to flight, abandoning their camp to pillage by the French. Bonaparte returned to St. Jean d'Acre; new reinforcements had just arrived in port, and the general-in-chief wished to attempt the assault before their disembarkation. At one moment a breach was opened (May 8th); a little corps of grenadiers, had penetrated into the place, but the force which had just landed on the shore united with the besieged, and the French were repulsed. The advanced guard, shut up in a mosque, defended themselves with so much fury that Sir Sidney Smith himself demanded a capitulation for them. The assault was renewed on the 10th of May, with the same result. Bonaparte decided upon raising the siege, bitterly affected by his defeat, and convinced that the taking of St. Jean d'Acre would have opened to him the road to Turkey. More than once at the pinnacle of his power and his glory, he dolefully repeated, on pronouncing the name of Sidney Smith, "That man caused me to lose my fortune."

The soldiers were downcast, like their general. Accustomed like him to victory, they commenced their retreat with ill-humor, a great number of wounded encumbering the march. One day in the desert, under the burning sun which devoured them, the men charged with carrying the litters refused to advance. It was in the division of Kléber that this disorder manifested itself, and the general ran to the place where the irritated soldiers surrounded the litters seated upon the ground. Kléber was bronzed like the men by the sun of Africa, and was taller by a head than most of them; his noble and haughty countenance was inflamed by a generous anger. Contact with all the nations of Europe had never enfeebled his Alsatian accent; he halted before the soldiers: "You rascals!"

cried he, "you think that to make war is to pillage, and rob, and kill, and do all one's pleasure! No, I tell you, to make war is to be hungry and thirsty, it is to suffer and to die, it is to obey. Do you hear, rascals?" The soldiers rose up, confounded and submissive. No more murmuring was heard; the men again took charge of the litters, and the wounded were brought back to Cairo. During the march a large number of soldiers succumbed to the plague, of which they had contracted the germs before Jaffa. The hospital of this city was filled with these unfortunates. Bonaparte had resolved to abandon the place, the ramparts of which he had caused to be blown up. The idea occurred to him to give the plague-stricken victims a dose of opium, in order to terminate their sufferings. "It is my business to cure, and not to kill," replied the physician, Desgenettes; but the sick were abandoned to their sad fate.

Bonaparte established himself afresh at Cairo, restoring by his presence the order which seemed likely to be disturbed, equally imposing silence on the murmurs of his troops and the discontent of his officers. They had been long deprived of all news from Europe; the tidings of the resumption of hostilities had alone reached the army, isolated in its glory. The insupportable feeling of exile began to gain ground: the boldest demanded permission to return to Europe. Already Kléber had let his ill-temper break forth, soon assuaged by the involuntary admiration with which Bonaparte inspired him. The second Turkish army collected at Rhodes, had just cast anchor before Aboukir (July 11th, 1799). Marmont, charged with preventing the disembarkation, had found the task beyond his forces; Bonaparte hastened thither by forced marches. On July 25th, he arrived at the entrance to the peninsula, defeating successively the two lines of the enemy, after a frightful carnage, and under the fire from the redoubts and the artillery. When he had forced back the feeble remains of the Turks into the fort of Aboukir, the sea was covered with corpses; and General Kléber, who had just arrived on the field, at the end of the day seized Bonaparte in his arms, raising him in triumph on his horse. "General!" cried he, "you are as great as the world!"

This was the last victory, the last battle, that Bonaparte was to engage in, in that Egypt of which he had desired to make a gate between Europe and Asia. By a malicious politeness, Sir Sidney Smith, who had escorted the Turkish army before Aboukir, took care to send to the French general a packet of journals recently arrived from Europe. Bonaparte read all night; in the morning his resolution was taken. They were fighting in Europe disastrously, sorrowfully, for France; he perceived the way open, and the ardor of ambition seized his mind. Without speaking to any one of his design he returned to Cairo; spending several days there in order to complete his design secretly, he drew up his instructions for Kléber, to whom he wished to entrust the army. Admiral Ganteaume had received his orders, and kept two frigates in readiness to put to sea. On the 22nd August, towards evening, a few boats left the shore, bearing, with the general-in-chief, Berthier, Lannes, Murat, Andréossy, Berthollet, and Monge. For a moment the calm seemed to hold them back near the coast. "Fear nothing," said Bonaparte, "we shall set out." The ships were bad, the English cruisers numerous; never had so many perils troubled the will of the general, but they did not hinder his voyage. On the morning of the 9th October, the little convoy which brought back the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, appeared in sight of St. Raphael, about half a league from Fréjus. In Provence, as at Ajaccio, where bad weather had obliged them to put into harbor, the municipal authorities refused to submit them to quarantine. "He comes to save the country," was everywhere the cry that hailed his arrival.

The country was in danger; many evils had successively weighed upon it since General Bonaparte had quitted Toulon, fifteen months before, in pursuit of a glittering dream of glory; and these evils were the bitter fruits of a long series of faults and crimes. The internal condition of the country, and the external condition of military affairs, were equally unfortunate and menacing. Hence arose the attraction which brought back from the East the great, ambitious man, who was sincerely attached to those fortunes of France which he was about to link so long and so closely with his own.

In spite of the tribute exacted from all conquered or submissive countries, in spite of the riches found in the treasuries of the Swiss cantons, the resources of the Republic had reached that deplorable condition which leads to and necessitates bankruptcy. The Convention had recently reduced to the same condition all the creditors of the State, whatever might be their origin, inscribing the sums due to them in the Great Ledger: for a long time they had been irregularly paid, and were settled in bonds of three fourths. After the 18th Fructidor the Directory proposed to consolidate, upon the funds of the State, one third of the public debt, payable only in specie; the other two thirds were to be settled by bonds upon the national domains, every day more difficult to negotiate, and which had no value as currency. The contractors, the indemnities, the debts of the public services, were to be regulated upon the same system. Numerous and heavy imposts were added to bankruptcy, to aggravate the deplorable situation of commerce and business in France. The law of the 19th Fructidor, which obliged every emigrant who had returned to France to leave the territory immediately, had carried trouble into all families and all conditions of life. The new electors not appearing favorable to the Directory in spite of the pressure that had been exercised, two successive laws modified the proceedings for verification of powers, and altered the rules as to majorities in the councils. Treilhard replaced François of Neufchâteau as a director; he had been one of the French plenipotentiaries at Lille and at Rastatt, as well as one of the most active co-operators on the 18th Fructidor. The Directory remained proudly and resolutely revolutionary, everywhere inimical to the established order and constituted powers of Europe, arrogant and tyrannical with its natural allies, attempting to hinder the commerce of the United States with England, awkward in its diplomatic advances with Portugal as with Austria, in fine irreconcilable with the peace of the world. The efforts of England to renew against France a new coalition were everywhere powerfully seconded by France itself.

The resolution of Austria was already taken. For a long time pacific conferences had continued at Rastatt, with new plenipotentiaries from the Republic, Jean Debry and Roberjot, at Seltz, with François of Neufchâteau. They were at both places equally ineffective. The Emperor of Russia, Paul I., who had just succeeded to his mother, Catherine II., had pronounced haughtily against the Revolution and the French Republic. In concert with Austria, he sought in vain to draw the King of Prussia into the coalition. The occupation of Malta by Bonaparte aggravated his irritation, as also that of England. The state of Italy every day more and more disquieted those princes who still held their dominions; the Cisalpine Republic had just passed through a new revolution, which placed it absolutely in dependence on France; a hateful disorder reigned at Rome and in the Roman Republic, keeping up at the gates of the kingdom of Naples a continual centre of insurrection.

It was in fact upon Naples that the first blows were to fall. The exigencies of the Directory, and the feeling of her dangers, had thrown Queen Caroline into an agitation which betrayed itself in great warlike preparations. The alliances of the family with Austria were confirmed by a treaty; General Mack was sent to Naples to command the troops. The court had ordered a levy of one fifth of the population. The victory of Nelson at Aboukir had resulted in exalting his self-confidence; the English hero was linked to the Neapolitan cause by bonds of shame. The enthusiasm went on growing. A manifesto of the King of Naples replied, on November 22, 1798, to the attack of the French journals: the defence and tranquillity of his state, the re-establishment of the Holy Father at Rome, such were (said he) the causes of the armaments he had been compelled to set on foot. Five columns of attack entered the Roman States, without a rallying-point or a centre of operation; the French were assailed everywhere at once. General Championnet, who came to take command of the army, not being in a state to defend Rome, left a garrison at the castle of St. Angelo, and returned to Civita Castellana. The King of Naples entered Rome in the midst of the most frightful disorder; the partisans of the French were imprisoned or massacred; their houses were delivered to pillage. But already the Neapolitan columns had been beaten at several points. Mack besieged the castle of St. Angelo, having sent to the garrison this odious proclamation: "The French sick in the hospital of Rome will be considered as hostages. Every cannon-shot that comes from the castle will cause the death of one of them, who will be abandoned to the just anger of the people." The Austrian general found himself obliged to march to the aid of his Italian lieutenants. Rome was confided to the guardianship of the King of Naples. A series of defeats attended the little corps into which the Neopolitan forces were divided. Everywhere conquered, General Mack fell back upon Rome; his troops, undisciplined and wanting courage, shouted treason. The King of Naples had already retired to Albano, and he retook the road to his capital. When Mack had decided upon evacuating Rome, Championnet occupied anew the eternal city. He scarcely accorded a few days of repose to his troops; already, and in spite of the superior forces of the Austrian general, he had conceived the audacious thought of invading the kingdom of Naples. General Duhesme had obtained some successes in the Abruzzi. The soldiers of the Republic, besides, expressed with regard to the Neapolitan troops the opinion which their king himself entertained concerning them, when in his old age he said to the prince his son, "Dress them how thou wilt, thou wilt never hinder them from saving themselves." The French army entered the Neapolitan territory.

The king raised the entire population. The hostility of the peasants everywhere retarded the march of the French army; isolated soldiers were assassinated, detachments were surprised upon the march. Religious fanaticism was added to patriotic terrors; at Naples the lazzaroni were armed in defence of St. Januarius.

They soon turned their forces against enemies better known and more hated than the French. The Neapolitan people believed themselves betrayed by the court; it had taken the government in hand, and alone pretended to direct the defence. A small republican party excited the republican passions; the courtiers took fright, and they besought the king to flee. Nelson gave him the same advice. A servant of the king, charged with a message for the English admiral, was massacred under the windows of the palace. In the night of the 20th or 21st December, 1798, the king, the queen, and their children, General Acton, a favorite of the queen, and his friend Lady Hamilton, went on board the vessel of the English admiral to repair to Sicily. Detained for three days by contrary winds, the king refused to receive the delegates from all classes of the population who conjured him not to abandon his capital. He had carried away all the precious objects of the palace, the jewels of the crown, and the money from the treasury. The vessels found in the port were set on fire, and the royal family quitted the roadstead of Naples. The government was confided to Prince Pignatelli.

Championnet had been hindered by the unlooked-for resistance of Capua. Immediately after the flight of the king, Pignatelli proposed to him an armistice; the citadel of Capua was delivered to the French, and a war contribution promised in twelve hours. The detachments of the French army were united round the general-in-chief. When the news of the capitulation arrived in Naples, a general insurrection drove out the governor, who fled to Sicily, where the king had him put in prison. The national indignation at the same time constrained General Mack to seek a refuge in the French camp. The insurgents, masters of Naples, chose at first as chiefs, Prince Moliterne and the Duke of Rocca-Romana. These made pacific overtures to Championnet, which were repulsed. The anger of the populace snatched the command from them. A flour-merchant, and a tavern-waiter named Michel le Madman, governed Naples. The trenches were abandoned as preparations for defence, the palaces were pillaged, the Duke della Torre and his brother were burnt alive in the street, the senate dissolved itself, and the great lords took to flight. The French army approached, and the republicans delivered to it the fort of St. Elmo.

On the 21st of January, 1799, 22,000 French attacked at one time the different gates of the city. When the gates were forced, a furious resistance hindered for some time the passage of the streets. General Championnet had sent a conciliatory message to the authorities, but these existed no longer; the unchained people were governed by no influence. The general caused a white banner to be planted on the principal place, promising to the people of Naples liberty and prosperity, assuring the lazzaroni at the same time of his respect for religion, and for the benevolent St. Januarius. Michel le Madman demanded a guard for the patron of the city: two companies of grenadiers were told off for the cathedral. The soldiers cried, "Long live St. Januarius!" and the people answered, "Long live the French!"

A few days later the Parthenopian Republic was proclaimed, amidst the applause of the entire people. Vesuvius appeared surrounded by flames, which was regarded as a happy omen: the court of Palermo was forgotten. Austria had not accorded any aid to the warlike attempts of the King of Naples; the King of Sardinia, like the Grand Duke of Tuscany, had constantly resisted the efforts of the Neapolitans to induce them to enter upon hostilities towards France. But all Italy was doomed to come under the yoke of the Republic. The French and Italian revolutionists labored to stir up the people. A few Piedmontese exiles who had taken refuge upon the territory of the Ligurian Republic, in a district formerly belonging to Piedmont, served as a centre for the manœuvres of the Jacobins; to these were joined some Genoan soldiers, and a few French officers from the corps of Brune, who threatened the provinces of Novara and Verceil. Some Piedmontese troops marched against these bands, and the latter were beaten, the prisoners being collected at Casale. Upon the entreaty of Ginguené, the French minister, order was given to suspend the execution of the rebels, but the courier delayed, and two French officers had already been shot. The just indignation caused by this unfortunate event served the cause of the Directory. In their zeal, its agents overpassed their instructions; they demanded the return of the ministers and the cession of the citadel of Turin, the only sufficient guarantee, said they, for the good behavior of the king towards the Republic. Charles Emanuel yielded to the violence of General Brune and the complaisant feebleness of Ginguené. The French general was charged with the maintenance of order in Piedmont, but already armed bands were again crossing the frontiers, counting upon the support of France. Brawls and quarrels broke out everywhere in Turin, and the king complained to the Directory, demanding the recall of Ginguené. Joubert had just replaced General Brune at the head of the army of Italy. But the fate of Piedmont was resolved upon. In vain the king assembled his troops, in order to send to the French army the contingent of 10,000 men which the treaties imposed upon him; already the Victor and Dessoles' divisions occupied Novara, and menaced Verceil. Suse, Coni, Alessandria had been surprised. On all hands people were intriguing near the king, to induce him to abdicate. A threatening manifesto of General Joubert was published at Milan: "The court of Turin has filled up its measure, and has raised its mask. The blood of Piedmontese republicans has been shed in great waves by this atrocious court. The French government, the friend of peace, sought to reclaim it by conciliatory courses; but its hopes have been shamefully betrayed. It orders its general to-day to avenge the honor of the great nation, and trust no longer a court unfaithful to its treaties.

"Such are the motives for the entry of the French army into Piedmont. All friends of liberty are placed under the safeguard of the French army, and invited to unite themselves with it. The Piedmontese army forms a part of the French army."

The fortified places and the most considerable towns of the kingdom were occupied before the declaration of war; Turin was invested on all sides, and commanded by the citadel held by the French troops. The king resolved on abdicating; his brother and successor, the Duke of Aosta, consented to sign a formula of acquiescence in the treaty. Generals Grouchy and Clauzel, charged with watching over the stipulations as well as the execution of the Convention, tempered wisely the rigor of the instructions of the Directory; Charles Emanuel retired freely into Sardinia, the possession of which was abandoned to him. A provisional government was instituted, moderate and prudent, necessarily submissive to French influence, and which soon demanded union with France. In spite of popular insurrections, and the patriotic repugnance of the nation, the annexation was in fact pronounced; a derisive vote ratified it. A few weeks later, in spite of his docility towards the Directory, the Grand Duke of Tuscany was obliged to quit his states, with all his family. "The determinations of the court of Vienna influenced those of the court of Tuscany," the French government declared, "and it is not permitted for the Directory to separate one from the other." Formerly the grand duke had been the first of all the European princes to recognize the French Republic. Reinhart, a French commissioner, was charged with the government of Tuscany.

The conference was still going on at Rastatt, and already war had broken out on all sides. Italy had bent without reserve under the yoke of France; the French troops occupied the Grisons, the Russian armies put themselves in marching order; since the peace of Campo Formio, Austria had been working to reorganize and increase its forces. The Directory had not neglected similar preparations; but constantly absorbed in detached wars, it had seen the armies deprived of their best regiments by the expedition to Egypt; and the old troops, little by little, enfeebled by desertion as well as by death. Europe had risen against the Republic, encroaching and revolutionary. A new law, proposed by General Jourdan, in January, 1798, had established the military conscription for men of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, but the two first classes did not suffice to furnish the 200,000 men necessary for the completion of the *cadres*. All exemptions had been suspended. The Corps Législatif authorized the Directory to anticipate the call; only young men of from twenty to twenty-two years could respond to it; all those who had attained in 1793 the age of eighteen years had taken part in the levy *en masse*, and were still under the flags. The population of Belgium refused to obey the requisition, and an insurrection broke out that it was necessary to repress by armed force. At the same moment the forces which the Directory had sent to aid the insurrection which had just broken out in Ireland were defeated by Lord Cornwallis; General Humbert was obliged to surrender with 1500 men (3rd September, 1798).

Everywhere and at all points the Directory had maintained a line of conduct certain to result in hostile reprisals; they dreaded this result, nevertheless, and desired to retard it. At Rastatt its plenipotentiaries had somewhat relaxed in their demand, as regards the Empire, and still thought they were to dispose at their will of peace and war; the armies were organized, however, and the French government appointed the generals. Through that blindness which often subordinates military operations to considerations of revolutionary policy, the most illustrious chiefs, possessing the confidence of the troops, found themselves relegated to secondary posts. Moreau and Joubert were placed in the army of Italy, under the orders of the old and unpopular General Schérer; Bernadotte had refused this command, and was sent to the Rhine. Championnet, who had boldly opposed the government of the Commissioner of the Directory at Naples, was left without command; Jourdan was placed at the head of the army of the Danube; Masséna commanded the army of Helvetia. Everywhere the forces were insufficient, and scattered over an immense territory. Without facilities for combining their operations, everywhere deceived as to the number of the troops and the military resources which had been promised to them, badly supplied by the recruitment, which worked slowly, the French generals commenced the war under disadvantageous conditions. They were sustained by the habit of victory and by their heroic courage, whilst all the time fully alive to the difficulties of the task they had undertaken. In France, public opinion was not favorable to war, but it sadly held its tongue. Already Jourdan and Bernadotte had passed the Rhine, and the Archduke Charles had advanced against the army of the Danube; Masséna had occupied the town of Coire, when the Directory at length proposed the declaration of war to the Corps Législatif (14th March, 1799). "Austria," said the message, "has constantly violated the peace magnanimously accorded to her at Campo Formio. The moment had come when the Directory was no longer in a position to temporize, and to use language which would compromise the national dignity and the safety of the State. A fixed time had been given to his Imperial Majesty, in which to return a categorical and satisfactory reply, in default of which his silence had to be regarded as an hostile act. The time expired on the 15th February, and no response had been received." The Corps Législatif voted unhesitatingly the declaration of war.

A few days later, Jourdan, with forces manifestly insufficient, engaged in battle between Liptingen and Stockach, against the Archduke Charles (25th March). In spite of his vigorous resistance, he saw himself repulsed, separated from some of his divisions, and compelled to beat a retreat. Masséna remained without communication with the army of the Danube that he had been unable to support, held in check as he was by a detached corps of the Austrian army; he saw himself compelled to fall back into the interior of Switzerland. In spite of his success in the Valteline, General Lecourbe, left without aid, had similarly effected his retreat.

The projects of the Directory in Germany had woefully miscarried; the reverses of the army in Italy were yet more grave. In accordance with the orders he had received, Schérer had resolved to pass the Adige; he seized, on March 26th, the Austrian camp at Pastrengo, but he did not profit by this advantage; his forces were scattered. General Sérurier had been repulsed by Kray, near Legnano, on April 5; the French were beaten at Magnano—a clever movement of Moreau saved a part of the army, but the prisoners were numerous. The forces, already inferior to those of the enemy, were diminished; the army was discontented; the general-in-chief, indecisive and troubled, retired upon the Oglio, and then upon the Adda. Before even receiving the orders of the Directory, he transferred the command to Moreau; the latter was vanquished at Cassano, and the French army returned to Milan. The Russian army, under the orders of General Suwarrow, did not wait long before following it; Moreau crossed the Po, between Alessandria and Volenza, having at his disposal no more than 20,000 men. The Russians ascended the left bank of the river Po to Turin, which they had just entered; everywhere local insurrections seconded the efforts of the allies. On May 7 Macdonald evacuated Naples, preserving to the last moment the secret of his movements, and the city was given over to all the horrors of a bloody reaction: he rallied by the way several divisions. On joining Moreau, the two generals thought to be able to profit by the scattering of the forces of Suwarrow. The army of Naples had driven the Austrians from Modena, when the Russians succeeded in placing themselves between the two *corps d'armée.* On the 18th of June, on the shores of the Trebie, Macdonald fought with 30,000 men against 45,000 of the enemy. Wounded and ill, carried at the head of his troops on a litter, he disputed for two days the passage of the river with

Suwarrow, supported by the Austrian generals, Ott and Mélas. Beaten at last and repulsed, he was not able to effect his junction with Moreau, who had beaten General Bellegarde; the citadel of Turin surrendered. Alone in Switzerland, Masséna held the length of the chain of the Albis. The Archduke Charles occupied Schaffhausen and Zurich.

A crime, of which history has not yet discovered the origin or the true perpetrators, had produced in France patriotic anger and sorrow. The plenipotentiaries of the Directory had for a long time prolonged their stay at Rastatt. The war was everywhere raging when, on the 28th of April, in the evening, Jean Debry, Bonnier, and Roberjot, accompanied by their families, at last quitted the scene of the Congress. Many members of the *corps diplomatique* had conceived fears as to their safety. They demanded a safe-conduct from the Austrian Colonel Barbaczi, who commanded the hussars. He replied to the Baron d'Albini, minister of the city of Mayence, that he had not time to write, but that the French plenipotentiaries might travel without danger; he insisted at the same time that they should set out in twenty-four hours. The hussars escorted the carriages as far as the gates of the city.

It was nine o'clock, and the convoy had got a little way from Rastatt, when the carriage of Jean Debry was stopped by hussars, who attacked him with their swords. They believed him dead, and pillaged his baggage, without attacking Mme. Debry and her daughters. At the same instant Bonnier succumbed, covered with wounds, and Roberjot was killed in the arms of his wife. Next morning, at break of day, on hearing the report of the outrage which had been committed, patrols were scattered over the environs of the city, and Jean Debry was found still living. Upon the protests of the Congress, the unfortunate plenipotentiary and his family, and the widows of his colleagues, were taken back to Strasburg, accompanied by an escort of Baden troops. "It is a misfortune," said the captain commanding at Rastatt: "but whose fault is it? No one ordered it." And he added with cynical *naïveté*: "And we also, they have killed our generals."

The absence of any inquiry and of any punishment for the authors of the crime caused grave suspicions to weigh heavily on the Austrian government, who were accused of having wished to destroy the proofs of clandestine intrigues contrary to the general interests of the Empire. In France the same culpable intentions were imputed to the Directory. Its enemies became every day more numerous and more bold. By destroying the moderate party in the Corps Législatif, the 18th Fructidor had freed from all obstruction the avowed and obstinate revolutionists. In vain the Directory had sought to satisfy them, by flattering their passions and their resentments, by proscribing afresh the emigrants and renewing the war. They could not escape from that increasing burden of power which compelled them to struggle against anarchy; the Jacobins had become its adversaries, like the Moderates. The elections of 1799 were mostly adverse to it, but it had no longer the power to impose upon the Corps Législatif its arbitrary invalidations. In its own councils, the vote, always obedient to the wind of the day, indicated Rewbell as the retiring member of the Directory; he was replaced by Sieyès, intensely hostile to the Constitution of 1796, and ready, it was believed, to serve those who would give him the opportunity of trying his plans of government.

Scarcely had the Council of Five Hundred assembled than the attack against the Directory commenced. The miserable condition of affairs furnished abundant pretexts for opposition; the deficiency of the budget, the blows aimed at freedom of thought, the unfortunate direction of military operations, were successively the object of discussion. Without being positively engaged in any party, Lucien Bonaparte rendered himself conspicuous by his efforts to acquire an influence hostile to the government. The election of Treilhard to the Directory had been previously contested, the year exacted by the Constitution not having completely expired when he had been appointed Director; the quarrel was again taken up, and the councils resolved to replace him as a member of the Directory. The candidate of the Jacobins, Gohier, was elected. A message from the Directory had entreated the confidence of the Corps Législatif; it painted in the most sombre colors the state of the interior of France: "The reverses of the armies, the doubts as to the intentions of government, the false news, the sinister prognostications, are spreading a growing agitation that envenoms the strife of impassioned opinions. The double fanaticism of the throne and the altar break forth with violence, fortified by the hopes that rest on the success of foreign armies. The pillage of the public treasuries, attacks directed against functionaries, the inertia of a great number amongst them, the assassination of republicans—such is the aspect presented by many departments. In the west the Chouans make attempts to unite; in some parts of the south, the assassins organize themselves; everywhere fear and consternation are spreading. In order to destroy the impious coalition of despotism and barbarism, great efforts and energetic measures are necessary. May this moment, signalized as that of discord and schism between the powers of the State, be signalized on the contrary by their reunion and harmony."

The Council of Five Hundred replied to the conciliatory advances of the Directory with angry scorn. "You propose to us harmony!" cried Boulay, formerly actively engaged in the *coup d'état* of 18 Fructidor, "what harmony can there be between the Corps Législatif working for the safety of the Republic, and men who neglect no opportunity to bring about its ruin?" A commission of eleven members was appointed to examine into the acts of the Directory; Generals Augereau and Jourdan formed part of it. Jourdan had just been vanquished; Augereau, deprived of his command in the army of the Rhine, where he was surrounded by the most ardent Jacobins, had been recalled from Perpignan by the choice of the electors. The idea was soon conceived of achieving the transformation of the Directory by insisting on the dismissal of Merlin and of Révellière-Lépeaux. Barras was already won over to the new combination. La Révellière resisted. On the day of the installation of Gohier, a violent scene took place between him and Barras. "It is done: swords are drawn," cried the gentleman, always cynically bold. "What dost thou talk about swords for, wretch?" replied La Révellière; "there are here only knives, and they are directed against irreproachable men, whose throats you wish to cut, not being able to draw them into weakness."

La Révellière yielded at last with dignity and disinterestedness (30th Prairial); Merlin followed his example. Against the secret wish of Sieyès, the Councils appointed Roger-Ducos and General Moulin, both insignificant and mediocre, but ardently engaged in the ranks of the revolutionary patriots.

Sieyès had said to Gohier on the first day: "Here are we, members of a government which (we cannot conceal it) is menaced with its approaching end; but when the ice breaks up clever pilots know how to escape the mess. A government that falls does not always drag down with it those who are at the head of it."

Meanwhile at the time when the projects of Sieyès, often vague and always mysterious, should have acted upon the destinies of France, revolutionary passions, reanimated by the hope of success in the interior, as well as by the dangers which menaced the armies, imposed on the Directory and the Corps Législatif violent measures, worthy of the arbitrary power of the Convention. Conscripts from all classes were called to serve under the flag; and in order to defray the expenses of the war, a forced and progressive loan had to be levied upon the rich. At the same time, and in order to stifle the royalist movements which manifested themselves in the provinces of the west and at certain points in the south, a law, called the Law of Hostages, cast into prison the families of emigrants suspected of fomenting insurrection. In the event of the assassination of a public functionary, or a purchase of public property, four hostages were to be transported to Cayenne. At many points the Chouans made reprisals, and possessed themselves of hostages in their turn.

In this first return of the power hostile to the constituted directors, Championnet was charged to form the army of the Alps, Bernadotte became Minister of War, Joubert received the command of the army in Italy. The marriage of the young general with Mlle. de Sémonville had enrolled him in the ranks of the politicians; Sieyès counted upon him in the event of a *coup d'état*, but he was more desirous of running away to the army; he had already been too long away. Always modest and patriotically devoted, Moreau, who saw himself once more removed from the command of the army he had saved, welcomed his young colleague with hearty good will; the latter begged for his counsel. Mantua, Tortona, Alessandria, were besieged by the Austro-Russian army, and on the point of succumbing; but "the greatest enemies, meanwhile, were not the Austrians, nor the Russians, nor the bands of Piedmontese brigands," says Gouvion St. Cyr, in his *Mémoires*. "It was the scarcity of money, of provisions, of clothing, of shoes, of wagons, and often of munitions. Never had an army been so forsaken by the government, and never had one suffered more privations." Less clever in the conduct of a campaign than heroically stubborn in the field of battle, Suwarrow had not known how to profit by the victory of the Trebie. The delay in the French operations tended to restore him his advantages.

Joubert still waited, struggling with his natural ardor. "I must not give people occasion to say," said he, "'That is a young giddy head just escaped from college, come to be beaten.'" On June 14 he occupied the plain which extended between Tortona and Alessandria; before him was the Russian army. The corps of General Kray, rendered available by the surrender of Mantua, came to effect a junction with Suwarrow. General Mélas arrived with reinforcements. Joubert's calculations proved false with regard to the force of his adversaries; he was silent and undecided, projecting a retreat instead of the splendid stroke he had meditated. On the 15th, at early morning, Suwarrow attacked the advanced guard, and Joubert hastened thither with Moreau. "Let us throw ourselves amongst the sharp shooters," said he to his aides-de-camp, but at the same moment he fell, struck by a ball. On quitting Paris he said to his wife, "Thou wilt see me again, dead or victorious."

General Moreau immediately took the command, well supplied by Gouvion St. Cyr, who occupied the little village of Novi. The victory, long and bravely disputed, settled at length on the side of numbers, several generals of artillery falling into the hands of General Kray; Moreau was obliged to retire towards Gavi, still defending the road to Genoa. The difference of opinion that prevailed between the military views of the Aulic Council and the rough proceedings of Suwarrow, hindered and retarded the operations of the allies. The Russian general called upon the Italian people to rise in rebellion against the foreign yoke; the Austrian general was disquieted at the consequence of this policy, and Suwarrow was sent against the Swiss. General Korsakov had preceded him with 30,000 men.

The Archduke Charles had failed in his efforts to dislodge Masséna from his position between the Aar and the Limmat. The French had become masters of the St. Gothard, occupying also the passage of the Simplon: one division extended into Valais. Detaching from his army a corps commanded by General Hatz, whom he left in Switzerland, the Archduke advanced towards the Rhine, where Moreau had just been sent; Switzerland was entrusted to the Russians; Suwarrow, Korsakov, and the remains of the army of Condé, henceforth in the service of Russia, menaced at once General Masséna.

He did not wait for the terrible effort of so many united foes. Forestalling the movement of Suwarrow, always arrogantly convinced of his superiority, Masséna attacked, in the night of September 24-25, 1799, the Russian posts which defended the Limmat, near Zurich. At the same time General

Soult passed the Linth, between the lake of Zurich and the lake of Wallenstadt, the two shores having been connected by bridges of boats: on the 25th all the right bank was in the hands of the French. After summonses to evacuate the town, Masséna carried Zurich by assault on the 26th September; the army of Korsakov, entirely defeated, fell back upon Winterthur. Suwarrow approached, and Masséna advanced to meet him, driving him beyond the Grisons, after a series of combats uniformly fortunate. Marching then against the remains of the army of Korsakov, united with a corps of emigrants, he drove the enemy across the right bank of the Rhine, and succeeded in occupying the town of Constance. Suwarrow had seen his soldiers decimated by the sufferings of the campaign as well as by the fire of the enemy. "A battle of fifteen days, upon a line sixty leagues in extent, against three combined armies conducted by generals of great reputation, occupying positions deemed impregnable, such have been the operations of the army of Helvetia," wrote Masséna in his report to the Directory. The face of affairs had changed; the heroic determination of Masséna had delivered Switzerland, and protected by a *coup de main* the passage of the Alps and the Appenines. The most famous enemy of the French Republic had received at the same time a great check. For the first time for many years England had wished to intervene in the war by a continental expedition. In the first days of August, General Abercromby had invaded Holland with 15,000 men, but General Brune stopped him before Alkmaar. The duke of York brought reinforcements, and a Russian corps had joined him, but repulsed by Brune on September 19th, the prince retired amongst the hills. Cantoned at Kastrikum, in a bad season, and in a damp, cold climate, the duke of York proposed a capitulation. The English Government had counted on an insurrection of the population, but only had been deceived in its hopes. The navy had yielded to the intrigues of the agents of the Prince of Orange; a part of the fleet was surrendered, while other vessels had been captured. The destruction of that celebrated navy, which had so long struggled against her own, was the only advantage that England reaped from this campaign, severely criticised by public opinion at home.

Yet once more the effort of the coalition had been frustrated by the tried courage of the French armies, but the remains of our power in Italy were gravely menaced; the Archduke Charles occupied the shores of the Rhine with overwhelming forces. In the interior, disorder continued to increase. The patriots had reopened a club of Jacobins in that very riding-school where formerly sat the great assemblies of the Revolution; the violence of their language equalled that of their terrible predecessors. The dissensions in the Directory became each day more marked; the Moderates and the politicians grouped themselves round Sieyès, condemned by the anarchists, and who had been able to obtain the support of Roger-Ducos, a former Girondist of a naturally moderate spirit. Gohier and General Moulin were violently hostile to them; Barras still intrigued between the two parties, but he already inclined towards the politicians. The Council of Five Hundred was influenced by the revolutionary agitations. The Ancients remained faithful to their accustomed moderation; it was by their assistance that the Directory imposed silence upon the new club of the Jacobins. First at the riding-school, then in the Rue du Bac, then in the church of St. Thomas Aquinus, the anarchist assemblies were forbidden. Bernadotte had been adroitly removed from the ministry of war, and the police had been confided to Fouché. Before the successes of Masséna in Switzerland had calmed the general disquietude, the patriots wished to declare the country in danger. The majority of the Directory were ardently opposed to this resolution: against them was the proposition directed. It was rejected; but forebodings of a new revolution were already weighing heavily on all minds. Would the Directory triumph over the Jacobins, in its own bosom, in the assemblies and outside the assemblies? Would it be vanquished by these eternal enemies of order and regular government? What was Sieyès thinking about? Did he know himself? He had several times exclaimed, "France will only be saved by a head and a sword." Some people say that he had already written to General Bonaparte, ordering him to return to France; others say that his most confidential friends had counselled him to take this step, but that Sieyès had contemptuously answered "The cure would be worse than the disease." In the midst of these disorders and confused agitations, without having received any letters or order of recall, General Bonaparte arrived at Paris, at seven in the morning of October 16th, 1799. Prudent and mistrustful, he had written to his wife that he would arrive by the Burgundy route. Accompanied by her brothers-in-law, she came to meet him, but the general reached Paris before them, by another way.

Bonaparte's first visit was to Gohier, then President of the Directory. "The tidings that reached me in Egypt," said he, "were so alarming, that I could not hesitate to quit my army in order to share your perils."

"General," replied Gohier, "they were great, but we have come forth from them gloriously. You are just in time to celebrate the triumphs of your companions in arms."

Bonaparte did not deceive himself as to the sentiments of the Directors with respect to his return to France. Disquietude and suspicion showed itself in their acts as well as in their words; the transports of the public confidence and joy increased their discontent. The general showed himself cold and reserved; he received very few persons, mostly old friends or philosophers, resuming in public the costume of the Institute. In the depths of his soul he had long made up his mind to become master; he was not yet quite decided as to the means to be employed. He had an idea of getting appointed Director in the place of Sieyès. The latter had rejected the proposal of Gohier and Moulin, who wished to send Bonaparte back to the army of Italy. "Let us congratulate ourselves on his inactivity," said he. "We must not place arms in the hands of one whose designs we do not yet know. Do not let us replace him in a theatre of glory; let us not trouble about him, but study to forget him." Barras said ironically, "The *petit caporal* has arranged his affairs in Italy sufficiently well to have no need of returning there." When a chief command was at length offered to Bonaparte, he drily excused himself on grounds of health. From that time, however, he began to sound Barras and Sieyès.

No sympathy united these three men. In spite of the old relations that had existed between them, and the services that Barras had formerly rendered to Bonaparte, he did not like the general, and whilst foreseeing his proceedings, did not aid them. "The Republic is perishing," said he one day when they were alone together; "it is necessary to make a great change, and appoint Hédouville, President. You will go to the army. As for me, I am ill, unpopular, and used up. I am no longer good for anything but private life." Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. General Hédouville was an honest man without spirit and without ambition.

Sieyès long resisted the entreaties of his friends, who pressed him to enter into more intimate relations with Bonaparte. In meeting him in society, the general had affected not to notice the Director. "Do you see this little insolent?" said Sieyès; "he has not even saluted the member of a government that ought to have had him shot." When Sieyès at length yielded to the prayers of Cabanis and Joseph Bonaparte, he still displayed a lively irritation. "You wish it," said he, "but I know the lot that awaits me. When he has succeeded he will remove his colleagues, and cast them behind his back like that." So saying he pushed back his two interlocutors, who persisted in their opinion. The game was soon to be definitely played out between the general and the director.

Bonaparte had assured himself of the co-operation of several generals. Bernadotte remained deaf to all his insinuations, but Macdonald and Sérurier had promised their support. Moreau was unwilling to listen to the explanations of Bonaparte. "I do not want to know all that," said he; "but I am as weary as you are of the yoke of the advocates, and I am perfectly ready to second you." Gohier and Moulin knew nothing; Madame Bonaparte appeared to be living in great intimacy with the wife of the former. Moulin presided at the banquet given by the Corps Législatif to the conqueror of Egypt. In the Council of Five Hundred a large number of members were hostile to Bonaparte, and suspected his designs. The feast was a melancholy one, all the guests being silent. The general had a bottle of wine and a piece of bread brought him; he would not touch the dishes that were pressed upon him. Already the last preparations for the conspiracy were settled. Public opinion was surprised at so much delay. "He has been here fifteen days already," it was said, "and he has not yet overturned the Directory." The thunderbolt was not to be much longer delayed.

On the 18th Brumaire (November 9th) before daylight, the little house of General Bonaparte was crowded by all the generals then in Paris; the officers waited in the court. Lefebvre, who commanded the division of Paris, received a late notice; he was astonished at encountering in the streets some troops which he had not ordered out. When he entered, Bonaparte came to him. "You are one of the supports of the Republic, Lefebvre," said he; "you will not allow us to perish in the hands of these lawyers? Stay,—here is the sword which I bore at the Pyramids: I give it you as a token of esteem and confidence." Lefebvre was an honest rude soldier. "Let us cast the lawyers into the river," said he. Bernadotte persisted in refusing his concurrence. Augereau had not been summoned, but presented himself during the day. "Thou art no longer disposed to trust little Augereau," said he reproachfully to his former companion in arms. The general only exacted from him a silent neutrality; Jourdan was in the same case.

The Council of the Ancients, like the generals, had been specially called together; but the members favorable to the revolutionary party had not been summoned. The Commission of Inspectors proposed a decree which ordered the transference of the Corps Législatif to St. Cloud, the only means, it was said, of escaping from the Jacobin conspiracy, which menaced the freedom of discussion. Another article entrusted to General Bonaparte the command of all the forces then in Paris. Called to the midst of the council to take the oath, before even responding to this invitation the new commander-in-chief asked for the concurrence and faithful support of all his comrades in the army. It was in company with former rivals of his glory that Bonaparte appeared at the Council.

After the reading the decree, and without having taken the oath, he commenced to speak. "Citizen representatives," said he, "the Republic was perishing; you perceived it, and your decree has just saved it. Woe to those who desire trouble or disorder! Aided by General Lefebvre, General Berthier and all my former companions in arms, I will prevent them. Let no one seek in the past for examples with which to hinder our progress. Nothing in history resembles the end of the 18th century; nothing in the end of the 18th century resembles the present moment. We will have a Republic founded upon true liberty, upon civil liberty, upon national representation; we will have it, I swear it; in my own name and in that of my companions in arms." All the generals cried out, "I swear it." Troops occupied the Place de la Révolution, the Carrousel, and the garden of the Tuileries. First, the regiment of dragoons under Colonel Sébastiani, saluted General Bonaparte with acclamations; all the corps followed the example, and the applause of the populace sounded from every side. Already Sieyès and Roger-Ducos had sent in their resignations to the new ruler of the fortunes of the Republic. Barras remained tranquilly in his bath; his secretary, Bottot, was charged with the delivery to General Bonaparte of the letter that Talleyrand and Rœderer had succeeded in getting from him. When Bottot entered the Tuileries, Bonaparte advanced towards him, and with a high voice and menacing gestures, speaking rather for the public than for those actually present, and demanding an account of their conduct from the Directors,—"What have you done," he cried, "with that France which I made so brilliant? I left you with victories; I return to find you with reverses. I left you the millions of Italy; I return to a scene of legal spoliations and misery everywhere. What has become of the 100,000 men who have disappeared from the soil of France? They are dead, and they were my companions in arms. Such a state of things can last no longer; in less than three years it would conduct us through anarchy back to despotism."

He was still speaking when Gohier entered, accompanied by Moulin, both still confounded at the news which had just reached them; they protested, and refused to give in their resignations. "There is no longer a Directory!" replied General Bonaparte. "It is necessary to save the Republic; I wish to do it." Moreau was directed to guard Gohier, who returned to the Luxembourg; General Moulin escaped.

The first step was taken, important and decisive as regards the Directory and the army; but success in the Corps Législatif still remained doubtful in the eyes of the most resolute. Sieyès advised the immediate arrest of forty members of the opposition. "No!" said Bonaparte, cloaking his audacity with a scruple; "I have sworn this morning to protect the national representation, and I will not break my oath." He equally rejected all the little material means by which the entry to the hall might have been closed against the adversely disposed deputies. "Why so many precautions?" said he. "Our triumph ought not to resemble that of a factious minority." Before they separated, it had been agreed to form a provisional government composed of three Consuls, Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Roger-Ducos. It was decided that the Corps Législatif should be adjourned for three months. The general went forth, the sole possessor of legal power, sovereign and absolute. Those who had sworn to aid him, gazed at him as he retired. "You have a master!" said Sieyès, coolly, as he rose in his turn. Fouché shrugged his shoulders: "What would you have?" said he. "It is done."

Next day, at one o'clock, the two Councils assembled. No attempts at insurrection had been made by the Jacobins. When the sitting of the Five Hundred was opened, upon the proposition to form a commission to deliberate upon the situation of the Republic cries were raised: "The Constitution: the

Constitution! No Dictatorship!" The call by name was demanded, and a new oath of fidelity to the Constitution. Lavalette brought this news to General Bonaparte, who was with Sieyès in a room of the palace. He turned brusquely towards the old director: "You see what they are about!" Sieyès remained impassible. "To swear to a part of the Constitution may pass," said he; "but to swear to it in its entirety; this is too much!"

Bonaparte went out accompanied by the generals. Striking the ground with his riding whip, "It is necessary to make an end of this," he said. Fouché had anticipated him: "My precautions are taken; the first who stirs will be thrown into the river. I will answer for Paris. Keep watch over St. Cloud; otherwise the gowns would get the better of the bayonets." Augereau, divided between various feelings, left the Council of the Five Hundred. "You have got yourself in a pretty position!" said he to his old commander. "It was much worse at Arcola," replied Bonaparte. "Go and tell your friends that the wine is uncorked, and must be drunk." He entered at the same time the Council of the Five Hundred, assembled in the grand gallery of the palace.

Bonaparte never possessed the gift of speech otherwise than by fits and starts, and in the outbreak of a transport at times rising to eloquence. He was now troubled and irritated; the natural force of his thoughts escaped him before this assembly of *debaters* and *advocates*, favorable, however, for the most part to his designs. The interruptions embarrassed him; his stunted phrases, confused and often incoherent, badly expressed the bold resolution which his conduct had inspired. "Cæsar! Cromwell!" said he, "they have given me these names; it is a calumny. I could have done as they did on my return from Italy. I did not wish it; I do not wish it to-day. You demand the Constitution? You broke it on the 18th Fructidor; you broke it on the 22nd Floréal; you broke it on the 20th Prairial. It can be no longer a means of safety, since it obtains respect from no one; we cannot restore its position. May every citizen find again that liberty which is his due, and which this Constitution has not been able to guarantee to him."

The opposing deputies persisted; Bonaparte invoked the contradictory names of Barras and of Moulin. "Both of these have asked me to place myself at the head of men whose opinions are truly liberal. All France thinks with them that the Constitution cannot save the country." He grew warm with his discourse. "If some orator in the pay of the foreigner," he cried at length, "dares to propose to place me outside the law, let him take care, or he may bring his sentence upon himself. If he speaks of putting me outside the law, I shall call upon you, my brave companions in arms—upon you, grenadiers, whose bearskins I see here—upon you, brave soldiers with your bayonets. Bear in mind that I march under the protection of the God of Fortune and the God of War."

So many threats and so much arrogance badly supported the reasons which all divined, but which Bonaparte himself dared not express before the representatives of the nation. On entering the Council of Five Hundred, the general was immediately received with murmurs, which soon became cries. The grenadiers had entered at the same time as himself into the hall. "What!" they cried; "Soldiers here? Arms? What is intended? Down with the Dictator!" The deputy Destremx took him by the arms, "Is it then for this thou hast conquered?" Hustled and pressed in every direction, rudely abused and questioned, Bonaparte was joined in the midst of the crowd by the grenadiers, uneasy about their general. Lefebvre came forward, and drew him from the hall.

Lucien Bonaparte, who presided this day at the Council of Five Hundred, was sent for by his brother. In vain had Lucien sought to excuse the *coup d'état;* his voice was stifled by clamor. Taking off his robe and hat, "I renounce these insignia since I cannot be heard," said he, and followed the grenadiers sent to bring him to the general. The soldiers themselves appeared to hesitate, and Lucien mounted on horseback, and warmly harangued them. "There is no longer a president," said he; "the majority of your representatives are crushed by fear of scoundrels. Let your bayonets deliver them from the stiletto. I entrust you with this duty. You will only recognize as legislators those who gather round me. Those who remain in the Orangery ought to be expelled; they are no longer representatives of the people!"

Most of the soldiers cried, "Long live Bonaparte." The sentiment, however, was not unanimous. "Is it necessary to enter the hall?" said Murat, advancing. "Yes!" replied the general. "Citizen representatives," cried Colonel Dujardin, placing his foot on the threshold of the Orangery, "I invite you to retire; we can no longer answer for the security of the council!" Twice the grenadiers traversed the hall; on retracing their steps, the drums beat a salute, and the soldiers pushed the representatives before them. The red cloaks and hats gradually disappeared; the most obstinate scarcely resisted, a large number passing out by the windows. When he had alone confronted the anger of the Five Hundred, the person of General Bonaparte was not menaced; no serious violence was displayed towards the representatives; the people without emotion saw them driven from their hall. France was weary of so many shocks; the feebleness of the Directory succeeding to the revolutionary outbursts, drove the country, downcast and indifferent, into the arms of the new master, to whom it had not given the power which it permitted him to usurp. He had so many times assured to it the joys of victory that it conceived a hope of obtaining through him some repose.

On the same evening, in a small gathering of members of the Council of the Ancients, a law was voted constituting "a consular executive commission, composed of Citizens Sieyès, Roger-Ducos, and Bonaparte. This commission was invested with the plenitude of dictatorial power, specially charged with the organization of order in all parts of the administration, with the re-establishment of tranquillity in the interior, and the bringing about of a solid and honorable peace."

A commission of twenty-five members, chosen in each of the two councils, was to assist the executive power in this difficult task. The reign of the assemblies was for a long time finished; the dictatorship had begun.

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